

SPORT

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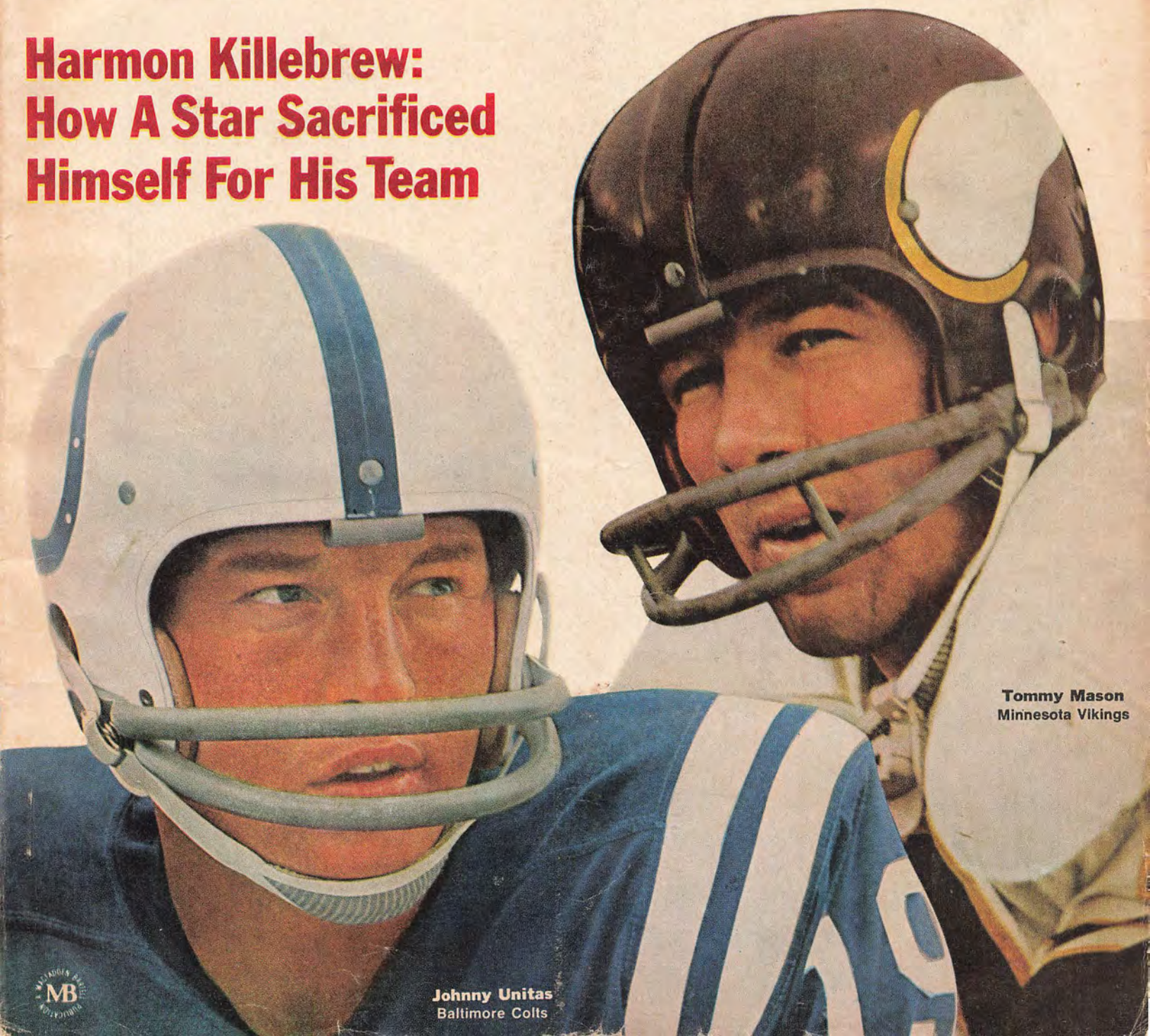
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by Lee Balterman

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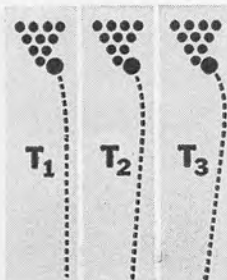
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SPORT TALK

FUNNY PUNTER

We didn't have any trouble picking out Paul Maguire in the Buffalo dressing room after the Bills had beaten the Jets in an exhibition game at Rutgers. The punter-linebacker was standing in his pink skin with sweat pouring out and yelling, "Wheeeooo, if I'd known it was 90 degrees out there today I'da worn my air conditioner. Hey, McDole," he yelled to the Bills' 6-5, 270-pound defensive end Ron McDole, "you and Plunkett (the Jets' 300-pound tackle who had to block McDole) looked like two rhinos wallowing around out there. You guys sucked up all the oxygen on your side of the field. Tracey (John, who backs the line behind McDole) couldn't even breathe over there. Whoever breathes the fastest gets the most air on a day like this."

Chuck Burr, assistant general manager and publicity director of the Bills, had been talking about Maguire's sense of humor before the game. The previous week the team had staged a "Meet The Bills Night" for fans in Buffalo and had run various competitions among the players. One featured Maguire punting against the field. Paul stepped up, hit the ball with his foot . . . and watched it slice some 25 yards to the sidelines. "Okay," Burr hollered, "one punt apiece. Next man."

"Hold on there, Charley!" said Maguire, who's 42.7-yard punting average was second in the league last year. "I've got a wife and two kids to support. If I let these guys beat me, I'll have to ask for contributions."

Burr laughed and gave Maguire another ball. His second kick traveled 74 very high yards. "I didn't think Chuck was too funny that night," Paul said.

Many people call Maguire the team humorist. "Oh, yeah," Paul said, "that blocked punt today was pretty funny. That was a riot. And another funny thing was when I went after the guy who picked up the ball and almost got my neck broke. I didn't see that bigger guy cut in front of him."

Maguire didn't think it was too funny either when the San Diego Chargers abruptly put him on waivers last season. Coach Sid Gillman didn't call it a \$100 misunderstanding when the Bills grabbed Paul the way they'd picked up Jack Kemp a few years ago. "That ticked me off," Maguire said. "I'd been with Gillman four years and I thought at least he'd let me lose the job on my own. If he gave me a chance and I didn't make it, then it was my fault. But he cut me the day before training camp opened."

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SPORT TALK

year's championship game between Buffalo and San Diego witnessed an interesting happening. Maguire, back to punt late in the fourth quarter, put the ball out of bounds on the Charger two-yard line. Paul ran by Gillman on the sideline, paused and appeared to bow. "No," Maguire said, "I just yelled: 'How'd you like that one, Sidney?'"

"I'll tell you, I'm much happier here. Lou Saban's the finest coach I've ever played for. At least he treats you like a man, not like a kid. When you talk to him you get a decent answer."

"Sid Gillman's problem is that he wears two hats (being general manager as well as coach). You read about all the dissatisfaction among the Chargers over their contracts. You just can't wear two hats. You can't tell a guy at contract time that you can't give him a raise because he didn't do the job, then tell him on the football field that he's something great."

Maguire showered and started dressing. "You know, that was the quietest field I've ever played on, way down in a hole like that. You could hear a whisper across the field. The place was like a morgue. That's the closest I ever want to get to death." By the time he was dressed, he was sweating again in the steamy locker room. "Let's get out of here," Maguire said. "One thing I really like to do is sweat right after a shower. It makes plane rides smell so sweet."

CAMPUS QUEEN CANDIDATE NO. 2

Karen Mahefky of East Tennessee State University is candidate No. 2 in our 15th annual Campus Queen Contest. She will be followed in succeeding months by three girls from other schools. All five will be presented in the March issue so that you can vote for your favorite.

Miss Mahefky, a 21-year-old senior, is majoring in home economics but says she hopes to work in television upon graduation. She is an elected member of the University's Student House of Representatives and she is

a member of the Student Senate.

Her main outside interest is skiing, a fast-growing sport in the area. Karen skis at clubs in Gatlinburg, Tennessee, and Asheville, North Carolina. She is from Alexandria, Virginia.

CONDITIONS AND COMMENTS

Darris McCord and Wayne Walker of the Lions were watching the College All-Star game on television and the announcer said that 41-year-old Lou Groza was in his 20th year of pro football. "Twenty years!" McCord said. "He's been playing 20 years! I wonder how many showers he's taken..."

Tom Landry, the Cowboy coach, almost didn't get to watch the All-Star game. Two television sets had been rented so the team could watch the game, but they disappeared. Landry asked the squad at a meeting if anyone knew where the sets were. "Someone put one of them in my room," said Don Meredith. Landry asked if anyone had seen the other set. "Oh, yeah," said Chuck Howley, "somebody put one in my room, too."

On a late-season Red Sox flight, a pretty stewardess remarked that she would never marry a ballplayer. Pitcher Jerry Stephenson said, "Then you should marry someone on our club."

Houston coach Bones Taylor was talking about a woman who came up to him as the Oilers were practicing for an exhibition game against the Jets. "She asked me to bring back one of Joe Namath's shoestrings," Taylor said. "Imagine that! I said to her, 'Lady, I hope we bring back more of him than that.'"

A group of Dodgers were watching a rock 'n' roll dance show on television and one of the fellows had nature-boy-length hair. "I saw a guy who looked like that at the beach," Sandy Koufax said. "He had a beard, too. I watched him go in the water and I was disappointed. All he did was swim."

Skip Lockwood is a baby-faced, 19-year-old \$100,000 bonus player with the Athletics this season. He was talking about the night he and

some teammates were passing out bats to kids in a Charlie Finley promotion. "I reached into the box to get one for a youngster and Charlie grabbed me by the lapel and said, 'Hey, sonny, let one of the players get that for you.'"

IN SEARCH OF A THOU

We were sitting in a nightclub in Atlantic City in early July of 1964 and Timmy Brown was feeling great. He was coming off his best season in pro football, he had just concluded a successful singing engagement and his newest record looked like it would do well. Timmy Brown was figuring he'd do well, too, in the coming football season. "I gained over 800 yards last year with a crippled line," he said. "They've rebuilt our line now. There's no way I shouldn't get a thousand yards this season."

There was one way. Brown started slowly in the first two games, even though he scored three touchdowns. Then he rushed for over 100 yards in each of the next two games while scoring two more touchdowns. And you got an idea what kind of football player he really was in the fifth game—when he scored three touchdowns in one quarter (on a 27-yard run, a 14-yard pass and a five-yard run). But then he got hurt, came back too soon and was hurt again immediately. After four weeks on the bench, he didn't play a full game the rest of the season. Even though he ended up with ten touchdowns, he carried for only 356 yards and was bitterly disappointed.

"This year I should get that thousand," Timmy told us before the Eagles' final exhibition game. "Earl (Gros, the fullback) and I could both get a thousand. He had 750 last year and the fullback has more plays in our offense now, but I really believe I can get it this year. I want that thousand. I want to prove that I'm the best halfback in the league. Of course, guys like Tommy Mason and Charley Taylor do, too. That's why we're out there. You've got to go hard and stay healthy, that's the thing."

One reason he should do well,

Although Timmy Brown, No. 22, scored ten touchdowns in '64, he was disappointed. This year he's after the 1000 yards he missed.



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SPORT TALK

Brown feels, is that the offensive line has played together a year and is now a good one. "The only change has been Lane Howell at tackle. He's almost as big as Bob Brown (6-5, 290) and both have good speed. Dick Stanfel (the line coach) has done a helluva job with them. The guys love him, yet he's firm and knows how to treat them. He studies them and knows how to handle each guy. And the line has a unity that it seems like no other unit here has, because of Stanfel's personality and manner. He's a helluva guy and he gets the most out of his boys. You can't really determine how he sparks the fire in a unit like this, but it's there."

His show biz career appears more hopeful, too. The singing went badly when he couldn't hook on with a big company. This summer he put it aside to become an actor. He appeared with Eddie Bracken and Dodie Goodman in the Bucks County Theatre. They took an interest in Brown and their agent became his agent. He will study dramatics at the Herbert Berghof studio in New York on Mondays (the off day in pro football) through the season. And suddenly two possible breaks arose: United Artists asked him to record for them, and 20th Century-Fox is considering him for a Shirley Mac-

Laine film to be shot in January called *Party Girl*. "It's an acting part with some singing," Timmy said. "They called me and said, 'We don't want good nightclub singing or anything like that.' I said, 'Don't worry.' They don't want real polish, more party singing. Anyway, things are looking good if they can just happen. But show business is like going for a thousand yards in football . . . you need a little luck."

OLDIES

Every summer annual Old Timers' baseball games produce aches and pains and stories. In one of his last appearances in an Old Timers' Game, Ty Cobb hobbled to the plate and took a half-hearted practice swing. He looked down at catcher Wally Schang and said, "You better move back. My reflexes are pretty slow and I might hit you with the bat." Schang smiled and moved way behind the batter's box. On the first pitch Cobb dropped a perfect bunt.

At the Old Timer's Game in Cleveland this past season, Al Rosen told a Luke Easter story. "I had hit a home run," Al said. "So I trot around the bases, doff my hat and come down the steps. Nobody greets me. They're all around Luke. He'd fallen asleep on the bench. The crowd roar at the home run wakes him up. He

jumps to his feet and bumps his head on the top of the dugout. Knocked himself out cold."

NATE RATES

As you'll note in the story on page 72 of this issue, San Francisco Warrior center Nate Thurmond is a very candid fellow. Here are his candid ratings of opponents:

"Jerry West is the best shooter I ever saw. Elgin Baylor and Chet Walker are the toughest forwards to defense. You never know what Baylor is going to do and he can shoot well from incredible positions. Walker is underrated, but he doesn't always do what he can do. He moves real quick and has quite a variety of shots. Bailey Howell is a great shooter and the roughest and best rebounding forward. He shoots and heads right to the boards."

He rates Russell and Chamberlain the top centers. "Wilt has a couple inches on everyone else and when he falls back to shoot that fadeaway, he's impossible to defense," he says. "He's the heaviest and strongest man in the league, but he doesn't use his weight and strength as much as he should, especially on defense. He and Russell are the cleanest players in the league. Russell is so slick he doesn't have to foul you. But both Wilt and Bill get away with more than anyone else because they're who they are. For example, Russell may catch your wrist when he's blocking a shot and then he may fall into you, but because he's Russell the refs figure it's a clean block."

"Most centers turn to the right when they shoot and Russell being lefthanded is naturally waiting for them. I always forget Willis Reed is lefthanded, too, and he bothers me. Next to Wilt, he has the toughest shot to block. He's strong, but Zelmo Beaty is the roughest. Gene Wiley is the opposite. He's not as rough as he should be. Also, he has bad timing."

"Walt Bellamy has all kinds of talent, but he doesn't always put out. I think he has the easiest shot to block, but maybe it's because I play hardest against him and have had my best games against him. The way I figure, Wilt and Russell have about two to five more years to play. After that, it'll be between me and Bellamy as to who the best center is. With Wilt and Russell in the East, my ambition now is to beat out Bellamy for the starting center position on the West team in the All-Star Game this coming season."

TIE HATER

Buddy Parker, who quit this year as coach of the Pittsburgh Steelers, always hated a tie after a loss. That's right. Buddy's wife Jane told Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* columnist Al Abrams about it: "When the team loses, Buddy has a routine that never varies. He flops on an ottoman in the living room and pulls out a pocket knife he's been carrying for 35 years. He raises the knife to his throat slowly and cuts his tie at the knot. He then bends down and slashes his shoelaces. Then he literally tears the shirt off his back."

Could it be that Parker quit this year because he ran out of ties, laces and shirts?

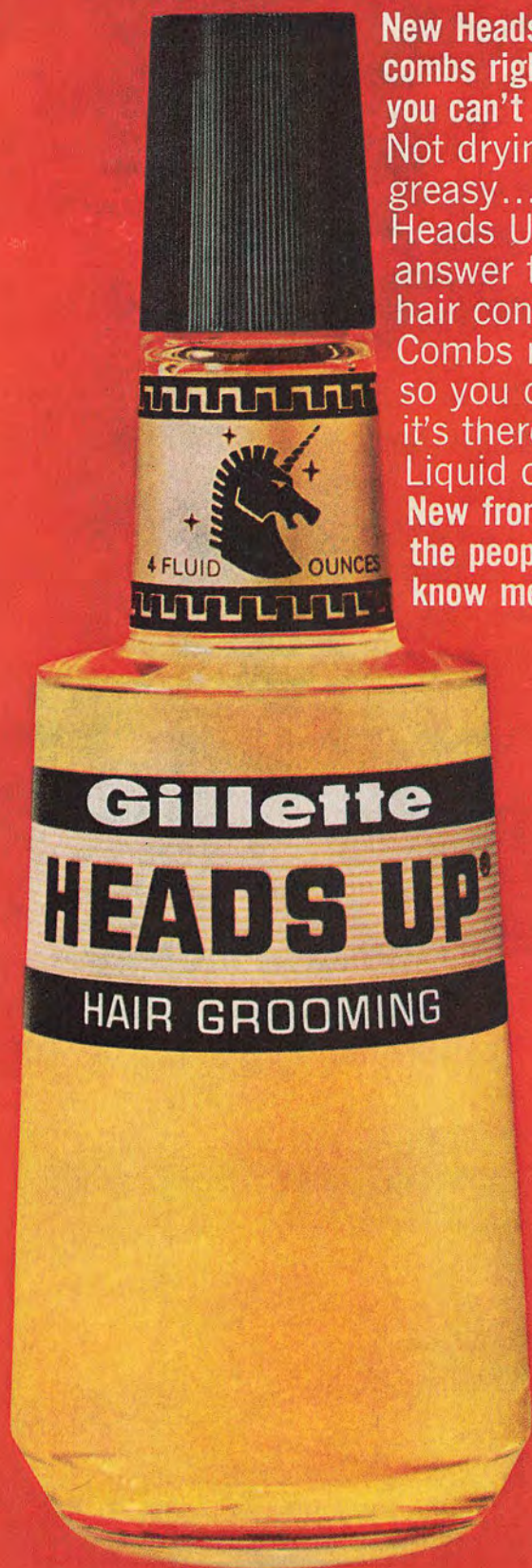
See you next month.

—BERRY STAINBACK

Nate Thurmond says Walt Bellamy, No. 8, has the easiest center's shot to block.



Gillette's new hair grooming discovery for men!



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combs right in so
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greasy...new
Heads Up is the
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hair control.
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so you can't tell
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the people who
know men best.



THE SPORT QUIZ



FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 94



Jimmy Dudley airs Cleveland Indian games on radio station **WERE**. He's been at that mike for 16 seasons, and done play-by-play of three World Series.



Gene Elston broadcasts the Houston Astros' baseball games and special regional sports events on **KPRC** radio and **KTRK** television in Houston.



Bob Elson, the dean of active major-league baseball announcers—(he's been at it for 30 years), covers the White Sox over **WCFL** radio in Chicago.



Dan Daniels is the voice of the Washington Senators on **WTOP's** radio and television stations in the nation's capital and does a Sunday evening telecast.

1 In a 1951 game, this NFL quarterback completed 27 passes for 554 yards, a record for one-game passing yardage. Who is he?

2 Only one pitcher in the Twentieth Century has ever thrown no-hitters in both the American and National Leagues. Can you name him?

3 He was NBA Player of the Year the most times:
a Bob Pettit
b Bill Russell
c Bob Cousy

4 Only one catcher has ever led the National League in runs-batted-in for a season. Name the catcher and the year he did it.

5 During the 1940s he was in the money in 113 straight PGA tournaments. He won 11 in a row in 1945. Name this famous golfer.

6 Still active, this player is the leading scorer in the history of the National Football League. Can you name this prolific point-maker?

7 Ty Cobb holds the record for most times at bat in the American League. Who holds the National League record in that department?

8 Three players have scored 50 goals in one National Hockey League season and they share the league record. Can you name them?

9 Wilt Chamberlain has never fouled out of an NBA game—regular season, playoff or All-Star Game. Is this statement true or false?

10 During the 1946 season he stole home seven times to set a major-league record. Can you name the player and the team he played for?

11 In seven home football games in 1964 this college team played before an average of more than 80,000 fans. Which team is it?

12 The year 1918 was the first in which Babe Ruth led the majors in homers (he tied with Clarence Walker). How many did he hit that year?

13 The last winner of two straight Indianapolis 500s:
a Rodger Ward
b A.J. Foyt
c Bill Vukovich

14 No baseball player has ever led both the American League and the National League in batting average this century. True or false?

15 At the beginning of the 1965 season, this NFL player had kicked 186 consecutive points after touchdown. Name him and his team.

16 During the 1956 season, he was hit by pitched balls 23 times, an American League record. Name him and his team that year.



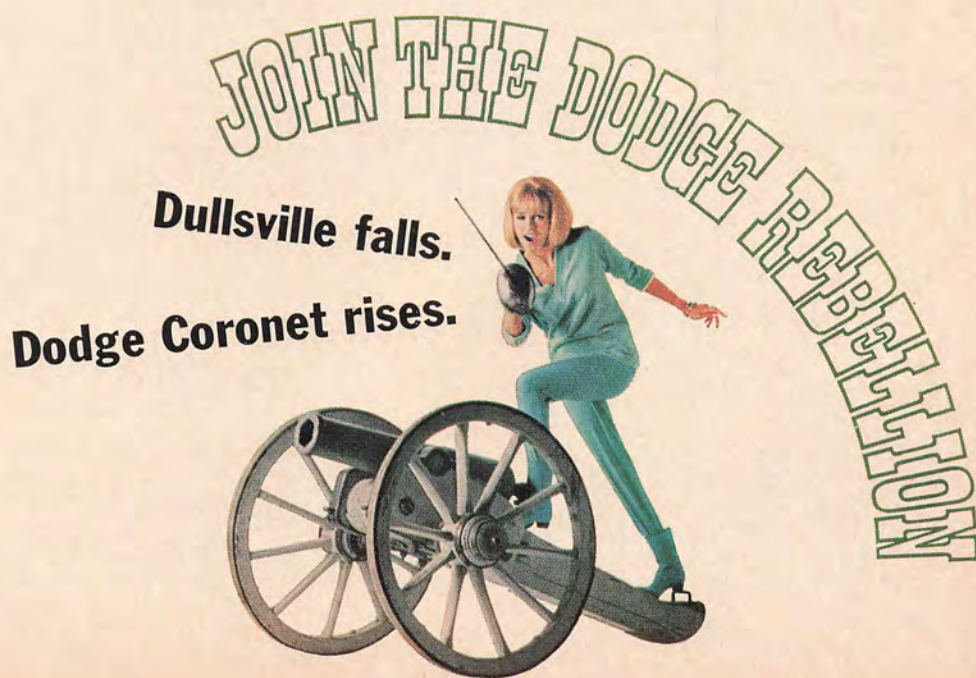
Rise up. Break away from the everyday. Rebellious Coronet 500 will show you how. Here's the plan: New Coronet 500 will draw attention to itself with its all-new styling and tempting interior beauty. Meanwhile, you slip into one of its posh bucket seats, and you're on your way.

It's "Goodby, boredom." How far you go depends on you. Coronet 500, top of the hot-new Coronet Series, has a stable of spirited engines to carry you away. Deep carpeting, padded dash and handsome center console are part of Coronet 500's standard plan, too. We say dull driving

must go. The time is now. Coronet 500 is how. The Dodge Rebellion wants you.

'66 Dodge Coronet

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MOTORS CORPORATION





Great Moments in Sport by Howard Cosell

ABC-Radio Sports Commentator

A COMEBACK BY THE CARDINALS

IT WAS NOT a particularly brilliant beginning for the St. Louis Cardinals. The New York Yankees had beaten them, 7-4, in the opener of the 1942 World Series. It looked as if hitters Joe DiMaggio, Bill Dickey, Red Rolfe, Joe Gordon, Phil Rizzuto and Charley Keller could not be stopped.

Through the first eight innings of the opening game in St. Louis, as the Yankees had piled up seven runs, Red Ruffing had shut out the Cardinals. In the ninth, St. Louis scored four runs but it was a case of too little too late.

But in the second game, things were different. The Cards got two runs in the first, and one more in the seventh and, for seven innings, St. Louis pitcher Johnny Beazley held the Yankees scoreless. In the top of the eighth, Keller homered with DiMaggio and Roy Cullenbine on base and the score was tied. The first two Cardinals in the eighth were out, then Enos Slaughter slapped the ball down the right-field line. Slaughter slid into second, then saw that Cullenbine's throw had gotten past Rizzuto. Enos ran to third. Stan Musial pushed a single over second and Slaughter came in to put St. Louis ahead, 4-3.

The Yankees were not through, though. In the ninth, Dickey led off with a single and Tucker Stainback went in to run for him. The batter was first-baseman Buddy Hassett and, after watching two of Beazley's fastballs go by, Hassett swung at an outside pitch and hit a grounder between the first- and second-basemen. Slaughter came charging in from right and Stainback rounded second and headed for third. Slaughter grabbed the ball on the run and threw. The ball got to third-baseman Whitey Kurowski at the knees while Stainback was still five feet away. Kurowski made the tag. Ruffing pinch-hit a fly to Slaughter and the game was over, the Series tied.

The Yankees were never the same. It was almost as if Slaughter's throw had cut down the whole team as well as a single runner. Two days later in New York Ernie White shut out the Yankees 2-0, and the next day the Cards got nine runs to win the fourth game.

So it was a cocky St. Louis team that gathered in the visitors' dressing room at Yankee Stadium for the fifth game of the Series. Cocky and anxious to get another chance at Ruffing, who was starting again for the Yankees. Beazley was going again for St. Louis.

The Yankees got off to a fast start when Rizzuto, the lead-off batter, hit one of Beazley's fastballs into the stands. Ruffing kept his 1-0 lead until the fourth inning when Slaughter, leading off, tied it up with a home run on the first pitch.

But the Cardinal joy didn't last long. In the bottom of the fourth, Ruffing dumped a bunt down to Beazley and the Cardinal pitcher threw wild to first. Ruffing ended up at second and a long fly by Cullenbine moved him to third. He scored a moment later on a single by DiMaggio. Keller singled DiMaggio to third and, with only one out, it began to look as if the Yankees were on their way to a big inning. But Gordon struck out and Marty Marion threw out Dickey; the Yanks led, 2-1.

New York loaded the bases in the fifth on a single by Ruffing and two St. Louis errors, but Beazley bore down and got Cullenbine to pop up and DiMaggio to hit a grounder to Kurowski, who stepped on third for the third out.

Terry Moore got a single to lead off the Cardinals' sixth and Slaughter moved him to third with another single. Musial popped up, but Walker Cooper hit a fly to Cullenbine in right and Moore scored after the catch to tie the score. It stayed that way until the top of the ninth, when Cooper got a single and Johnny Hopp laid down a perfect bunt to move him to second. Kurowski was up. Ruffing had struck him out three times in the first game, but this time Kurowski hit a homer. The entire Cardinal team mobbed Whitey when he crossed the plate, tackling him to the ground and smothering him until he begged to be let go. The Cards led 4-2.

The Yankees had one more chance and, in the bottom of the ninth, Gordon singled and Dickey bounced a grounder to second. Jimmy Brown muffed the easy one and the Yanks had two on with nobody out. Cooper walked out to the mound and told Marion, who had trotted in from short: "Watch it, Marty. We might try something." Marion knew what "something" was. The first pitch to Gerry Priddy was a high fastball and Marion dove over to second behind Gordon, who had a ten-foot lead. Marion got there just as Cooper's throw did. Gordon crashed into Marion and they both went sprawling, but Marion hung on to the ball. Gordon had been picked off.

The rest was easy. Priddy popped up and George Selkirk, hitting for Ruffing, grounded to Brown, who threw him out. The Cardinals were the world champions.

THE SPORT BOOKSHELF



THE \$400,000 QUARTERBACK

By Bob Curran

Macmillan

\$4.95

On a winter day several years ago, Harry Wismer, owner of the American Football League's New York Titans, held an informal press conference. At it Wismer and several of his players attacked the Titans' coach, Sammy Baugh. They said, among other things, that Baugh didn't even have a play book.

Baugh's subsequent rebuttal was brief. "Before you can have a play book," he said, "you first have to have paper."

That was the way it was when the American Football League got started. There was stumbling, battling and struggling. There were laughs, too. Now, in an absorbing and highly entertaining history of the AFL, Bob Curran records the birth and growth of a league almost everyone said was doomed to failure. His book, "The \$400,000 Quarterback—Or: The League That Came In From The Cold," is indeed worth reading.

JIM BROWN The Running Back

By Larry Klein

Putnam

\$3.50

Once, after playing against Jim Brown, Sam Huff said, "There's got to be another league for that guy." That about sums it up.

This is the life story of the man experts say is the greatest runner in pro football history.

In "Jim Brown, The Running Back," Larry Klein reviews Jim's heroics from high school through today. Klein reports in detail on Jim's great games and Jim's struggles growing up. He takes the reader into locker rooms with Jim Brown, on the field with him, into huddles. He takes the reader behind the scenes of high-school, college and professional football. He captures the full flavor of small games, big games, Bowl games, pro championship games. This is lively, informative reading for all football fans.

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the big, beautiful performance champion

Mercury Comet



ASK *the experts*

Curt Gowdy covers Boston baseball on WHDH and does specials for ABC and NBC



Which NFL team holds the record for the most pass interceptions in one season?

—Stan Katch, Wilsonville, Illinois

In 1943, the Green Bay Packers intercepted 42 of the 242 passes thrown against them, setting the NFL record. Second are the 1951 New York Giants, who intercepted 41 of the 252 passes tried against them.

Curt Flood of the St. Louis Cardinals had 200 hits in 1963 and 211 in 1964. Who holds the National League record for consecutive 200-hit seasons?

—David Nissen, Brooklyn, New York

Willie Keeler had eight consecutive 200-or-more-hit seasons, each year from 1894 until 1901, while he was playing with Baltimore and Brooklyn. The modern NL record is four in a row set by Paul Waner who had 200 or more hits from 1927 through 1930. Waner had a total of eight 200-hit seasons.

Merle Harmon broadcasts Milwaukee Braves' baseball and New York Jets' football



What is the current world record in the javelin throw?

—Don Swanson, Kelso, Washington

As of January 1, 1965, the record was 300 feet, 11 inches, set by Terje Pederson of Norway.

How many times have the Boston Bruins won the Stanley Cup and in what years?

—Demetros Lambenos, Boston, Massachusetts

The Bruins have won the Stanley Cup three times. The last time was in the 1940-41 season. Before that, Boston won it in '38-39 and '28-29.

Ernie Harwell does broadcasts of Detroit Tiger baseball games for WJR radio in Detroit



Which active pitcher has hit the most career home runs and who holds the all-time high for pitchers.

—Thomas A. Norman, Santa Cruz, California

Tops among active pitchers is Warren Spahn, who, at the start of the '65 season, had hit 35 homers. Wes Farrel, who pitched for four different clubs, is the all-time leader with 37.

Who holds the record for the most runs-batted-in during one game?

—Bob Hiegel, Erie, Pennsylvania

In 1924, Jim Bottomley of the St. Louis Cardinals drove in 12 runs in one game, the major-league record. The American League record is 11, set by Tony Lazzeri of the New York Yankees in 1936.

This is a regular feature. Send questions to Ask the Experts, Sport, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017

Selected ones will be used.



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Gab Plus fabric. In Sand, Loden, Blue/Olive and Black. \$5.98. Lee Trims. Reinforced cotton/nylon twill. In Gunsmoke, Loden and Black. \$6.98. Other swinging Leesures from \$4.98 to \$7.98.



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2028. Also: I'm Just A Country Boy, Battle of New Orleans, etc.



1902. Also: It's All Over Now, Rhythm of The Rain, etc.



1924. Also: You Can Have Him, That's Not the Answer, etc. *



1530. Greater than ever... winner of 8 Academy Awards



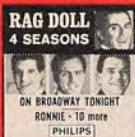
2026. Also: Fly Me To The Moon, I Believe In You, More, 11 in all



1722. Also: Too Much Monkey Business, So Mystifying, etc.



1722. Also: Too Much Monkey Business, So Mystifying, etc.



1649. Also: Funny Face, The Touch of You, Marcie, etc.



1782. Also: Summer Means Fun, Sidewalk Surfin', etc.



1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. *



1904. I'll Never Smile Again, Laughing On The Outside, 10 more



1545. Also: So Sad, Temptation, I'm Not Angry, Muskrat, etc.



1786. Also: Your Old Stand By, You Beat Me To The Punch, etc. *



1583. Also: Funny, Forever And A Day, On Broadway, etc. *



1164. Also: Just Let Me Cry, I Understand, Misty, Cry, etc.



1447. Also: All My Trials, Rocky Road, Very Last Day, etc.



1770. Where Did Our Love Go?, Walk On By, Funny, 12 in all



2025. Also: Butcher Boy, Rocks of Bawn, Wella Wallia, etc.



1519. Also: Twist And Shout, Walkin' The Dog, etc.



1662. Also: Jezebel, If I Had A Hammer, What'd I Say?, etc.



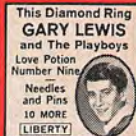
1768. Also: If I Had You, I'm Always Chasing Rainbows, etc.



1063. Also: Rumble, The 3rd Man Theme, Honky-Tonk, etc.



1700. Also: All Cried Out, Don't Say It, Baby, Nothing, etc.



1900. Also: Go To Him, Sweet Little Rock and Roller, etc.



1667. Also: Without You, It's Gonna Work Out Fine, 12 in all



1892. Also: In The Summer Time, There I Go Dreamin', etc.



1582. Also: Cherry Stone's, Saturday Night Out, etc.



1643. Also: Face in A Crowd, My Heart Cries for You, etc.



1914. Also: Running Scared, Blue Bayou, Dream Baby, etc.



1670. Also: Hi-Lili-Hi-Lo, Down Where The Winds Blow, etc.



1536. Also: Silver Dagger, Ten Thousand Miles, etc.



1924. Also: You Can Have Him, That's Not the Answer, etc.



1893. Also: When You Walk in The Room, I Feel Fine, etc.

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You may accept the monthly selection for the field of music in which you are primarily interested... or take any of the wide variety of other records offered... or take no record in any particular month.

Your only obligation is to purchase six additional records from the more than 1000 to be offered in the Club Magazine during the coming 12 months. You may discontinue membership at any time thereafter.

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1641. Also: The Moon Is High, Lou's Got The Flu, etc.



1033. A show that's 'perfectly wonderful'—Ed Sullivan



1580. Also: Thank You Mama, Thank You Papa, etc.



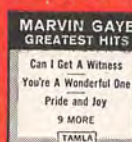
1720. Also: I Want You Still, Because, 12 in all *



1905. Also: I Can't Stop Loving You, Emily, 12 in all *



1609. Also: Getta Right to Cry, It's All Right, etc.



1788. Also: One of These Days, Taking My Time, etc. *



1189. Also: Be My Guest, I've Been Around, etc.



1644. Also: Natural Man, Paul Bunyon, El Camino Real, etc.



1592. Also: How Little We Know, Witchcraft, Nancy, etc.



1646. Also: Love Is A Bore, My Lord And Master, Autumn, etc.



1790. Also: Memphis, Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On, etc.



1789. Also: Long Tall Texan, Night Train, Fever, Money, etc. *



1414. Also: Will You Love Me Tomorrow, Who Am I, etc.



1677. Also: Ridin' Trails, Mean Streak, Rip's Bike, etc.



1891. Also: Wait for Love, This Is It, Tomorrow, etc.



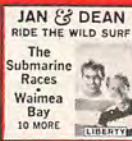
1672. Also: S'posin', Kisses Sweeter Than Wine, etc.



1727. Also: Hey Now, You've Come Back, I Died Inside, etc.



1795. Also: What Kind of Fool Am I?, Just Say I Love Her, etc.



1779. Also: Walk on the Wet Side, She's My Summer Girl, etc.



1613. Also: Surfin' Craze, Hot Rod U.S.A., etc.



1894. Also: I Get Around, Little Honda, Louie, Louie, etc.



1704. Featuring the title song sung by Shirley Bassey



1890. Also: Shy One, C. C. Rider, etc. (Not available in stereo)



1714. Also: Autumn Leaves, I Walk A Little Faster, etc.



1731. Also: Who Needs It, I Love You More Today, etc.



1895. Also: I'll Get By, You Were Meant For Me, etc.



2030. Also: Danny Boy, The Wall, You Will Colorado, etc.



1188. Also: I Wanna Be Loved, You Are The Only One, etc.



1780. Also: Baby It's Me, Be Good to Me, Music, etc.



1635. Also: Tell Me Why, Blue Velvet, Mr. Lonely, etc.



1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life



1772. Also: Spanish Harlem, Manha de Carnaval, etc.



1703. Also: Bits And Pieces, A Hard Day's Night, My Guy, etc.



1792. Also: Crooked Little Man; Puff, The Magic Dragon; etc.



1675. Spanish Harlem, Incident, It Ain't Me Babe, 11 in all

LETTERS TO SPORT



205 EAST 42 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

PENNANT RACE

After reading Frank Robinson's article in September *SPORT*, I not only envy his prowess as a clutch hitter, but also as a potential Hemingway or Steinbeck. His idea of a pennant race—a team struggle to the end—is the mark of a great and a great ballplayer. If Frank is one of the most pressured men in baseball, then he surely has come through in grand fashion to contribute so much to his team.

Herminie, Pa.

Raymond Nyahay

I never believed a pennant race could be as tough as Frank brought out, but he's one person who ought to know. If the other big men on a pennant contender sweat like Frank does, I'd hate to see the batting circles at the end of each season.

Tarzana, Calif.

Steve Small

On page 21 there's a picture of an umpire about to give the "out" sign as Frank Robinson tries to steal home. The caption says that this can pick up a team.

Walnut Creek, Calif.

Bill Johnson

We didn't say which team.

STILL THE CHAMP

Sound Off! with Jack Dempsey in your September issue was the best material on boxing I have read in your magazine. Dempsey, a man of experience, gives a clear picture of boxing's troubles. If more men of Dempsey's character were involved in boxing, there would be no need for federally controlled boxing.

Colonial Heights, Va.

Glenn Croshaw

NICE GUY MAKES GOOD

I have been greatly impressed by Willie Horton's feats on the diamond. Now, after reading about him in September *SPORT*, I am even more impressed by Horton's standards of living. The fruits of his hard labor and persistence are now blooming. And his honesty, integrity and straightforwardness are a credit to the American athlete and sports.

Springfield, Pa.

Steve Winn

'36 YANKEES

I must compliment Arnold Hano on a fine story about Joe DiMaggio and the '36 Yankees. But either he got carried away or he hasn't seen a baseball game in the last ten years. How can he, or anyone, say DiMaggio was the greatest baserunner he has ever seen? Isn't he forgetting a man named Mays, or the supreme thief, Maury Wills?

Syracuse, N.Y.

Bob Dobreski

Hano's story was a work of art. Since I saw my first Yankee game this summer and am a "dyked in the wool" fan of the Bronx Bombers, this

article impressed me even more. Keep up the good work. But can't you do something about today's Yankees???
Hazelhurst, Miss. Pete Perkins

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

In the College All-Star game we think Dick Butkus earned himself a nickname that's a natural. From now on please refer to him as "The Ubiquitous Butkus."

Hollywood, Calif.

Cliff Mackay

If you insist.

JIM RYUN

Your article on Jim Ryun was one that any sports-minded person would enjoy reading. I not only appreciate the article in the sports sense but also I am compelled to remark on the warm descriptive phrases Jim O'Brien wrote on my native Kansas.

San Diego, Calif.

Ken DeLude

My only complaint on your Jim Ryun article is your title: "Jim Ryun: Bill Bradley in Spikes." I myself am a Bill Bradley fan, but when you put Bradley's name in the title you are reflecting the spotlight on someone other than for whom it was intended. I think Jim would appreciate having an article all his own. I'm sure Bill Bradley would rather not be known as "Lyndon Johnson in sneakers."

Rochester, N.Y.

Don E. Powers

WHEN TWO FANS MEET



I think your Bonus Report is great, especially the Fan Club notices. I wrote away to one of the fan clubs, whose president happened (ahem) to be a girl. We hit it off fine and now I even consider her my girl friend. But, of course, this could cost you money. If we ever get married, the two subscriptions would dwindle to one. But many thanks anyway, and, by the way, her name is Danell.

Arverne, N. Y.

Jim Meadow

ANOTHER YEAR, ANOTHER LIMB

In his Canadian Football League predictions, Dick Beddoes should have had a board of experts helping him out. No sportswriter in Canada, with the exception of Beddoes, felt that the Winnipeg Blue Bombers could possibly finish last again this year. Beddoes might find protection in Vancouver, but Winnipeg fans now feel that the Bombers are well on their

way to a playoff spot, and maybe more. At the time of this writing, the Bombers are the only undefeated team in Canada and are in first place with four victories—all over teams picked for the playoffs.

Lowe Farm, Man., Canada

Roger Groening

Thanks for giving recognition to the CFL in your predictions. I have several reasons for believing Canadian football to be distinctly major league, including:

1) Vikings GM Jim Finks claims that B. C. Lions linebacker Tom Brown is faster, smarter and stronger than NFL great Sam Huff.

2) NFL, CFL and AFL veteran Tobin Rote said last winter he believes the AFL is now equal to the CFL.

3) AFL superstar Cookie Gilchrist, while playing with three teams in the CFL, was always overshadowed by greater fullbacks (i.e., Bright, Lunsford).

Spalding, Sask., Canada

Ray Hetland

Where did you dig up your staff of AFL experts, the graveyard? How anyone can pick the Denver Broncos to finish below second in the Western Division is beyond me. Furthermore, how can they pick Matt Snell as the rushing leader over Bronco Haynes or Bronco Gilchrist? The Broncos will finish first or second because they have the best running backs, the best pass receiver, the best tight end, the best defensive backs and the best coach—Mac Speedie—in the AFL.

Littleton, Colo.

Bill Foster

A NATURAL

Why not a Sound Off! between John Roseboro and Juan Marichal on baseball rhubarbs? Of course, be sure to interview them in separate places.

San Jose, Calif.

Paul Perotti

MIGHTY MANTILLA

Up to the plate
He stepped with his bat;
The mighty,
And brawny,
Big Felix the Cat.
He cleaned out his spikes,
He pulled at his cap;
He swung at the pitch,
Hit it deep in the gap.

He rounded first,
And second was easy,
When he headed for third,
The fans soon felt queasy.
As he dug for the plate
He let out a wail;
The tricky third-baseman
Had hold of his tail.

Lincoln, Mass.

Casey Cunningham

MISSING WORDS

As you may know, Mickey Mantle is a director of the First Financial Life Insurance Company of San Antonio, Texas. In mentioning the company in your article on Mickey in August *SPORT*, you referred to the company as "First Insurance Company."

San Antonio, Texas Wallace M. Greene

THE TRUE-BLUE NEW BREED

Lately we have read articles stating that Met fans love losers. These critics say that we do not want the Mets to win and would not enjoy them as much if they began to win.

One article showed a Met fan who was rooting for the opposition so that the Mets could gain a record for losses. This may be one form of the new breed, but there are others.

We belong to the new breed of Met fans that is waiting for the Mets to challenge for the pennant. But we are realistic and realize that the Mets will have to build. We are willing to endure with the Mets until that day comes. Meanwhile, we go to the ballpark and root as hard as we can because we love the Mets now and forever. We believe that anyone rooting for the Mets' opposition to win IS NOT A TRUE MET FAN and a disgrace to the new breed. We are not angry at the world, but we are sorry that people forget to look upon the Mets as a major-league ballclub and not a farce.

Linden, N.J. Paul Jaffe, Alfred Brown, Ted Gutkowski

ERROR DEPARTMENT

It is with a sense of duty and necessity that is unknown to anyone who has not been a loyal, devoted fan and admirer of Robin Roberts that we call to your attention an oversight in the section "Inside Facts" of your September edition.

You failed to credit Roberts with his 1952 season total of 28-7 when you stated: "No active major-leaguer has won more than 25 games in a season . . ."

This distinction, if made public, is only part of the due laudation required to fully honor Roberts, whom we consider the epitome of good sportsmanship and the fulfillment of all athletes' aspirations since Jim Thorpe.

Leland, N.C. Harry & Glen Peterson

In your September SPORT Quiz you said that no college team has ever won three straight post-season bowl games. Alabama has—winning the Sugar Bowl in '62 and '64 and the Orange Bowl in '63.

Anchorage, Alaska Jack Latham

Our high school coach, Bill Fulcher—formerly of the Washington Redskins and Georgia Tech—played on four straight post-season bowl winning football teams at Tech, when the freshmen were eligible for varsity competition.

Waynesboro, Ga. David Wallace & Bobby Shuman

In your August SPORT Quiz, you state that no major-league baseball player has gotten over six hits in a game from 1900 to 1964. I am sure that Rocky Colavito got seven hits in that twenty-plus marathon between Detroit and New York a couple of years back.

Scottsdale, Ariz. Mike Wray

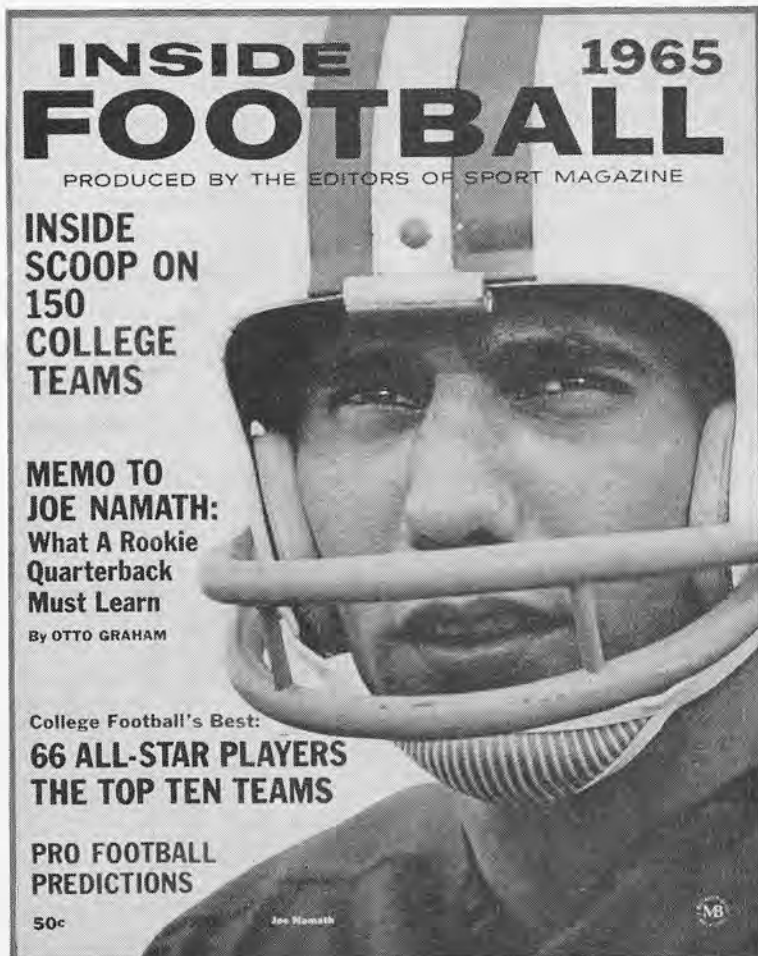
On July 10, 1932, Cleveland short-stop Johnny Burnett had nine hits in an 18-inning game in which the final score was Philadelphia 18, Cleveland 17.

Cyril, Okla. Allan Weedn

Readers Wray and Weedn are both correct. We failed to specify that we meant nine-inning games only.

INSIDE 1965 FOOTBALL

PRODUCED BY THE EDITORS OF SPORT MAGAZINE



INSIDE FOOTBALL 1965 brings you authoritative, behind-the-scenes coverage of every major college and professional football team in the country.

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**INSIDE
HOCKEY**

By MAURICE RICHARD

EDITOR'S NOTE: From now through the end of the hockey season, Maurice Richard, the greatest hockey player ever, will write a monthly column for SPORT. He'll discuss issues, events and behind-the-scenes items.

I INSIST that some of the greatest hockey fans in the world are in the United States of America. I would especially like to point out the very loyal fans of Boston who, despite the Bruins' poor showing these last years, have stood by their team. And we cannot say that the Chicago Black Hawks, the Detroit Red Wings and the New York Rangers lack any support at the gates.

But I feel, nevertheless, that the Americans are really only waking up to hockey. Hockey is finally catching the fancy of the youngsters in the U.S.A. More young Americans are playing hockey now because they have better facilities and a lot more encouragement. And, too, Americans have more and better hockey teams to watch and will have still better ones when NHL expansion hits its peak.

I believe the National Hockey League would have a fair quota of American players in it today if Americans had shown such an interest in the sport a quarter of a century or so ago. It has been proven that when the Americans set their mind to excel in a sport, they do excel. They surely have the means to reach the end successfully.

The expansion of the NHL will no doubt be an important factor in developing good and excellent hockey players in the U.S.A. Hockey is already an international sport, but it still will grow more in importance as the years roll by. The day will come when the best hockey players in the world—pro or amateurs—will face each other for the supremacy in hockey.

Americans surely don't want to be left behind. They still have a long way to go, but at least they're on the right track now. And I hope you will not find me too prejudiced when I say that hockey is the most wonderful game in the world, the greatest!

* * *

No matter what you read in the papers or what you hear and see on television and radio, you will never know for sure what the real salary of a hockey player is. At least, not where the NHL is concerned.

And I think the same goes for pro baseball and pro football. A salary figure is always a well-guarded secret, known only by management and player. Personally, I have never put too much stock in stories that such or such a player is getting a fantastic sum for a year's work.

Which brings me to Bobby Hull, who had in mind to collect \$100,000 from the Chicago Black Hawks this season. Like everybody else, I don't know how much Hull is getting this year, but I can assure you it's not \$100,000. Not unless it's \$100,000 spread over a long term, say three or four years.

I am asked quite often how much a superstar like Bobby Hull is really worth. I won't delve into numbers but there is no doubt that Bobby Hull should be one of the highest paid hockey players in the world. On the other hand, no one player should think of himself as being bigger than the game itself. After all, there has to be a limit somewhere.

I am sure Bobby Hull understands that as well as anybody. He is not only a great player, but also a very intelligent boy. We can't blame him for starting a campaign to better himself—it's good business. You know. Ask more so that when they cut down your figure you get what you really wanted in the first place!

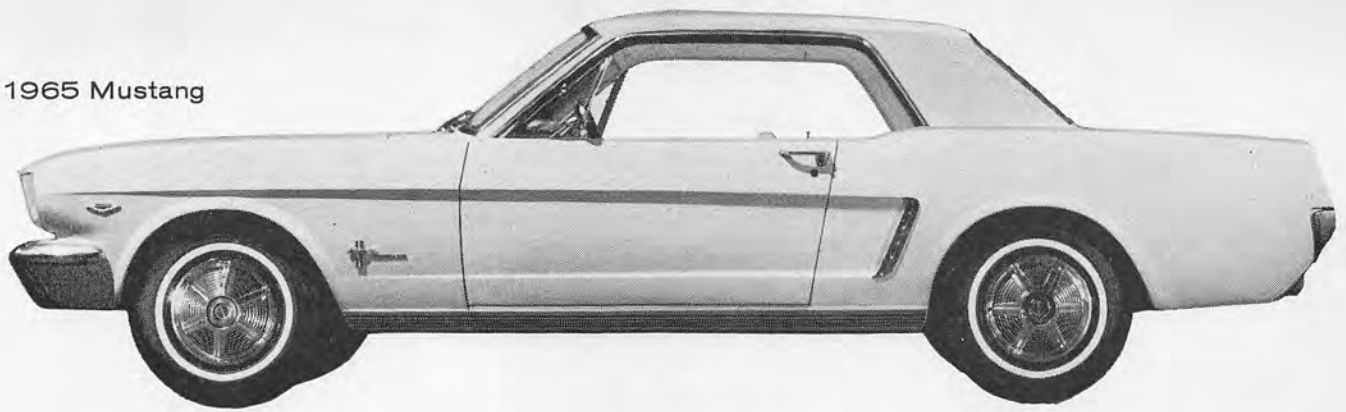
* * *

● Three new players could join the select "300 Goal Club" this year which is already composed of Gordie Howe (595 goals), myself (544), Ted Lindsay (379), Bernard Geoffrion (371), Jean Béliveau (358) and Nels Stewart (324).

The players who could make the grade in '65-'66 are Andy Bathgate (291 going into the season), Alex Delvecchio (280) and Bobby Hull (264).

● Among hockey players in the NHL, it seems that Andy Bathgate is the best golfer. He plays regularly in the low 70s and often below that. Andy won the NHL golf tournament this year with a score of 69. Bob Rousseau, of the Canadiens, and Gordie Howe, of the Detroit Red Wings, are also excellent golfers.

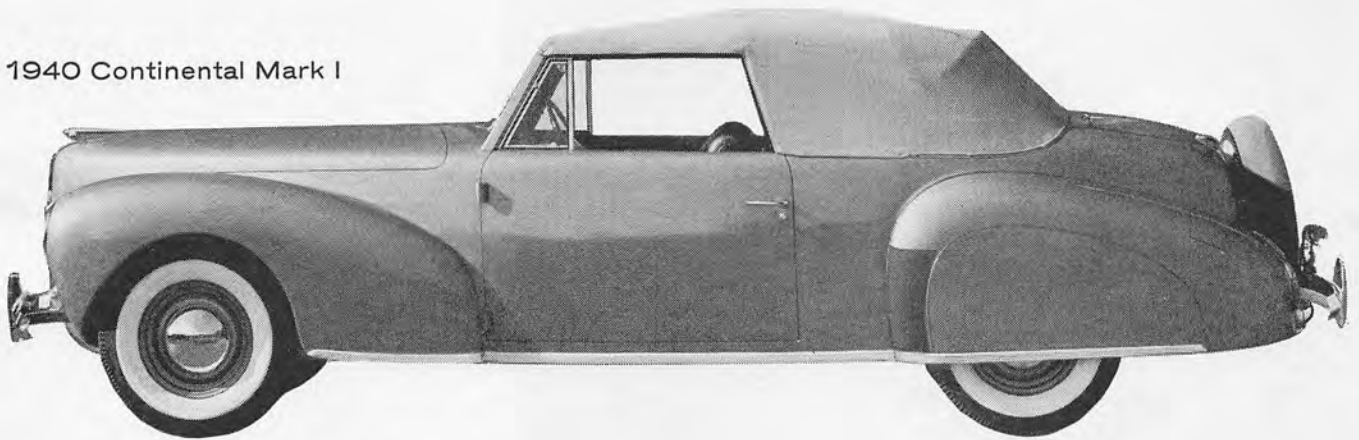
1965 Mustang



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NEXT MONTH IN SPORT



FRAN
TARKENTON

SONNY
JURGENSEN

PETE
ROSE

We headline next month's issue with perhaps the most gripping story ever published in **SPORT**. It's an exclusive and it goes far beyond the realm of a usual sports story. We cannot reveal its contents now, but we know you won't be disappointed.

We can reveal other features of December **SPORT**. First, a special section on pro football quarterbacks. We cover Fran Tarkenton, the scrambler, and, in a **SPORT SPECIAL**, Sonny Jurgensen, the drop-back quarterback. Our Hall Of Fame subject is Sid Luckman, the first prominent pro T-quarterback. Through Don Meredith, we show one element of quarterbacking: leadership. Through Bart Starr, we show the quarterback as a technician; through Gary Cuozzo, we show the bullpen quarterback, the man on the bench. And, through Don Trull, we show a kid quarterback breaking in.

From baseball, we profile Pete Rose of the Reds, Tony Cloninger of the Braves, Al Worthington of the Twins. We have "The Full Story Of Willie Mays' Greatest Season" . . . From basketball, a profile of John Havlicek of the Boston Celtics, and from hockey, a "Sound-Off!" by NHL president Clarence Campbell.

Back to pro football, our "specialist" subject is Roosevelt Brown, who talks about himself and his position, offensive tackle . . . Plus a memorable story on Joe Bellino's comeback to football . . . Our college football features are Tommy Nobis of Texas and Floyd Little of Syracuse.

Maurice Richard's hockey column is back next month and **THE SPORT BONUS REPORT** features Walt Belamy ("How To Play Pivot") and Ram coach Harland Svare ("How To Protect The Passer") . . . A lot more, too, in December **SPORT**.



JOHN
HAVLICEK

JOE
BELLINO

**AT YOUR NEWSSTAND
NOVEMBER 18**

GREAT MOMENTS IN

SPORT

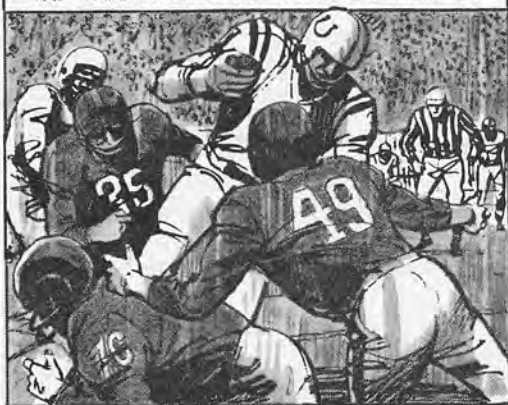
DEC. 28, 1958 - YANKEE STADIUM - THE BALTIMORE COLTS AND THE N.Y. GIANTS' N.F.L. CHAMPIONSHIP GAME HAD ENDED IN A TIE, 17-17.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN N.F.L. HISTORY A TITLE GAME WENT INTO A SUDDEN-DEATH PERIOD.

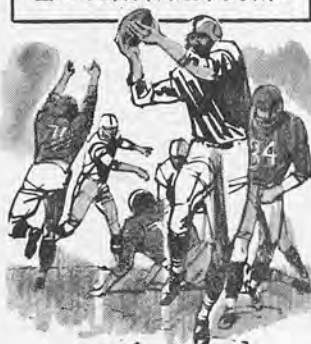
NEW YORK WON THE TOSS AND CHOSE TO RECEIVE, BUT THE COLTS HELD FAST AND THE GIANTS WERE FORCED TO PUNT. BALTIMORE TOOK OVER ON ITS OWN 20. **JOHNNY UNITAS**, THE COLTS' QUARTERBACK, COOLLY MOVED HIS CLUB TO THE GIANTS' 43 BY CAREFULLY MIXING RUNS AND PASSES...



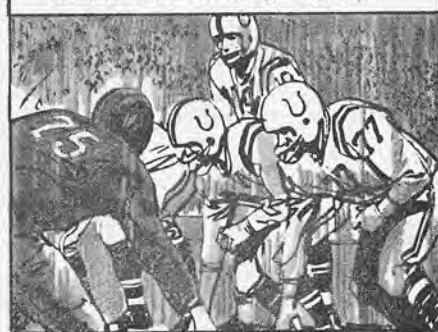
THE TRAP WORKS...FOR 23 BIG YARDS!



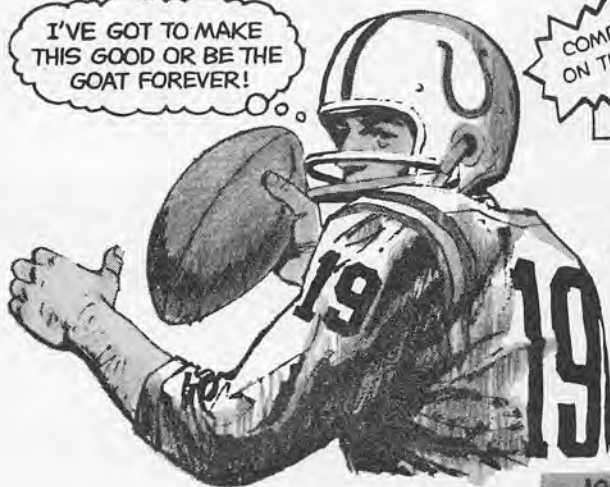
AN END SWEEP GAINS NOTHING, BUT UNITAS THEN HITS HIS FAVORITE END FOR A FIRST DOWN.



THEN COMES THE MOST SURPRISING CALL OF THIS OR ANY OTHER SEASON...A PASS!...WHEN A FIELD GOAL WOULD HAVE WON THE GAME!

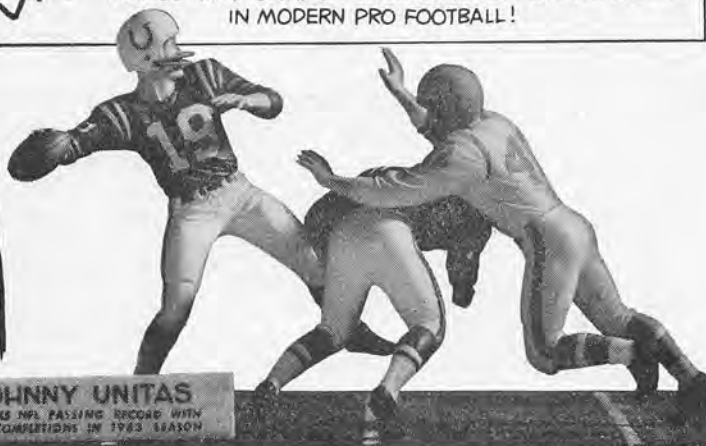


I'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS GOOD OR BE THE GOAT FOREVER!



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TIME OUT

WITH THE EDITORS

THE HALL OF FAME—NOW—FOR CASEY STENGEL

"His mouth wide open. His warped old legs bending beneath him at every stride. His arms flying back and forth like those of a man swimming with a crawl stroke. His flanks heaving, his breath whistling, his head far back."

Would you call that a description of Charles Dillon Stengel, at age 75, retired, as one writer put it, "in the prime of life?" You would be wrong. It is Damon Runyon's wonderful description of 33-year-old Casey Stengel, running out an inside-the-park home run in the World Series of 1923, Casey's finest hour as a ballplayer. But the Runyan image has held constant over the years—the warped old legs going out to the pitcher's mound countless times when he was a losing manager with the Brooklyn Dodgers and Boston Braves; the arms flying back and forth at umpires in the 12 glory years when his New York Yankees were winning ten pennants; finally, the flanks heaving and the head far back when he was wet-nursing his amazing New York Mets. Was Casey Stengel a great manager? You will not find a definitive answer here, though the trend is in his favor today. As Ralph Kiner observed, "He could nearly always evaluate the right player for the right situation. He made platooning work because he had the knack of making the man who was playing part time—which players hate—still do his best. Others have tried to copy this and failed."

Certainly, this is true but it is only one part of the Stengel legend. In 1961, Billy Martin bylined a story for *SPORT* called, "I Loved That Old Man." It was about Casey Stengel, naturally. Martin recalled one day before a game with the Athletics when the Yankees were to face Harry Byrd, a tough fastball pitcher. Casey told his men: "I'll give a hundred bucks to anybody who gets hit by the pitcher." Hank Bauer went out and got hit twice, Billy once. That, wrote Billy Martin, was all part of Casey Stengel's "brand of baseball that wins ballgames."

That was the way Casey played baseball himself. One day when he got hit in the back by a fastball, he promptly threw his bat at the pitcher. "Now when this bat flew," Casey wrote in his autobiography, "the whole team came out. They got me from behind and in front, and they really worked me over. One of them got hold of my Adam's apple and squeezed it, and to this day I have about the largest Adam's apple you ever saw."

Casey Stengel was not the greatest player who ever lived and maybe he wasn't the greatest manager who ever lived. But he was a genius, he was unique. For 55 years he provided baseball with something precious, an ingredient baseball must have to thrive—color. And that, friends, is good enough for us. Casey Stengel belongs in the Hall of Fame all right, but he belongs in there *now*, not in five years as the rule commands. In five years Casey will be 80 and what if he really is mortal? He deserves his immortality while he is alive to enjoy it, and while we can enjoy it with him. Suggestions to vote Stengel into the Hall of Fame immediately have met with favor. But there are problems. First, the five-year rule must be waived. Then, even if the rule is changed, the committee on the Veterans of the Hall of Fame aren't due to vote another old-timer in until January, 1967. And that is too late.

The only way to get around this is for a special election to be called, which would have to be authorized by the officers of the Hall of Fame. This of course involves red tape. But tape, even the red kind, can be unravelled. Gentlemen, start unravelling. If you agree with us, we suggest you write the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, New York, and set your feelings on the record. You can help put Casey Stengel in the Hall of Fame now. We're sure he'll be grateful, and we will, too.

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The 1965 National Football League race looks like another exciting scramble. Even if you don't know a lot about football, you've got as good a chance to win as anyone else—even the experts can't predict who the winners will be for sure. So enter early—and as often as you like!

It's easy to enter! Just pick the winners of the NFL Eastern and Western Conferences. Then fill out the blank provided at right (or print your choice of the winners and your name and address on a plain piece of paper) and mail. You can enter as often as you like provided each entry is mailed separately. To increase your chances of winning, pick up extra entry blanks at the Mennen display in your local store.

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After NFL Conference games watch "Pro Football Report," a TV interview and sports roundup program brought to you by THE MENNEN COMPANY.



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NFL Western Conference Winner _____

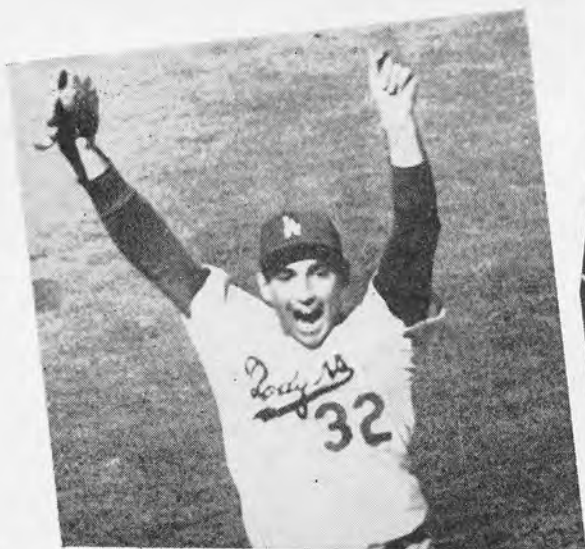
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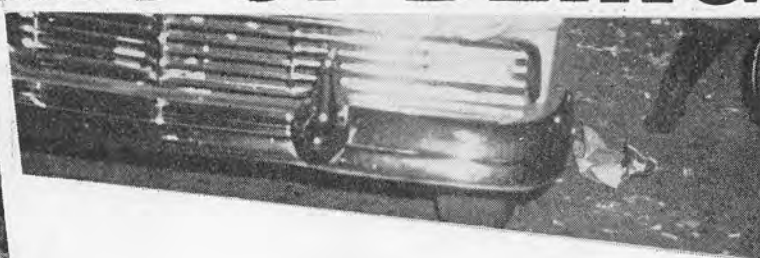
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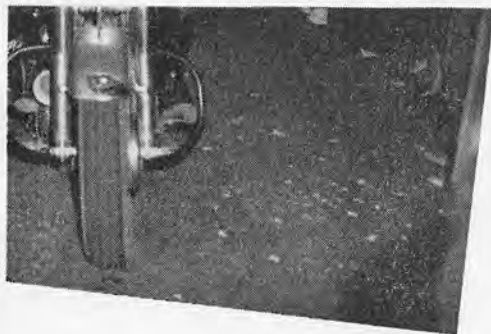




First come the con men, the hectic traveling, the celebration instead of physical conditioning. And then the pressure of trying to live up to what came not only from skill, but also from circumstance

A WORLD SERIES HERO

By DAVE ANDERSON



EACH YEAR one player is the World Series hero. It is almost as if he were a rare wine: Don Larson, 1956; Pepper Martin, 1931; Larry Sherry, 1959. A good year for each one. But not necessarily. Sometimes simply a good week. Or sometimes simply a good game. In the World Series the focus on a national spotlight magnifies the plays that occur so often during the regular season. The spotlight prompts headlines. The headlines make a man the World Series hero, and they often create headaches, too.

"Hello, Whitey Ford?" the voice on the telephone said one day in October, 1961.

"Yes," said the hero of the New York Yankee victory in that year's World Series.

"Whitey, I represent a real-estate firm in Florida. We'd like to have you in on it."

"How?" Ford said.

"Well, Whitey, all you have to do is let us use your name and we'll give you \$2500 worth of land."

"That's all?" Ford said.

"That's all," the man said. "We'll just use your name, Whitey. That's all."

"Send me a letter, will you, please?" Ford said. "You know, to confirm it."

"Sure, Whitey, I'll get the letter off right away."

When the letter arrived, Ford recalls, it stipu-

lated that he had to make five promotional appearances for the real-estate firm. Something the man on the phone had failed to mention. "Who needed that?" Ford says now. "You've got to watch out for guys like that. They're just trying to use you. That's why you can't agree to anything over the phone. You've got to get it all in writing. But I usually let Frank Scott handle all that stuff. He can spot the phonies right away."

Frank Scott is the agent who has represented nearly all of the World Series heroes of the past decade.

In 1957, the hero was Lou Burdette of the Milwaukee Braves. He had won three games against the Yankees and one day shortly after the Series, Scott was sitting in his New York office when the phone rang. The caller identified himself as the president of a midwestern manufacturing firm.

"What I'd like to do, Mr. Scott," the man said, "is have Lou Burdette as my business partner."

"That might work," Scott said, "but please send me some more details about you and your company and I'll speak to Lou."

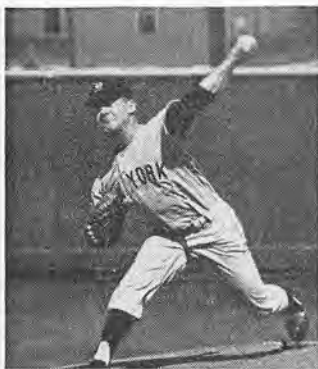
"Certainly," the man said. "It will be the biggest break of Lou Burdette's life, you'll see."

Frank Scott checked out his caller and discovered the letterhead was a fake. There was no

Some World Series heroes at their peaks: Sandy Koufax leaping off the mound, Lou Burdette in a motorcade, Yogi Berra jumping on Don Larsen after The Perfect Game, Bill Mazeroski trotting home on his famous home run.

THE DANGERS OF BEING A WORLD SERIES HERO

CONTINUED



Whitey Ford was bothered by con men after starring in the '61 Series, above. Says Ford: "You've got to watch out for guys who're just trying to use you."

such firm. "What this guy was trying to do," Scott says, "was get Burdette with him and then, on the strength of Lou's name, form a company by selling stock in it. We forgot about him fast."

The con men are everywhere. So are the legitimate insurance men and mutual-fund salesmen who chase the World Series hero. The Series hero is rare—one bottle a year—and, as with all rare items, very much in demand. That is, he's very much in demand if he's white. The danger of being a World Series hero if you're Negro is that you'll be ignored.

Bob Gibson, last year's hero with the St. Louis Cardinals, was the first Negro to reign as the Series hero. In other years the hero has made big money. Don Larsen, the 1956 perfect-game pitcher, is said to have made the most: \$25,000 plus his Corvette from SPORT. Other heroes have made between \$5000 and \$15,000, not counting their Corvettes and depending on how hard they were willing to work. Gibson was willing to work.

"But I made \$600," Gibson said recently. "Imagine that, \$600. Definitely, I think the reason was because I'm a Negro. The only money I made was for speaking at several banquets. I didn't get any endorsements or anything like that. I was ignored. I would've liked to have made more money but if nobody is interested, you can't go around and sell yourself."

Gibson had an agent in his hometown of Omaha, Nebraska, to line up endorsements. But none developed.

"In a number of cases, I'm sure Bob was ignored because he was a Negro," says someone who was close to his negotiations. "I know that several clients asked about him and we began to process contracts but suddenly everything broke down in a hurry. I don't know for sure but it seemed like they weren't aware at first that Bob was a Negro. All they knew, I guess, was that he was the Series hero and they should get him. When somebody in their office pointed out he was a Negro, they didn't want anything to do with him. There aren't many companies who want a Negro selling their product on national television. Like Bob says, he was ignored."

It must have been the first time the World Series hero ever has been ignored. Unless he chose to be.

The Series hero usually is something of a national hero. Perhaps the first player to attain this stature was John (Pepper) Martin, with the 1931 Cardinals. In a seven-game victory over the old Philadelphia Athletics, Martin stole five bases, drove in five runs, scored five, batted .500 with a record of 12 hits, including four doubles and a home run. In those days, the Series hero didn't go on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. He went on a vaudeville tour. Martin signed for an 11-week tour at \$1500 a week. One day a few weeks later, he was sitting in his dressing room in a Louisville theatre when a newspaperman arrived for an interview.

"How's it going, Pepper?" the man asked.

"I'm going home," Martin said. "No more of this for me."

"But you got seven more weeks. That's \$10,500."

"I know it," Martin said. "But I ain't no actor. I'm a ballplayer. I'm cheating the public and the guy who's paying me. Besides, the hunting season is on in Oklahoma and that's more important business."

It is often said that the modern players are a new breed, that they try to squeeze all the money they can out of being a Series hero.

But just as Pepper Martin preferred to go hunting, Bill Mazeroski would have preferred to go fishing. When Maz's homer won the 1960 Series for the Pittsburgh Pirates in the ninth inning of the seventh game, he was the hero, the Yankee-killer. Some players would have basked in this glory. But for Bill

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THE DANGERS OF BEING A WORLD SERIES HERO

CONTINUED

Mazeroski it created personal problems. Making the double-play at second base, Maz will stand his ground as the runner's spikes claw at his legs. But ask him to speak at a banquet and he will try to escape. He's not high-hatting anybody. It's simply that he's a genuinely shy person. He has overcome it to some extent, but in 1960, when suddenly he was the Series hero, the thought of having to make a speech terrified him.

"That's all right, Bill," more than one banquet chairman told him. "You won't have to make a speech. Just say hello."

Taking the man at his word, Maz would accept the invitation. The night of the dinner he would be sitting on the dais and the waiters would clear away the dessert plates and the coffee cups and the speeches would begin.

"And now," the toastmaster would say, "our featured speaker of the evening, Bill Mazeroski of the Pittsburgh Pirates."

Maz would wipe his hands on his napkin and take a deep breath and shake his head. "They were fooling themselves," he says now. "They'd tell me no speech and all of a sudden I'd discover I was supposed to be the main speaker. It's one of the ways they used to get me to come to their dinners. But I can't talk in public. I just can't. So I'd just say a couple of words and sit down."

Maz got around enough to "make six or seven thousand out of it. I could've made 15, but I'm not sorry. It didn't mean that much to me."

The home run meant much more. The home run and the hysteria it produced in Pittsburgh. "But by the next spring I had forgotten about the homer," Maz says. "I'm not a home-run hitter. So I didn't really take it seriously. It was a lucky hit. The next year when I came up in the ninth with some runners on I'd hear people yelling, 'Do it like in the Series' but I'd try not to hear 'em. You can't live off one hit."

You can't live off one World Series, either. Bob Turley discovered this in the years following his 1958 heroics.

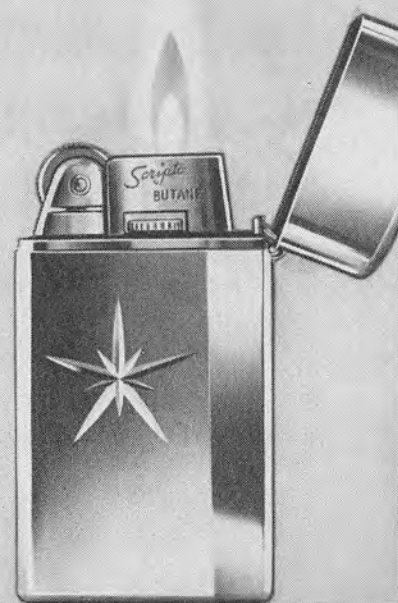
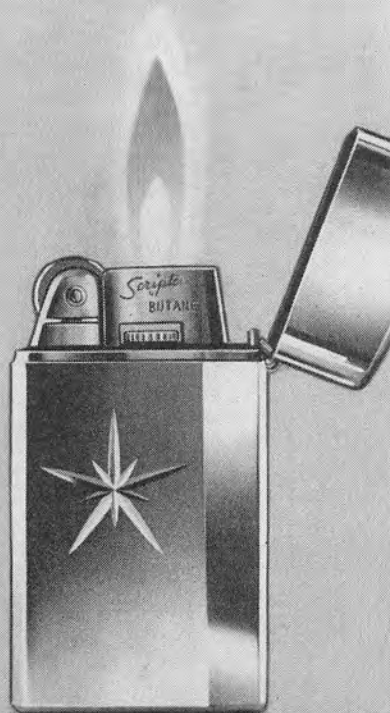
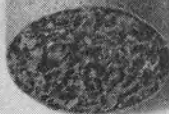
The Yankees lost three of the first four games to the Milwaukee Braves that fall. But Turley won the fifth game and saved both the sixth and seventh games. The Yankees had made one of the most remarkable comebacks in Series history. And Bob Turley was the hero. During the regular season he was a 21-game winner. But the following season he was 8-11 and he never would be a big winner again.

"The danger of being a Series hero," Turley says now, "is (—→ TO PAGE 94)

The travels don't always include pleasant experiences like Billy Martin's hula in '52.



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"If Jack Kemp Opens A Window...

**...everyone else has
to open one, too."
So said a Buffalo Bill,
kidding around
a while ago. But
the message was clear.
The quarterback
six pro teams
once let go
now inspires respect**

By Dave Sandler
Color by Bob Peterson

THE BUFFALO BILLS had scored seven points in the exhibition game and the Houston Oilers had scored 29. Now, the morning after, Buffalo linebacker John Tracey stood in front of his quarterback, Jack Kemp. "Up to your old tricks again, eh, Jack?" said Tracey, smiling. Had Tracey been serious, he might have meant Kemp's former habit of scrambling out of the pocket too soon or Kemp's over-reliance on passing. But Tracey hardly seemed serious. The Bills like to kid with Jack Kemp and Tracey was smiling, a wide, friendly smile.

Jack Kemp was not smiling. His words ran each other down. "If the halfback had gotten one step on that deep defender," Jack said, "I was still in position to get it to him. Besides, you know it was a little surprising for Houston to be blitzing like that in an exhibition game. Here we've got a new man in the line so we can't call audibles, and we haven't worked against blitzes yet in training camp anyway." Kemp turned to a training-camp visitor and said, "I'm not alibiing."

Jack Kemp does not have to alibi. Last season he quarterbacked Buffalo to the American Football League title. In the last five seasons he has been the quarterback on three division champions and one league champion. Why should a man with such a record be so sensitive? Well, because he remembers things.

Jack Kemp remembers the words of his former coach, Sid Gillman. "You can't win the big game," Gillman said, "with Kemp at quarterback." Jack Kemp remembers trying, and failing, to make good with Detroit and Pittsburgh and New York and Calgary and San Francisco. Jack Kemp remembers making good with the Chargers and finding himself, abruptly, belonging to the Bills. Jack Kemp remembers how in his greatest year, 1964, some people said that his understudy, Daryle Lamonica, was a better quarterback.

Jack Kemp remembers and now that he is on top, Jack Kemp wants to stay on top. He works hard. In the past, critics said he forgot about football the moment he walked off the field. The charge stemmed from Kemp's many interests. His alert, inquiring mind carries him into



many other fields—like French impressionistic painting, ballet, music, economics and politics. Especially politics. Jack's debated for the conservative cause against college professors and has been offered a start in politics by the two most prominent Republicans in the House, Gerald Ford and Melvin Laird. "They were serious," says Jack. "I wasn't."

But this year, there is no question about Jack's foremost interests. He is still a well-rounded man but above all he is a football man. "Sid Gillman," he says, "had always told me football is a business, but I never realized it till last year. I had never really given the dedication to be really outstanding. But with all that money from TV and endorsements, there's real opportunity now. To be secure, you've got to have a business-like approach. If you don't spend as much time at the game, you won't be productive."

To increase his productivity, Jack spent the winter in chilly Buffalo instead of returning to his rented home in balmy San Diego. With the Bill coaches, Kemp studied game films, evaluating his own play and cataloging the moves of his opponents.

JACK KEMP continued



Martin Blumenthal

What Jack saw on the screen in, say, the championship game was far different from what he might have seen in his first title game back in 1960. In 1960, Jack Kemp was an uncertain quarterback. In the '64 title game Jack Kemp was poised, controlled, the man in command.

There he was, No. 15, probing the San Diego defense for the point of least resistance. In the second quarter, as he moved his team to the line of scrimmage, he spotted it. The Charger secondary was playing a zone defense, and Jack knew how to exploit it. In his high-pitched voice, he changed signals at the line of scrimmage. He took the snap from center and slid left, toward the weak side. He wheeled, planted his feet and whipped a hard spiral into the unprotected spot. Tight end Ernie Warlick caught the pass. Moments later, the Bills scored a field goal.

In the fourth quarter, Jack again switched plays at the line of scrimmage. He faked a running play to hold in the linebacker, and sent

Pain-killer kept him active in '61.

split end Glenn Bass slanting in behind the linebacker. Jack threw over the linebacker to Bass, and Glenn ran 51 yards to the one. Kemp plunged over for the Bills' last touchdown. "That pass play," says Jack, "just popped into my mind without any trouble."

In 1960, when his Chargers lost the AFL championship game to Houston, 24-16, Jack was a different quarterback. He had a powerful throwing arm, but he read defenses the way a kid reads his first primer. Haltingly. "I was excited then," Jack says. "I was reaching, grabbing, not relaxed the way I was in '64."

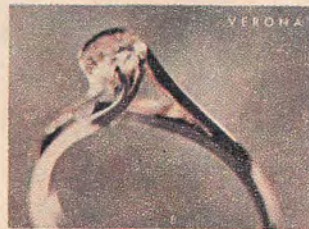
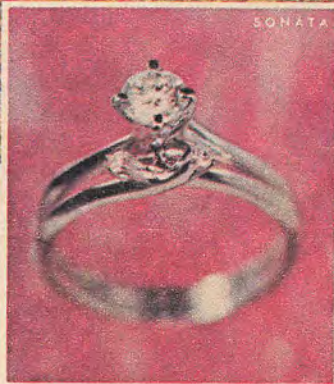
New York Jet middle linebacker Wahoo McDaniel played for Houston in that '60 game. Says Wahoo: "I think he's really matured in the last five years. He's become a much better quarterback. No question about it, he's a leader. I mean, he takes charge of the team, gives it confidence."

Still, there were imperfections in Jack's play last season, both in playcalling and in execution. And they were obvious to Jack when he watched the films last winter. "I had a tendency to run Cookie Gilchrist on the first play from scrimmage," he says now. "I habitually tried two passes immediately if Cookie didn't gain yardage on his first carry. I looked at the film and there was the pattern—run, pass, pass and run, pass, pass."

Jack also discovered he was taking an extra step as he dropped back to pass. "I was hitching after the snap of the ball," he says, "and was therefore not getting back to throw quickly enough. Now I can look downfield that extra bit longer."

Kemp worked out the flaw during pre-season training in Blasdell, New York. Driving himself just as intensely was third-year man Lamonica, who said, "I'm going for that top job and I don't care if he (Kemp) knows it."

The friendly competitors are different in appearance and different in their quarterbacking styles. Daryle is 6-3 and 215 pounds; Kemp is six feet, 201 pounds. Daryle has a closely cropped crew haircut and looks like a college student. Jack has a grown-out crew cut, a faceful of freckles and looks like the boy next (→ TO PAGE 88)



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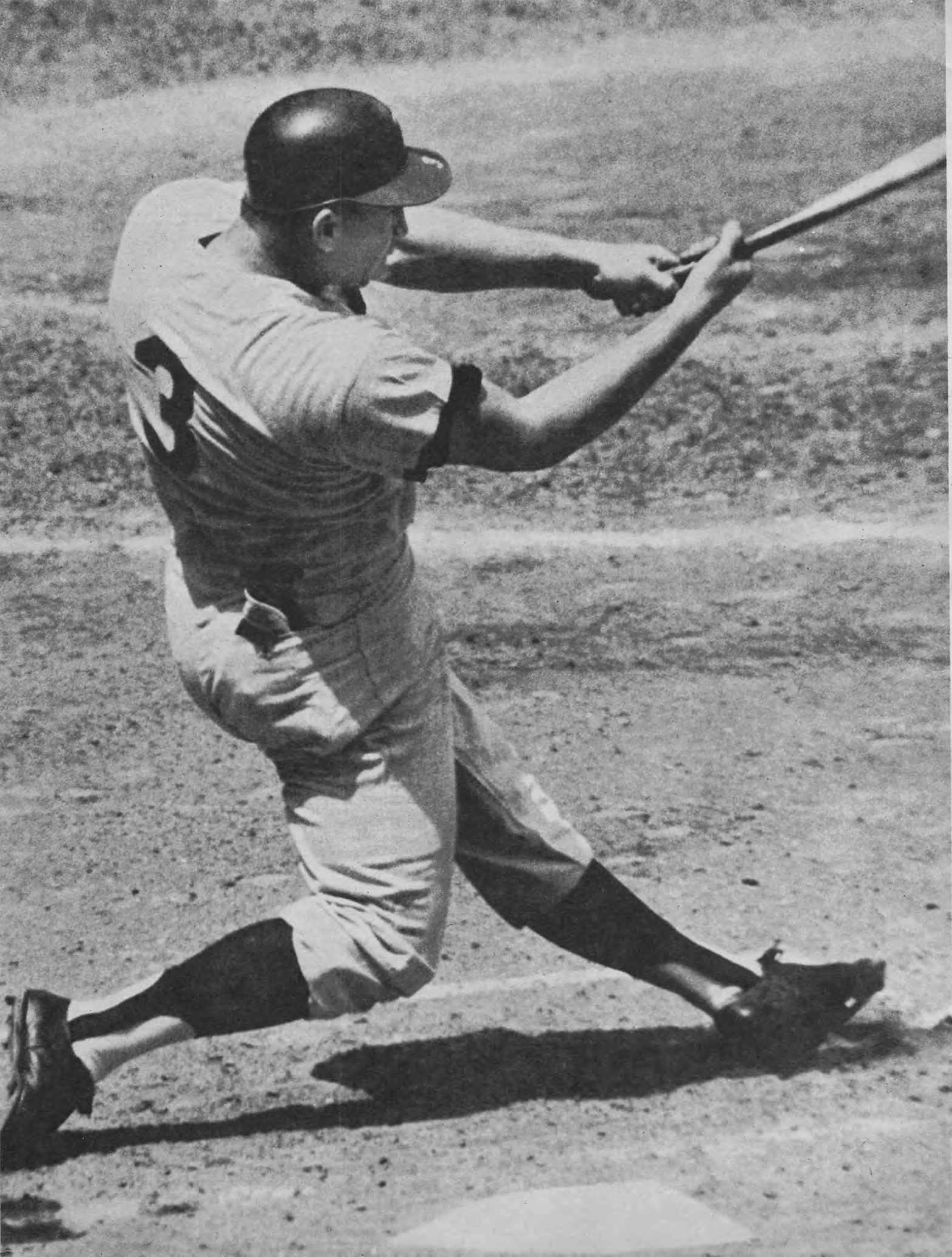
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HARMON KILLEBREW:

How A Star Sacrificed Himself For His Team

Though his home runs brought him one of baseball's top salaries, he was willing to hit less of them. He was willing to take on an unexpected fielding burden, too

By Max Nichols

IT WAS AN EFFORT for Harmon Killebrew to take off his clothes. A few days earlier his left elbow had been dislocated in a collision at first base and now he could use only his right arm to take off his trousers. He could barely grip a baseball well enough to autograph it. He couldn't handle a fork very well while cutting a steak.

"You gonna make it back in ten days like they said you would?" said a teammate, needling.

"I've still got a couple of days before my deadline," said Killebrew. "I always heal fast the last couple of days."

But the man Minnesota fans once called "Harmless Harmon" would be harmless to Minnesota opponents well past his ten-day deadline. Ironically, though, the fans were no longer calling him "Harmless." Harmon had only 22 home runs on August 2, the day he had the first-base collision with Baltimore's Russ Snyder, and usually by August 2 he had many more. Yet, he was more popular in Minnesota than ever before. The fans knew Harmon Killebrew had been sacrificing himself for his team.

Killebrew had been risking his \$50,000 salary to help the Twins win the American League pennant. Through the years Killebrew's home runs had drawn people into the ballpark and the size of his salary had been based largely on his home-run production. In 1965 he was not hitting as many home runs as in the past. In the past he had waited at bat for inside pitches, pitches he could pull for home runs. He had let other pitches—the kind he might have been able to poke to the opposite field for singles, say—go by. In 1965 he was no longer waiting for the home-run pitch. He was swinging at any pitch he thought he could hit for any kind of base hit or, with a runner on third and less than two out, long flyball. His manager, Sam Mele, had suggested that such a style might help the team more. Killebrew had gone along with the suggestion.

Killebrew, too, had asked to be ordered into situations where he would *have* to swing at any pitch. Mele had said early in the season that he wanted to give the hit-and-run sign with his sluggers at bat. When a batter gets the hit-and-run sign he is then forced to protect the runner by swinging at the next pitch, even if it's not the kind of pitch he'd normally like to hit. Rarely, do sluggers get the hit-and-run sign because it cuts down their home-run chances. But Mele felt that his sluggers were taking too many pitches and as a result, leaving too many runners in scoring position and striking out too much. By giving them the hit-and-run sign, Mele figured, he would, among other things, be forcing them to swing more often.

Still, as the season rolled on, he had not given the hit-and-run sign to Killebrew very often. So, Killebrew had a talk with Twins' coach, Jim Lemon. "Tell Sam," said Killebrew, "I would like to hit with the runner going once in a while."

Killebrew volunteered to do something else in 1965. In the spring he moved from left field to first base. Mele asked Killebrew to make (→ TO PAGE 106)



SECRET NFL POLL:

THE COACHES GRADE THE PLAYERS

By **MURRAY OLDERMAN**

DETERMINING who are the top players in the National Football League is a very difficult job for the unexpert eye. The fan in the stands or writer in the press box can make only a superficial evaluation at best. Take a defensive player, for example. We have seen a linebacker make an interception... and be chewed out for being out of position. We have seen a touchdown scored when a linebacker seemed to be out of position, yet his coaches said nothing to him because he was in position, doing his job in the defense that was called. But the fan or writer watching a game often has no idea what a ballplayer's particular responsibility was on the last play since he doesn't know what defense was called. A team may be using a dozen different defensive coverages that day.

However, the NFL coaches know from their film studies what a man is supposed to do and

Bob Peterson

Top defensive end: Willie Davis, in air.

whether he's doing it. They are well qualified to assess the quality of the players in the league. We polled the coaches and asked them to pick the four top players at each position. The overall selections of the coaches indicate that there is no substitute for experience. Even though a younger man may have more physical abilities than a veteran, when a coach has to field a team, he will usually go with the consistent veteran who is less likely to make mistakes.

Using a scoring system of five points for a first-place vote, three for second, two for third and one for fourth, here then are the players chosen. The best in the NFL:

OFFENSE

Flankers:

1—Johnny Morris, Chicago Bears, 37 points—Not quite as big, at 5-10 and 180, as you'd like. But compensates with speed, quickness and versatility. Knows how to get open, good short and deep threat, fine runner after he has ball. Led NFL in receiving last year, and might have had 100 catches if not injured in finale.

2—Bobby Mitchell, Washington Redskins, 33 points—Most dangerous receiver in football. If you don't double-cover him, you take a chance on giving up seven points. Forces teams to change their defenses. But his hands are not nearly as good as people think. He drops crucial passes. Really still learning his job at age of 30; has put in only three full seasons as flanker.

3—Terry Barr, Detroit Lions, 31 points—Probably the class of the league from an all-round talent standpoint, but doesn't get chance to prove it. Playing under a handicap—has never had an exceptional passer to team with. Unusual quickness and ultra-smart at picking in the open lane. Runs every pattern at full speed. Gets maximum yardage out of receptions because of running ability.

Top fullback: Jimmy Brown, running.



Tony Tomasic



Wally McNamee

"If I had the choice of one receiver in football, I'd take him," said one coach of the Lions' split end, Gail Cogdill, 89, above. He was speaking for the majority of NFL coaches, who rate Cogdill the finest all-round receiver in the game. Ironically, in his five years in the league, Cogdill has never been named to an official All-Pro team. Roosevelt Taylor of the Bears, No. 24 making the interception at left, has made All-Pro. He and Willie Wood of the Packers were selected as the two top safetymen in the league in our poll. Taylor's forte is speed.

4—Bobby Joe Conrad, St. Louis Cardinals, 14 points—Steady man. Has good hands, great moves and intelligent approach to his job. His speed is adequate. With exceptional speed, he could be good as anyone.

5—Gary Collins, Cleveland Browns, 6 points—The star of last year's championship game excels at catching in a crowd. Has the size (6-4, 215) to overpower cornerbacks. His speed is good, but not blinding. He doesn't have eye-catching quickness. He'll block where many others won't.

6—Tie, Jimmy Orr, Baltimore, and Boyd Dowler, Green Bay, 5 each—They're opposites. Orr is small, tricky, with brilliant hands and instinctive moves. Excels downfield, inside or out. Dowler is a 6-5 ex-hurdler, who relies on height but can be intimidated. At 28 he hasn't reached his peak.

SPLIT ENDS:

1—Gail Cogdill, Detroit, 43 points—"If I had the choice of one receiver in football I'd take him," said one coach. That's how most coaches feel about Gail. Rated finest all-round receiver in game. Greatest hands and best moves. But the irony is that in five years, he's never made a recognized All-Pro team. Like Barr, has never had the great passer to exploit his abilities.

2 and 3—Tie, Paul Warfield, Cleveland, and Raymond Berry, Baltimore, 24 points each—The brilliant rookie and the old pro. Without receiving experience, out of pass-shy Ohio State, Warfield made All-Pro as rookie on sheer, natural talent. One coach says, "He's gonna be the best there ever was." Good blocker for split end. A great athlete who doesn't mind going up in a crowd. Berry still rates top billing off his record over the years. Actually gained speed last year because he learned not to wear himself out in practice. Most dedicated player in the game. Not regarded as fast, but he can fool you. Has most trouble with a defensive back who'll play right on his nose and gamble on the deep threat.

4—Sonny Randle, St. Louis, 13 points—May be more respected by rivals than by his own team. Probably the fastest straightaway receiver in game, excepting Bob Hayes. A legitimate 9.5 sprinter. Slight question mark because of shoulder injury which sidelined him half of last season. He's best on fly patterns. Footsteps have been known to disturb him.

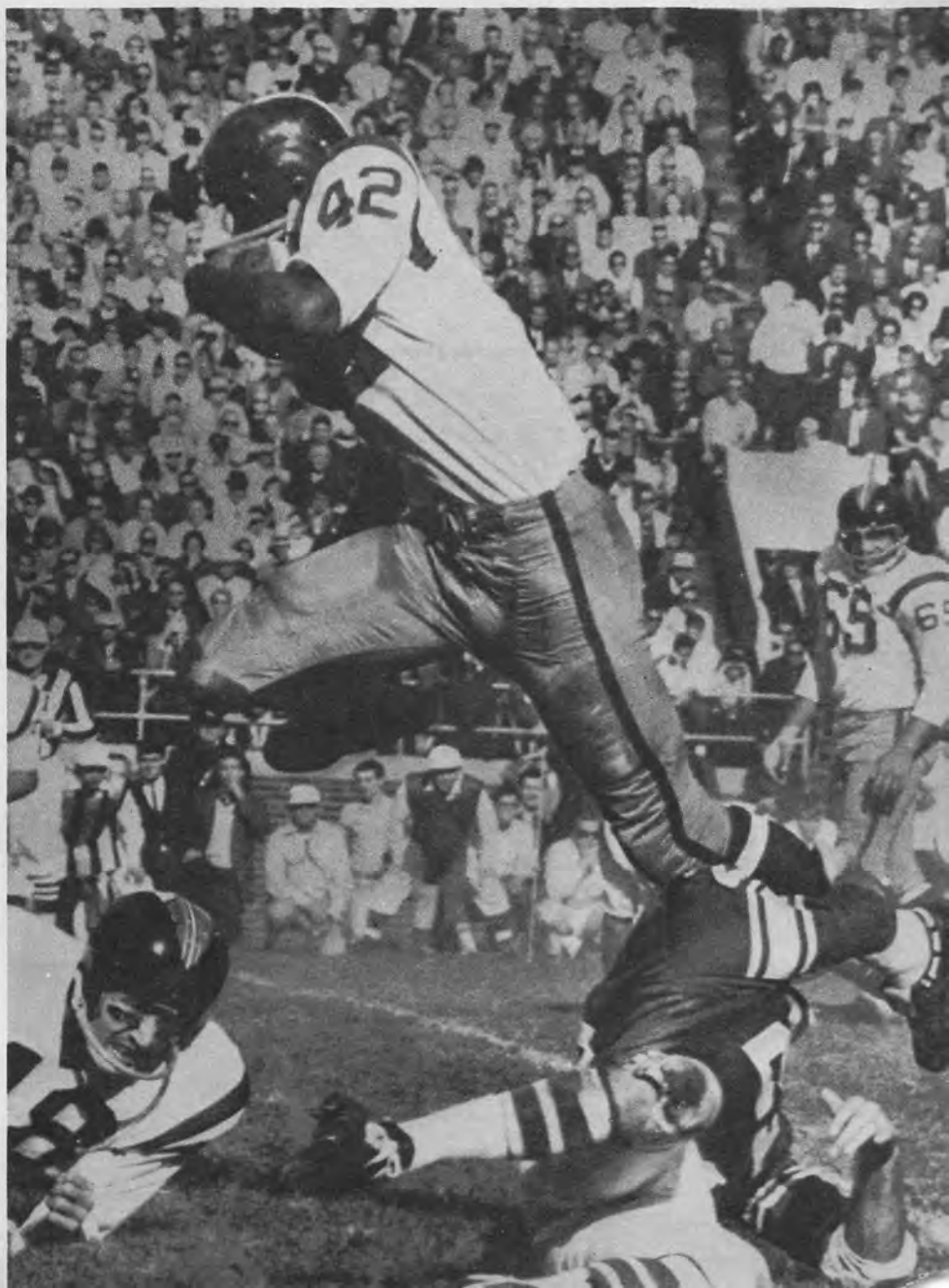
5—Frank Clarke, Dallas, 10 points—Found himself last year, his eighth in league. Beat early rap that he didn't like tough going by learning to catch short as well as long. He has all the tools, size as well as speed. Ranked third in (—→ TO PAGE 95)

Vernon J. Biever



Tommy Mason of the Vikings, No. 20, above, and Charley Taylor of the Redskins, No. 42, leaping over a tackler at right, tied in the coaches' voting for the best running halfback. Their versatility makes them unique—both are exceptional runners and pass receivers. Taylor, a sophomore, needs only experience, and Mason needs only to retain his health.

NOV. '65





Among the stars who played for Frank Leahy, left, in 1947 were Emil Sitko, running above, Johnny Lujack, shown here with the

SPORT'S GREATEST TEAMS

Lujack, Leahy and Notre Dame

The men who played for the 1947 Fighting Irish formed the greatest college football team ever. Forty-two of them went on to play professional football

By Bill Furlong

SOMETIMES THE MEMORY dims and blurs and what comes to mind are the small things—not quite irrelevant, not quite earth-shaking. There was the night a Notre Dame football player decided to drive an auto up the steps of the administration building. There was Frank Leahy, coach of Notre Dame, and Red Blaik, coach of Army, meeting in the center of the field after Notre Dame's 27-7 win, shaking hands frigidly, and then stalking off to the same exit—separately—ten yards apart. There was Henry Frnka, coach of Tulane, refusing even to shake hands with acting coach Ed "Moose" Krause of Notre Dame after Notre Dame's crushing 59-6 win. There was tackle Al Zmijewski, who made only one road trip all year—and on it intercepted a Southern California pass and returned it 30 yards for the final touchdown of the season.

It was 1947 and the greatest college football squad of all time—Notre Dame's Fighting Irish—was grinding its way to immortality as a glacier grinds towards eternity: crushingly, relentlessly. There have

SPORT



Heisman Trophy (he won it when named the top college football player in the nation that season) and Terry Brennan, No. 37.

been more spectacular teams. There have been teams with a more diverse attack. There may even have been teams with 11 better men. But there has never been a team with the enormous depth, with the deep-ranging quality, with the assurance that it could lose its first string, its second string, and perhaps even part of its third string—and still remain undefeated.

Some 42 players off this squad—42 *players*—went on to play professional football. Art Statuto, a third- or fourth-string center, played three years of pro football. Zeke O'Connor, an end who didn't win a letter, was named to the College All-Star team. Vince Scott, a fourth-string guard, didn't play in a game that year, yet went on to play a year in the old All-America conference and many more in Canadian football. All this—and you consider that some first-stringers, like Terry Brennan, didn't even try the pros, but went into coaching instead.

Statistically, the 1947 team stands apart—but not alone. It won all nine of its games and the nine games were among the 39 in a row Notre Dame played without a loss in the 40s. Through its players, the 1947 national championship team was tied to the past to two other national championship teams—those in 1943 and 1946—and it would leave as its heritage yet another national championship team: that of 1949. When hyperbole is attached to Notre Dame, it is attached to the 1947 team. "It set a record for scoring in consecutive quarters," one man said recently. (It didn't: Purdue, Iowa, Army and Northwestern were among the teams that held Notre Dame scoreless—for as long as a quar-

ter.) "It never had to throw a pass in the second half all season," said another. (It threw repeatedly—and successfully—in the second half all season.) "It was the only team that was never behind for two years," said still another man. (True, Notre Dame was never behind through 1946 and 1947—but it was not always ahead. Army held it to a 0-0 tie in 1946.)

In the career of Frank Leahy, the 1947 team was the setpiece; it stood out from among the six unbeaten teams he coached at Notre Dame. Leahy was, himself, a setpiece. He was the antithesis in personality to Knute Rockne, the apotheosis of success on the Notre Dame campus. Where Rockne was exuberant and spontaneous, Leahy was carefully controlled. Leahy did not care for socializing and rarely went out of his way to mingle with opposing coaches. But he showed them rare respect; he did not try to run up a score on a helpless opponent. "He felt that 35 points was a pretty decent lead," says one old friend of his. (In 1947 Leahy's biggest winning margin was 34 points. Notre Dame swamped Tulane by 53 points that year, but Moose Krause was running the team; Leahy took a Saturday off to scout Southern California.) Leahy spoke in a high nasal monotone that reflected a taut, introverted personality. He commanded deep respect. Other coaches—including some of his assistants—might criticize him and satirize him in private, but when he walked into the room they leaped to their feet. Other coaches had great difficulty handling the veterans returning from the wars; a man who's seen combat and lived with death does not always (→ TO PAGE 101)



RON FAIRLY was not always an indispensable Dodger, but he was always a representative one. "When I think of the Dodgers," a young Met pitcher once said, "the first thing that comes to mind is Ron Fairly giving it this shot." The young Met pitcher removed an imaginary cap and ran his hand over his hair, just the way Ron Fairly runs his freckled hand over his red hair from time to time.

Now 27, Fairly was waiting in Los Angeles all his life for the Dodgers. He always had that sun-bleached assuredness that lower California youths seem to have; it goes so well with Dodger blue.

Fairly always knew how to carry himself. He knew how to project, how to talk, how to needle. "Some ballplayers talk about playing for all the marbles," Fairly once said on Vince Scully's radio show. "Some talk about going for the whole ball of wax. I'm from Southern California. This year I'm going for the whole enchilada."

Like the Dodgers, Fairly has always had personality. As a player, he has always had the same combination of obvious skills and imperfections that made the Dodgers such a risky choice as the National League pennant race shimmied into another nervous September. Yes, he has always been representative, but not always indispensable.

It is never easy to be an indispensable Dodger. One must stand on line.

There was a time when there were so many Reeses, Campanellas, Sniders,

"FAIRLY...HE HAS TO EXPLODE"

By **GEORGE VECSEY**

Color by Walter Ioss, Jr.

Robinsons, Hodges and Newcombes that the Erskines, Coxes and Furillos settled for less attention than their skills deserved. Then, in the most glowing spotlight, came:

Captain: Maury Wills.

Leader: Don Drysdale.

Superb Pitcher: Sandy Koufax.

Team Representative: Wally Moon.

Batting Hero: Tommy Davis.

Old Reliable: Jim Gilliam.

Babe Ruth: Frank Howard.

Dazzling Speed: Willie Davis.

Then there was Ron Fairly, first-baseman-outfielder, one of the regulars, one of the boys, not the biggest, not the fastest, not the most inspiring, not the most important, not indispensable.

Until this year.

It happened in three steps. The first step was trading away Howard. The second step was Tommy Davis' injury. The third step was Willie Davis' slump after a phenomenally hot start.

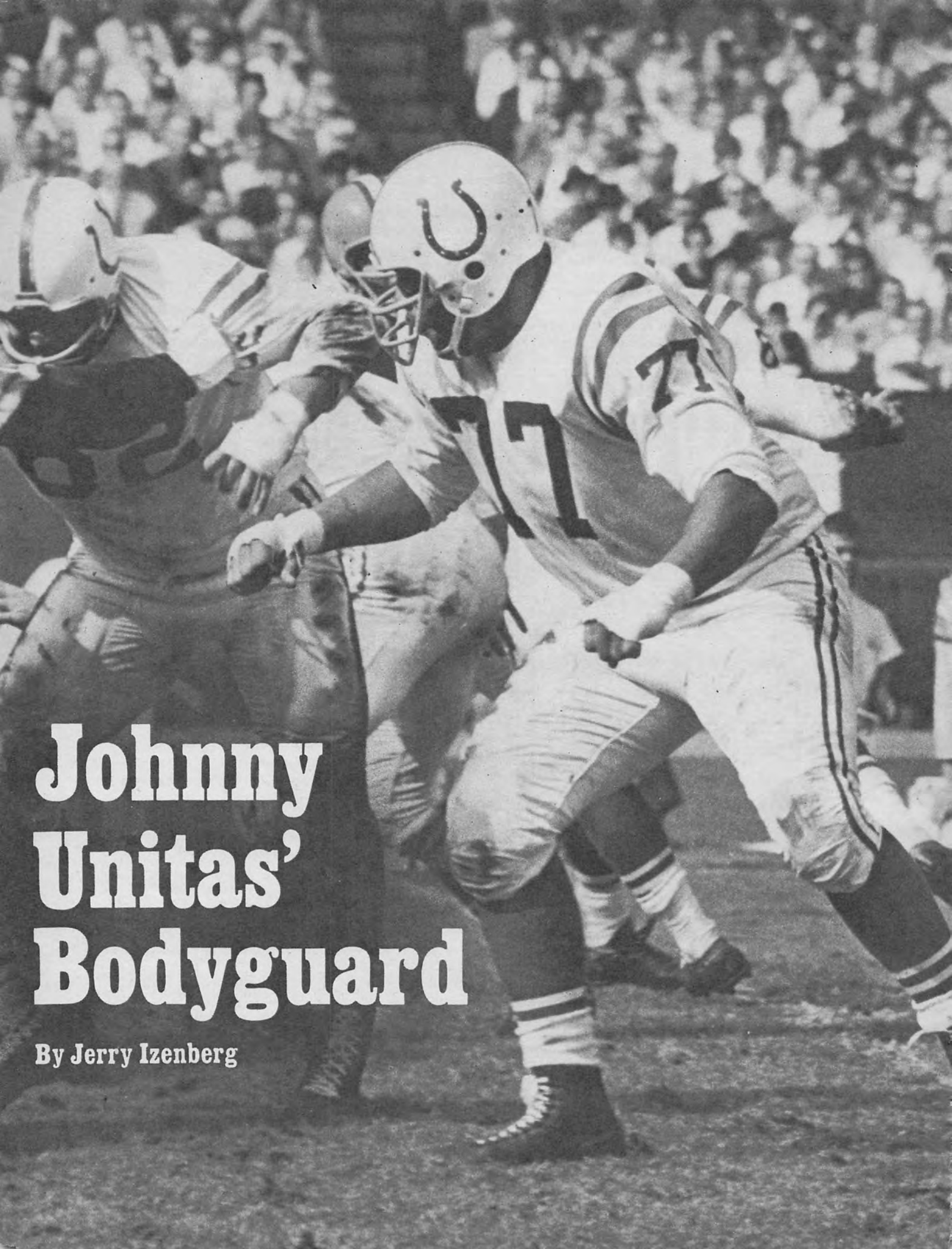
That left Ron Fairly. There was nobody else. He was the only veteran who could drive home the runs for a Dodger pennant fight.

Ron Fairly had never driven in more than 77 runs a season. He hadn't in three years come within 40 points of the .322 he hit in 1961. His career home-run high for a season was 14. He was an ideal No. 6 hitter, not a cleanup hitter. But he batted cleanup and he did the job. He did a wonderful job.

What kind of ballplayer is the man who did this job? "Ron Fairly," says Dodger general manager Buzzie Bavasi, "is potentially a pretty good ballplayer. He'll be in the major leagues a long time. He can do everything but run. He reminds me a lot of Carl Furillo. He does a good job every day. He's dependable."

"I think he could be a .310 hitter with 80 RBI every year," manager Walter Alston says. "I know if he had the speed of a Willie Davis, he'd hit 40 points higher than he does."

"Sometimes I think baseball has too many statistics," Maury Wills says. "A guy like me gets a lot of attention for stealing so many bases. A guy like Sandy gets all those strikeouts. There isn't enough attention left (→ TO PAGE 90)



Johnny Unitas' Bodyguard

By Jerry Izenberg

Jim Parker is the NFL's best at protecting the passer. He's also a many-sided man

IT WAS SATURDAY night in East Macon, Georgia, and the Parker kids sat around the living room all scrubbed and neat while Charles Parker, Sr., who had left the pick and shovel back at the railroad yard for another weekend, held the open Bible on his lap and reminded them of the wages of sin.

He read to them every Saturday night and on Sunday they all walked down the road two miles to the Mt. Moriah Baptist Church where the six kids attended Sunday school. In the evening, there was prayer meeting and in between, they sat around in their best clothes and made small talk because the children of Charles Parker, Sr., did not wrestle in the dusty street or play football on the Lord's Day. If they did and he caught them, the old man, who often read to them from Revelations about the lake of fire, delivered a swift and merciless punishment worthy of the angry prophets.

There is a theory, heavily subscribed to among the National Football League's defensive linemen, that James Parker, a sort of latter day avenging angel with the Baltimore Colts, has not been handled on the Lord's Day since East Macon, Georgia.

One of the finest sights in football is that of Jim Parker lowering his 20-inch neck and burying his helmet into the belly of a 300-pound lineman, or that of Jim Parker wheeling his 273 pounds laterally behind the line of scrimmage to deliver little pinwheels of light into the skull of an over-eager defender. He is, perhaps, the best offensive interior lineman this violent game has ever produced. First as a tackle and now as a guard he is a textbook blend of agility and strength. It was behind Parker's wide frame last season that Lenny Moore swept to 15 of his 20 touchdowns. And it is to Parker's tender, loving care that the Colts of Baltimore entrust the safety and well-being of John Unitas' strong right arm. Greater responsibility hath no man.

With biblical passion, Jim Parker lives each Sunday by his own variation of the Golden Rule: "Do unto Johnny U. as you would have James Parker do unto you." Never—judged on sheer week-after-week effectiveness—has there been a more delightful den mother.

But off the field it is different. Off the field, Jim Parker strides through life on his size 13½ EEE shoes, a deceptive blend of Job, The Thinker and The Jolly Green Giant. He is patient to a fault. His humor is born of a genuine love of life, which belies the violence with which he must live it each year from July to January. He may be the funniest man in all of football. He may also be the worryngest.

He worries about elevators . . . about hypodermic needles . . . about the defensive tackle who will belong to him on the Sunday ahead. There are even times, he would have you believe, that he worries about

When No. 19 (Unitas) fades back, No. 77 (Parker) gets set.

his ability to be a member of the Baltimore Colts.

"Once," Jim Parker said, stretched out full-length on an under-sized cot in the Baltimore training camp last August, puffing an old briar pipe, "the mailman passed me by on Monday morning. You know, that's when the checks come. And it was the middle of the season and my wife, Mae, she said why didn't I call the office. But I said, no, we'd just wait a little. I just couldn't call."

"Well," a visitor said, "that's a little hard to understand. I mean the editors of *SPORT* magazine are going to get one hell of a phone call if the mailman passes my house by next month."

"Yeah, but I thought to myself that maybe I was traded or cut, you know," Jim Parker replied.

"Do you mean to tell me that you really thought you could lose your job?"

"Well," Parker replied with a large grin, "I could have been traded. That happens, you know."

It would not be a hard thing for Jim Parker to lose his job. It would be no harder than, say, taking out his tonsils, a feat which was accomplished with just a little more difficulty than the securing of Omaha Beach.

Three years ago, his throat sore and swollen, the Baltimore Colts, half the medical men in Maryland and Mae Parker, agreed that Jim Parker's tonsils had to be removed. Mae Parker was the key figure in the triumvirate. When they were both freshmen at Ohio State, Jim Parker tried to impress her by telling her he was Joe Louis' cousin. He likes to think he fooled her for a while but deep down he doubts it. Professional linemen are hopeless incompetents compared to Mae Parker when she knows she is right.

"Jim Parker," she said the morning he was supposed to go to the hospital, "we have four children in this house and I don't have the time to fool around with a fifth. You get down to that hospital and get it over with."

At the hospital, a bright young thing said, "We can't seem to find your records, Mr. Parker."

"Thanks, baby," Jim Parker said.

"Wait a minute, I'll call the doctor."

Which is how Jim Parker happened to wind up in an upstairs room when they wheeled this body in. It was all white and it smelled from ether and every few minutes it let out a groan.

"What's the matter with him?" Jim Parker asked, undoing his necktie.

"Tonsils," the nurse sweetly replied.

"Goodby," Jim Parker said.

Halfway down the hall, the nurse convinced him to at least let her give him a needle "to make you feel better." It was, of course, a knock-out needle and Jim Parker made a wonderful crash when he fell onto the bed. He awoke just outside the operating room, where a man in a white surgical mask and a funny cap was bending over him.

"Who are you?" Jim Parker demanded.

"Don't be ridiculous," the mask said. "I'm your doctor and you know it."

"How do I know it? How do I know who you are? Maybe you're an imposter. Take off the mask and prove it."

They will be a long time forgetting Jim Parker at the Baltimore Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital.

"It's just I don't dig needles," Parker told his visitor one evening in training camp. "Once the whole team was having its pre-game prayer in the locker room and I was getting a shot in the back of the room. Well, you know how quiet it gets and they was all in there

prayin' and then the man pulled out this needle that looked about eight feet long and I let out this kind of wail. Afterwards, Lenny Moore said it sounded like I was listening to the prayer and the spirit started to move me."

There is, of course, underneath all this humor a very good reason why Jim Parker digs neither needles nor hospitals. When he was 14 years old he woke up one night with a very large fire in his stomach. It took three months to put that fire out. He had suffered a ruptured appendix and while it did not kill him—although it did not miss by much—it did an enormous amount of damage to his intestines.

"When I came out of that hospital," Jim Parker recalls, "I was six feet tall and I weighed 98 pounds."

"Well, you were a kid," a man wondered, "and kids everywhere have fights. What happened then?"

"I wasn't a fighter. I was a runner. I weighed 98 pounds and when the kids picked on me I used to run to my sister, Betty, and she used to fight my battles. She used to win most of them, too."

It was around this time that the oldest of the Parker kids, Charlie, Jr., was on his way to becoming a Negro College football All-America at Morris Brown in Atlanta. Charlie used to come home from school and sit up in the living room with his mother and father and Betty and sometimes they'd talk until five a.m. about what Charlie had done in a game and Jim Parker used to curl up in his bed and listen as long as he could and even though he weighed 98 pounds, he wanted more than anything to be a football hero and get some of that attention.

"But it never worked that way," he recalls. "You know my folks never saw me play—haven't seen me yet because we play on Sundays in the pros—I guess they lost interest in football after Charlie and then I was so skinny when I was a kid, my father was afraid I'd get killed."

"Well, at least now," a fellow volunteered, "you are the big man back home."

"Yeah," Jim Parker said. "I'll tell you how big I am. Last year I went back home to Georgia and I stopped in the barber shop and the guy said to me 'I know you. You're Charlie Parker's little brother.' 'No,' I told him, 'he's MY brother.'"

And then Jim Parker laughed because he believes a joke is funniest when he is its butt. It is something to see Jim Parker laugh. You cannot be around him more than a minute—provided you are not wearing a football uniform—and not start laughing with him.

He will roar, for example, when he tells you about his first professional game—an exhibition between the Colts and the Bears in Cincinnati. He was fresh out of Ohio State then, twice All-America, a product of Woody Hayes and Ohio State's I-dare-you football.

"In college, we never threw the ball. I never had to pass-protect. We threw the ball more times that day in Cincinnati than we did my four years with Woody. We used to just hit and dare 'em. I remember playing against Cal Jones at Iowa one year and we'd come out of the huddle and he'd holler at me 'where you goin', Jimmy?' and I'd holler back 'sit tight, baby, I'll be right over there.' Then we come at them 2-on-1 and just blow them the hell out of there."

"But like I said this was my first pro game down at Cincinnati and Woody was in the stands and they played two rookies against me in the first half and it was easy pickin's. Nobody told me they was rookies."

"In the second half they brought in Doug Atkins. He was number 81. You get to memorize that kind of man's number real quick. Oh, what he did to me."



Says Jim, above: "We're just the bread. He (Unitas) is the butter. Look, if I break my arm, I can still play. If he breaks his, we're dead. So I've got to feel like if anybody's arm gets broken, it had better be mine." Says Unitas of Parker: "He's probably the best pass-blocker."

"You had never seen moves like that before, I guess," the visitor offered.

"Moves? I don't know about no moves. He just beat the hell out of me. He rammed me back there so hard the only thing I could do was wave to Johnny (Unitas) as I went by. It was awful."

Jim Parker was a tackle then and he damn near packed it in that night. His wife was pregnant and his ego was bruised and if it hadn't been for an assistant coach named Bob Shaw, he would have left the club right there. As it was he stayed and the thing he thought about day and night was a return meeting with Doug Atkins. For all the years that Jim Parker remained at tackle, his duels with Doug Atkins were an individual classic.

"I'd get so evil thinking about what Sunday would be like," he remembers, "that all you had to do was walk by the locker room on Thursday and you knew who was going to be in town that weekend just by looking at me."

It is this way with all the good ones. Jim Parker is a guard now and now "his men" are tackles instead of ends. They are larger and their mobility is less awesome than their strength. Yet for all his 273 pounds, Jim Parker could handle the cuties when he was a tackle. Andy Robustelli, who was something of a marvel at a time when the Giants and Colts were bitter rivals, recalls:

"He could stay with anybody. I used to think there wasn't a big tackle I couldn't out-maneuver but Parker could move with me. The only way you could beat him was to make him dip his head. But he wouldn't because he was just too strong and too good and too smart."

And for just those three reasons, the Baltimore Colts took him and moved him over to guard, where he could better oversee the welfare of John Unitas if a police action were necessary, where he could be of even more value as a pass protector and where he could give the Colts' running game an added dimension.

"I can't tell you," Lenny Moore says, "what a comfort it has been to have his great big wide butt to hide behind. You know when you're behind him nobody is gonna run over him and grab you. And you know the man coming at you knows he's gonna be hit because Jim ain't gonna miss him. What the hell, he's got to be there for a reason. Most of the tough ones are on his side."

For Jim Parker, as it is for all linemen, the football season is a long, painful series of 14 consecutive private wars, fought with eight different enemies. In 1965, for example, Sunday for Jim Parker is Roger Brown (6-5, 300 pounds); Paul Dickson (6-5, 225); Rosey Grier (6-5, 290); Henry Jordan (6-3, 250); Earl Leggett (6-3, 275); Roland Lakes (6-4, 263); twice each and single tea dates with John Meyers (6-6, 276); and Joe Rutgens (6-2, 255).

And the week goes like this for Jim Parker. On Sunday, if he is fortunate enough not to have to get on an airplane, he will drag his tired body home to his neat eight-room brick colonial with the green shutters in West Baltimore and he will talk idly to the kids and he will go down to the basement and put on a record and have a drink and he will think very quietly about every fingerprint which he could have avoided having somebody stamp on John Unitas. Then he will eat supper and he will take a walk in the park and he will come back downstairs and sometimes he will sit in that basement, replaying the thing in his mind until near dawn.

That will be the first Sunday. Monday—as it is everywhere in pro football—will be a waste day. Tuesday, he will see films of the previous game. "I have to have them Tuesday. I don't have to watch them. I mean I got my grade by then from the man and I've made my own mental grade but I got to see them. If he don't show them on Tuesday my whole week's destroyed. I got to have them right then because they are a kind of official end to the game and now my mind can be free to worry about "my man."

Jim Parker's man is always tomorrow's man. Last week is gone and dead. On Tuesday night, he is free to concern himself with "his new man." If it is Rosey Grier, then he knows that it will be strength—brute straight-ahead power and in his mind's eye, he is lowering his helmet into Rosey Grier's belly ("I don't know how many helmets I wear out a year. You go that route and then if you miss, you still have a comeback with the body") and if it is Henry Jordan, then it is something else because (—→ TO PAGE 92)

The Roseboro-Marichal battle got the most publicity, but all through the majors in '65, there seemed to be a discipline breakdown. Here's the inside story of what happened and why

BEHIND BASEBALL'S FIGHTS AND FINES

By DICK YOUNG

"The occupation of a ballplayer is full of life and excitement. Each player is the hero of a certain circle of admirers, and he often finds hero-worship an expensive luxury. Baseball players as a rule are generous and companionable. They have friends in all of the many cities they visit, and the frequency of the opportunities and temptations to part with their earnings is not common to most other pursuits."

—President, National League.

The above bit of understanding prose was not composed by Warren Giles. It is the thought of a compassionate predecessor, A.G. Mills, who presided over the National League some 85 years ago, and it just goes to prove that the hi-jinx you read about on the sports pages this past season weren't exactly novel.

Ballplayers have been known to get into scrapes before, because ballplayers are young and human and virile, and have much red blood, and much spare time. Indeed, the Cincinnati *Enquirer* of May 28, 1889, reported that pitcher Leon Viau, went to the mound drunk and hung over, "with a head on him the size of a brewery tub," and blew the ballgame.

Well, so far as is known, there was no Leon Viau in 1965. It was a pretty lively season, though, from the Newark Airport party to the popping of an umpire in Minneapolis, to the pitched-battle at Ft. Lauderdale, to the popping of a coach by a player, and the popping of a player by a player on his own team.

Fines were handed out like baseball was a traffic court, only bigger. Some got off with a warning, but for the most part the discipline-breaker found it rather expensive.

Mickey Mantle, who is greater than the rest, and who therefore "often finds hero-worship an expensive luxury," entertained some of his teammates at the Newark Airport bar while waiting for an airplane. You may have read about it. You wouldn't have read about it, except that Johnny Keane, manager, decided to make a cause celebre of the incident, and fined Mickey \$250. Two of Mickey's teammates were also fined. Ralph Houk, Yankee general manager, announced that three Yankees had been fined for "drinking excessively in public." Houk did not announce names, but it became known, through the prying press, that the three were Mantle and pitchers Hal Reniff and Pedro Ramos.

"That is why you hear so much more about fights and fines these (—→ TO PAGE 104)

Marichal attacked Roseboro with a bat, Koufax raced in to break it up and a violent storm was stirred.





The Automated Hockey Star

Norm Ullman was the all-star center last season and the MVP of the league champion Detroit team. Norm Ullman was all that? Who's he?

By Stan Fischler

OF ALL THE National Hockey League teams, the Detroit Red Wings most epitomize the character of the city they represent. The NHL champions do their work with the cold efficiency of a General Motors production line. "The Red Wings," says Canadian writer Peter Gzowski in a recent study of the NHL, "have been as effective and rattle-free as a body by Fisher . . . and just as lacking in excitement."

And of all the Red Wings, the most efficient, most effective and most automated is Norman Victor Alexander Ullman, a curly haired Western Canadian who last season scored 42 goals, more than anybody in the league, including Superman (Bobby Hull) and Captain Marvel (Gordie Howe).

Ullman seems to be run by an IBM computer. It's as if his manager-coach, Sid Abel, flips a switch inside the 5-10, 182-pound center's jersey before each game and then Ullman goes out and backchecks, forechecks and scores with perfection. "He's got torsion-air suspension and automatic transmission," Jack Adams, president of the Central League, once said of Ullman.

He might have added that Ullman has fulfilled his ten-year-warranty. Since becoming a Red Wing in the 1955-56 season he has scored 237 goals and 324 assists, which gives him 561 points and puts him in a tie with Syd Howe for fourth place among all-time Detroit scorers. Last season he was the Red Wings' high-point (83) man and most valuable player as well as the NHL's first-team All-Star center and runner-up for the Hart Trophy.

But outside of the provincial confines of the hockey world, few people know that Norm Ullman exists. He shuns publicity, avoids public appearances and gives the impression he'd rather play hockey in private. "I really don't like the lime-light," says the 29-year-old, brown-eyed Ullman, who speaks like a dulcet-voiced disk jockey. "I'm kind of quiet."

With Ullman it's a pathological kind of quiet; so much a trademark that they make jokes about it around the league. "Normie never opened his mouth when I managed the Red Wings," says Jack Adams, "so I called him 'The Noisy One.'"

Reporters on the trail of an Ullman story are cautioned by the Red Wings. "I'd be surprised if you'd get more than a few sentences out of him all year," says Abel.

"Ullman anecdotes?" says a member of the Detroit publicity department. "Are you kidding? He never talks."

When the Red Wings played the

SPORT

Chicago Black Hawks in the March 1964 Stanley Cup semi-finals, Black Hawk coach Billy Reay acknowledged that Ullman was the key to the Red Wing success. "Hawks' Reay Fears Ullman" blared the headline the following day. "With these words," a Detroit publicity man says, "Ullman gained more recognition than he'd gotten in his previous eight years in the league."

Ullman confirmed Reay's fears by scoring hat tricks (three goals in a game) in two of Detroit's victories over Chicago, tying a league record. Ullman's explanation of his clutch shooting: "It just worked out that way."

When Ullman does speak, it is slowly and calmly, with a complete absence of emotion. It was that way in the fall of 1955 when he was a rookie in the Detroit camp and was asked to pose for a photo with Howe and Ted Lindsay, the biggest stars on the team.

"What's up?" Ullman asked a member of the Red Wing staff.

He was told that the greatest of all possible things was about to happen to him. Norm Ullman, a rookie, would be center for the deans of hockey, Lindsay and Howe. It was a time for a cheer, a cartwheel, champagne. But Ullman didn't even smile.

"That's nice," he said and posed for the photo.

"It was two years before you heard him say a complete sentence," says Howe. "His answers used to be 'yup' and 'nope.' But I think he's beginning to enjoy things more now."

Maybe it's because more people are saying nice things about him and he's beginning to believe in himself. "He reminds me of Charley Gehring, the best second-baseman who ever lived," says Adams. "That type of athlete does everything so gracefully you tend to underestimate him." To which Toronto goalie, Terry Sawchuk adds: "He's hockey's most underrated player."

By the fans, perhaps, not the players. They've seen too much of Ullman's skill to knock the product, especially the Black Hawks. They recall last April 11 very unpleasantly. At 17:35 of the second period in the fifth game of the Stanley Cup semi-finals Ullman whipped a 45-foot shot between defenseman Elmer Vasko's legs and past goalie Glenn Hall's right pad. Seconds later, he captured the face-off from Bill Hay, took six slides and shot the puck past defenseman Matt Ravlich and Hall. The two goals within five seconds set a league record. Ullman got a third goal in the last period and Detroit won, 4-2.

Ullman was equally effective during the regular season. In it he scored the winning goal in ten games and assisted on the winner in ten others. "He gets the big goals," says Howe. "And he skates miles and wrecks the other team's offense with this checking. The rest of us just tag along."

NHL statistician Ron Andrews says, "Ullman had the most improved eye in the league last season. He took 38 more shots and scored 21 more goals than in the previous season. He also led in important goals with 30 of his 42 falling in that category." (The NHL considers a goal "important" if it is the first goal of a game; a score-tying goal; a go-ahead goal; an insurance goal, putting the team two goals ahead; or a proximate goal, which moves the losing team within one goal of its opponent's score.)

Yet, Ullman hardly is noticed even after he scores. One reason for this, perhaps, is that he is seldom involved in fights on the ice. But when he does throw a punch it is usually at a large defenseman and under extreme provocation. Once, during a clash with Auf Erickson, then with Boston, Ullman so belabored him with lefts and rights the defenseman was left blood-

smear and in need of two stitches to close a gash over his right eye. Another time, Ullman pummelled Kent Douglas of the Maple Leafs so vigorously that fellow defenseman Bobby Baun of the Leafs felt obliged to leap on Ullman's back in a humanitarian gesture to save Douglas.

"Mostly," says Ullman with typical modesty, "I'm involved in draws."

There was no draw, however, in the voting for All-Star center. Ullman outpointed Stan Mikita of the Black Hawks, 159-105, although Mikita led the league in points. It was Ullman's first nomination to the All-Stars. In balloting for the most valuable player, he was runner-up—103-96—to Bobby Hull. But in the second half vote for the Hart Trophy, Ullman routed Hull, 74-15.

"If I was building a hockey club and had my choice of players in the league my first choices would be Ullman and Bob Pulford of the Leafs," says Jack Adams. "I'd put a \$250,000 price tag on Normie."

Still, for all his recognized skills, he remains largely ignored by fans and press. "He wins hockey games," says one NHL veteran, "but he doesn't sell tickets."

"I think Ullman's shyness has something to do with his hockey style," says Bobby Hull, who has never been called shy. "It keeps him from free-wheeling and being noticed." But Ullman is unconcerned about this lack of attention. "If you look around the league," he says, "you'll find that the better players are not the guys who fool around and make all the noise. The better ones are the more serious types. To be very honest, I'd rather stay the way I am."

This is the way he is: He has averaged 24 goals a season and scored 20 or more goals in each of the past eight years and is one of the few NHL players ever to score four goals in a single game (March 14, 1961 vs. New York). During the 1956-57 season Ullman, Howe and Lindsay set a league point-scoring record for a line (226) but the line was broken up after that season and Ullman was placed with lesser talents.

"Both Normie and Gordie are puck-carriers," explains Sid Abel, who was responsible for the move. "If Ullman was out with Howe one of them would be left standing with little to do. Since Norm is such a hard worker I often put him on a line with rookies and he usually improves their play."

Abel currently is grooming Ullman as heir apparent to Howe's throne as leader of the Wings. Just how the shy center will go about leading the club is a matter that puzzles hockey observers. Ullman seems to be a natural follower.

Ullman, himself, is typically unperturbed about the prospects of succeeding Howe. "Leadership," he says, "comes from what you do on the ice more than anything else. My style is to work, to hustle 100 percent. I think that's more important in leading a team than anything I might say in the dressing room."

Howe agrees. "It used to be that if somebody said, 'let's go,' Normie would follow, but I think if it was forced on him, Normie would make a good leader."

Leading the team in scoring is a start. Ullman finished the 1963-64 season with 21 goals. The leap to 42 last season indicated that Ullman must have been doing something right, but he's not sure exactly what it was except possibly playing on a line with Floyd Smith, whose digging style blended well with Ullman's style.

Sid Abel believes a change in style is at the root of Ullman's improvement. "Norm used to wheel after he got the puck over the enemy's blue line," says Abel. "Now he's driving in. He's getting the puck in deeper, getting more opportunity for plays and he's taking more shots himself. He always was (—→ TO PAGE 92)

WAYNE WALKER, *Outside Linebacker*

*A great linebacker, Walker is also
a placekicker, sportscaster, businessman
... and connoisseur of bad rugs*

By Berry Stainback

Photos by Wally Yost

IT WAS A difficult decision, no question about it. But Wayne Walker and Joe Schmidt, who were discussing the problem in training camp two years ago, were used to making tough decisions. Walker, the Lions' right linebacker, makes Detroit's defensive calls whenever Schmidt, the middle backer, is sidelined, and in pro football a bad call can be disastrous. Now it sounded as if they were utilizing all their football experience to reach this crucial decision:

"Spot," Joe suggested.

"No," Walker said, "it wouldn't work well."

"How about 'Paint'?" Schmidt said.

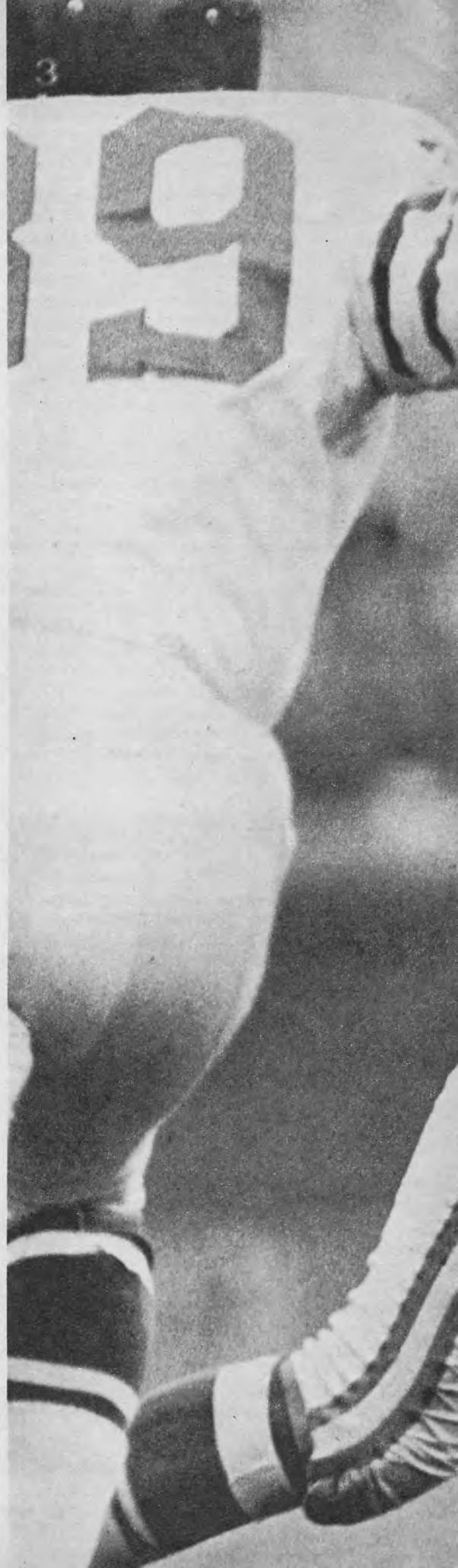
"No," said Wayne, "we can do better. Wait, I've got it—'Skunk!'"

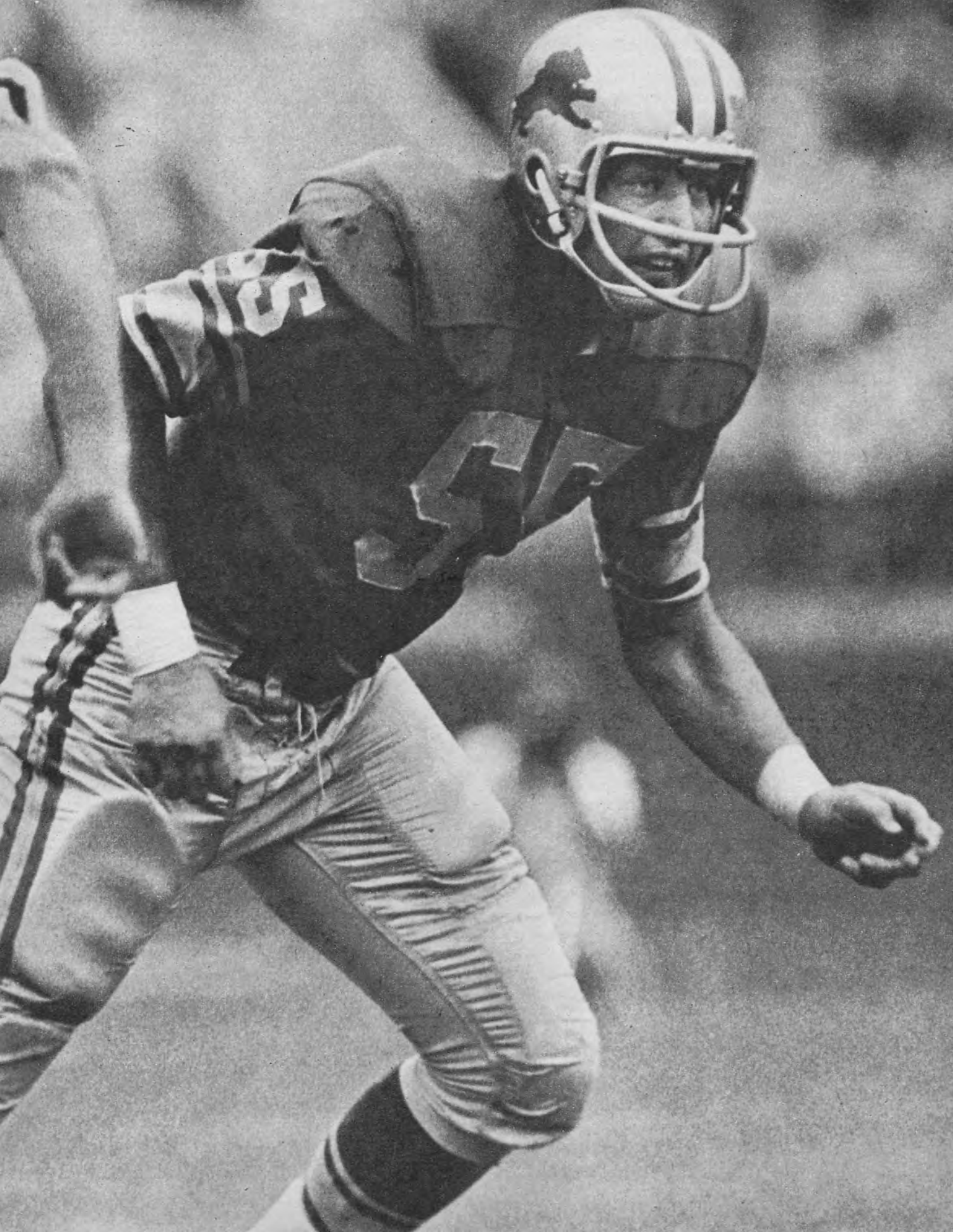
"Perfect!"

This is how Daryl Sanders, Detroit's offensive tackle with the white streak running from his forehead back through his dark hair, got his nickname. He has been called "Skunk" ever since. Walker says it was one of the best calls he's ever made on a team with a menagerie that includes a "Badger," "Beaver" and "Monkey" among its personnel.

And this is the wonderful thing about Wayne Walker: he is a big, mean outside linebacker regarded by most NFL coaches as the best in the league, but he is also a guy who likes to have fun. When things get dull he makes the fun.

"Good defense," says Walker, No. 55, right, "is being in position."





One winter the Lions' players had a masquerade party and Schmidt and his wife came as vampires. At training camp that summer, when things got dull, Wayne knew what to do. "Joe," he said, "have your wife bring the vampire costumes out to camp."

Wayne well remembers what followed. "We set our alarms for three a.m.," he said a while ago. "We put white makeup all over our faces and purple makeup on our lips and around our eyes. Then we put on wigs and capes and held lighted candles under our chins. We'd stand by a guy's door and moan and make terrible sounds until he woke up. Jimmy Steffen actually tried to go up the wall. He jumped up on his bed and started clawing the plaster."

Dick LeBeau, the cornerback who plays behind Walker, remembers the incident like it was a nightmare. Which is what he was having at the time. "I was dreaming I was in a pit and I kept running and jumping at the wall," LeBeau said, "and my hands kept falling back every time I grabbed the top. Then I felt something tap me and I peeked up—and there was this flaking vampire with a candle under his chin, moaning. What'd I do? I just sat there screaming."

"Glenn Davis, the Olympic 400-meter champion, jumped out of bed," Walker said, "and started throwing punches at us in the doorway to get out. He set a new record running down the hall. We were roaring so hard we soon had an audience following us around to see how the guys reacted in the other wings of the dorm."

To Walker, football is also a lot of fun. Of course, when someone spoils his fun by foul means, Wayne has little ways of letting the offender know about it. There was the play against Green Bay last season, for example. The Packers ran at him and Walker played off end Ron Kramer's block and was running to tackle the ballcarrier. But as Kramer went down he grabbed Walker by the ankle and tripped him.

"I was lying on the ground and he still had hold of my ankle," Wayne says, "but my other leg was free. I kicked him right in the face. It was some shot." There is an old

Walker, tackling Earl Gros, below, says of his blitzing: "That's when I have the most fun."





The split end, 35, blocked Walker and the tackle, 79, pulled and hit him, but Wayne jammed the sweep until LeBeau, 44, arrived.

adage among football players that a man who grabs your ankle does not soon forget a kick in the face.

"All right," Kramer told him, "I'm gonna get you."

"You're supposed to be a better football player than that," Walker said (showing he really hadn't lost his cool). They both apologized later and laugh about the kick today. "It was a reflex action," says Wayne. "He didn't mean to do it."

Kramer, the most punishing blocking end in pro football until he joined the Lions this year after playing out his option at Green Bay ("That was probably the nicest thing that ever happened to me," Wayne says), was talking about the trip kick in Walker's room at the Lion training camp in August. "It could happen in a scrimmage between teammates," Ron said. "It was just one of those things. What would've happened if his cleats had gotten under my face mask? Well, I might have had to blindside him on the next

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block." He laughed.

Wayne, stretched out on his bed, laughed too. He laughs a good deal off the football field. But there are no laughs on it, only the job and its multiplicity of responsibilities. The professional linebacker is kind of an oddman in, the bridge between the huge linemen and the sprinter defensive backs. He must be big and strong and quick enough to fight off or elude an agile 250-pound lineman's block. He must be fast enough to cover a running back on a pass pattern. He must be smart enough to read offenses in seconds and have a good idea what to expect on the next play. He must be the most active guy on the field.

Walker is big enough at 6-2 and a playing weight of between 224 and 228. "I came in at 221 this year because we have a new coaching staff and I thought they might run my tail off," he said. "They did." He is also fast enough, having run a (→ TO PAGE 98)



Sisler, right, says of pitching changes: "I'd rather take it on the chin than remove a tired good pitcher for a poor relief pitcher."

THE MAN WHO TOOK OVER HUTCH'S TEAM

In 1964, when he was managing the Reds down the stretch, Dick Sisler did things Fred Hutchinson's way. In 1965, on his own, Sisler had to start doing things his way

By EARL LAWSON

ABOUT 2000 PEOPLE were in the ballroom of Philadelphia's Sheraton Hotel for the annual dinner of the Philadelphia Sports Writers' Association. The big award to be given this night last January was the "Most Courageous Athlete of the Year" award. The writers had picked Fred Hutchinson as the winner and Dick Sisler, who had become manager of the Cincinnati Reds after Hutch's death, was at the banquet to accept the award for Hutch's family.

As the toastmaster tapped on the table for silence, Sisler squirmed, tugged at his size-17 collar and ran his fingers through the brown, wavy hair atop his 6-2, 215-pound frame. Sitting there, Sisler remembered back some 30 years. He had been in a classroom then and the teacher had asked a question. Sisler knew the answer, but his hand remained on the desk as if weighed

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by an anchor. The times he had raised his hand and been called upon, he had always stammered while answering and his classmates had always laughed at him.

Now, the toastmaster was talking and Sisler was remembering more of his past. He remembered when he was an 18-year-old, playing in the International League and listening to the jokes and wisecracks his teammates made about his speech impediment.

Finally, the toastmaster introduced Dick Sisler and Dick Sisler stood in front of the microphone. He began to speak about Hutch and the emotional words came slowly. But they also came smoothly. He made it through the speech without once stammering.

"I think," Dick Sisler says today, "it was the toughest assignment I've ever had."

Indeed, all the challenges that came to Sisler when he replaced Hutch added up to one of the toughest assignments anyone ever had. But Sisler approached them with guts and self-discipline and with the important knowledge that others had confidence in him. Like Bill DeWitt, owner of the Cincinnati Reds.

"When DeWitt named me to replace Hutch," Sisler says, "he knew I would have to make radio and television appearances, speak before banquets, be interviewed by sportswriters. But, it didn't seem to worry him. A display of confidence like that can give a guy a lot of self-confidence."

Sisler had been under pressure from the time he chose baseball as a career. The son of George Sisler, a charter member of baseball's Hall of Fame, he had a lot to live up to. The 257 hits George made in one season still stand as a major-league record. One season George batted .420; in 15 major-league seasons he batted .341.

"I knew when I started into baseball that I could never come close to matching my father's record," says Sisler. "Maybe that's why managing means so much to me. It's my only chance in baseball to do something better than my father did."

George Sisler managed in the big leagues three years, never finishing higher than third.

"I've never resented my father," says Dick. "I'm proud of him, proud of his achievements in baseball. I would like to make him just as proud of me."

Dick Sisler became an unofficial manager in the final month and a half of the 1964 season. He had been with Hutch all season, sadly watching cancer tear away Hutch's strength. And, in August, when Hutch could no longer run the Reds, Sisler took over. "It was still Hutch's team," Sisler says. "When we were home, as a matter of loyalty, I called him every day. We would discuss the game of the previous night. On the road, of course, I made the decisions without consulting him. But they were always ones which I thought he might make."

During the final weeks of the 1964 pennant race, Sisler had no time to contemplate his future. "Considering the way the club did, though," he says, "I would have been greatly disappointed if DeWitt hadn't given me a chance to manage the team in 1965."

In 1964, the Reds, six games out of first place, with two weeks to go, won nine straight games and went into first place with five games left. They lost four of the five games and finished in a second-place tie with Philadelphia. One of the losses was a 1-0, 16-inning loss to the Pittsburgh Pirates. Another was a 4-3 loss to the Phillies; the Reds had led, 3-0, in the eighth inning.

Though Sisler had brought the Reds into contention, he was unhappy, of course, at their sudden and final failure. He thought about that often through the winter and he thought, too, about the clubhouse brawl between pitcher Jimmy O'Toole and shortstop Leo Cardenas. The brawl, with Cardenas brandishing an ice pick and O'Toole saying later, "If they hadn't stopped me, I'd . . ." came after the 4-3 loss to the Phillies.

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In the game, with the Phillies scoreless and slumping, Cardenas, waving a bat, had advanced upon Phillie pitcher Chris Short after being hit by a pitched ball. "There's no doubt about it," some Reds said later, "Cardenas woke up the Phillies. Before that, they were dead."

Cardenas also let Frank Thomas' pop fly drop safely to the ground near second base for the hit which touched off the Phillies' game-winning rally. People said Cardenas was still pouting over his fracas with Short when he let the ball drop.

The Cardenas-O'Toole fight came in the backwash of reports that the Reds were torn by dissension. The man who succeeded Hutch had to restore harmony to the team. He believed he could do it.

On October 19, Sisler left his home in Nashville, Tennessee, and came to Cincinnati to sign his contract as the Reds' manager. Then he began building for 1965.

First, he telephoned Gordy Coleman, the Reds' first-baseman. In 1961, the year the Reds won the pennant, Coleman had appeared in 150 games, batted .287, hit 27 homers, and driven in 87 runs. In 1962, he had batted .277 with 26 homers and 86 RBI. But in 1963, playing only part-time, he had hit .247 and in 1964, used only as a pinch-hitter from mid-June on, he had batted .242, driven in 27 runs and hit but five home runs.

"We finished only a game out of first," Coleman said after the 1964 season. "I like to think that I could have made up that difference if I had just played a little more."

Hutch had hated the sight of Coleman's poor fielding; at first base Coleman is about as graceful as a teenager trying out her first pair of high heels. But Sisler couldn't forget that the Reds had won a pennant with Coleman at first base. He couldn't forget either what Gordon had done in the Southern Association in 1959. Coleman had batted .353, with 30 homers and 110 RBI. Sisler, managing a rival Southern Association team, had seen it.

In 1960, Sisler had managed at Seattle and Coleman had come to the club after flopping with the Reds in spring training. "I know you can hit because I've seen you hit," Sisler had told Coleman. "Relax, be yourself. You don't have to try and impress me. Hitting is like swimming. Once you learn, you never forget."

Coleman had responded by batting .324 for Sisler.

On October 19, 1964, Sisler, remembering the success he had had with Coleman in the past, began rebuilding the first-baseman's confidence. The telephone call was the first step.

"I was surprised by the telephone call," says Coleman. "I had thought I was the forgotten man on the club. I was really down in the dumps at the time. After the season I had, I had begun wondering whether I really did belong in the major leagues."

"Sisler told me he wanted me to come to spring training with a new attitude: a positive one. He told me about his plan to shift Deron Johnson from first to third base. He told me I was going to get every chance to win the first base job, that the rest was up to me. Morale-wise, it was a terrific boost for me."

"I'd go through hell and high water for Sisler, because he has gone out of his way to help me, even so far as to put himself on the spot. I look upon him not only as a good manager, but also as a good friend, a great guy."

In spring training Coleman got a chance to play. At mid-season he finished second to Ernie Banks when the league players picked the All-Star Game first-baseman.

A few weeks after telephoning Coleman in October, Sisler read a story which quoted pitcher Joey Jay as saying he hoped he would receive more opportunities to pitch in 1965 than he had in 1964. Sisler sat down and wrote a letter to Jay.

"He wrote me," says Jay, "that I had no reason to worry because he was counting upon me to be one of his regular starters in 1965. I believed (→ TO PAGE 110)



Texas Tech coach J. T. King says of his All-America halfback, carrying the football at right: "The pros can use him at any

Donny Anderson's

Some of Donny's teammates call him a selfish ballplayer. Yet those same teammates elected him

By Steve Perkins

TO SAY THAT Texas Tech's Donny Anderson is an unusual individual is like saying the Empire State building is tall. For example, it is not uncommon for an All-America halfback to be disliked by opposing players and occasionally even by a few members of his own team. But it is unusual for an All-America's teammates to articulate their derision, and several of the people who have played football with Anderson have been more than willing to knock him.

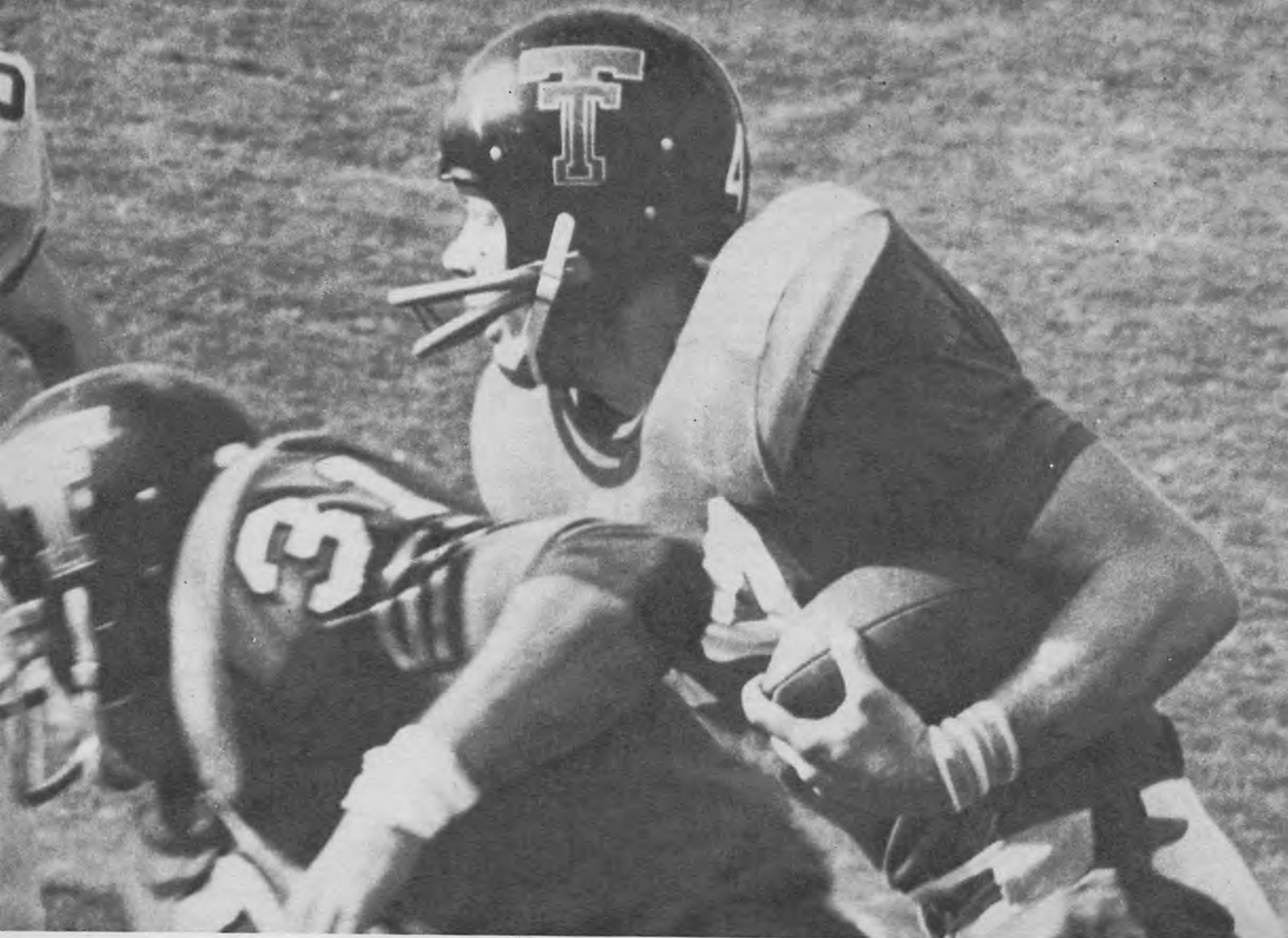
The big, fast, blond-haired Anderson has been nicknamed The Golden Palomino around Lubbock, Texas, where his school is located. However, listen to a former teammate on Donny: "He ought to be called The Golden Great Dane, because he's a big dog." Anderson dogs it in practice and in games, his detractors say, going all

out only when he feels like going all out.

"He's an unpredictable guy," says Jim Zanios, Texas Tech's fullback last year. "Against Mississippi State he blocked all night on a play where I dive into right tackle. I must have gained about 124 yards, and if he hadn't blocked as well as he did, I doubt if I would've got 24. But the next week against Texas, our first play was the same one, and he never touched his man. And he was like that all night."

Anderson himself says of that game: "It came down (rained) a flood right before kickoff that night and I remember coach (J. T.) King told the squad: 'This hurts us more than it hurts them.' I could feel the team sort of let down when he said it. Then, on the first play of the game I went to block and I slipped in the mud

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Leon Fleming and Ray Westbrook

one of three positions and he'd be a starter there from the beginning. That's running back, flankerback or defensive back."

Friends And Foes

their captain. "The best offensive back in college football" may also be the most controversial

and fell on my face. I guess I just kept falling on my face all night."

Anderson is also an unusually talented football player, as his statistics testify. His 966 yards rushing last season was the third-highest total in Southwest Conference history; he needs 1043 yards this season to become the league's all-time career rushing champ. In his junior season Donny caught 32 passes for 396 yards, which is more than Tech split end Dave Parks grabbed when he made All-America the year before and was drafted No. 1 by the San Francisco 49ers. Anderson also handles the Red Raider punting (a 38.2-yard average) and runs back kickoffs (320 yards).

This kind of performance, in the light of the criticism heaped upon him, seems to indicate that it's impossible to please everyone. No doubt Anderson's manner has much to do with his unpopularity. He does everything on a football field easily, with an instinctive grace that

at times appears a swagger. Donny is also an introvert and pretty much a loner, which has caused some to characterize him as aloof. And where you find certain teammates who call him selfish, the few close friends he has claim Donny is the most unselfish guy they know. Donny Anderson: unusual, something of an enigma.

For instance, one former teammate says of Anderson: "He doesn't have a friend on the team. The mystery to me is how he got elected captain this year." Mystery or not, Anderson was one of the men chosen by the players to lead the squad.

Of course, Anderson has been a field leader in the past. When Tech has been bogged down for several plays, he has often trotted back to the huddle and impatiently said, "Give me the damn ball." Usually he gets the team rolling again.

Once, when the Raiders were about to be victimized

by little Texas Western, 3-0, and teammates had begun to quibble between plays, Anderson choked them off with the terse comment: "Let's keep our comments to ourselves till we score." Anderson got the score, but the squad's respect for his ability may not outweigh their resentment for his putting them down.

There was no resentment in that Mississippi State game which Jim Zanios mentioned. Tech was tied 7-7 in the second half, when Anderson told quarterback Tom Wilson to call a play that would have him blocking on the State halfback. The defensive back came charging up like a blind bull. "Okay," said Donny, back in the huddle, "same thing, only throw me the ball." This time Anderson just faked the block and took off down the sidelines. It was a 68-yard pass-run touchdown, the longest of that SWC season, and it broke the game open for a 21-7 victory.

Anderson's teammates can only applaud such performances. But some of them do claim Donny is selfish and relate things like this: "We were beating West Texas State last year," one fellow who played with him then recalls, "and leading by four or five touchdowns in the fourth quarter. When West Texas punted again, coach started to send in the subs on offense, but Donny came over to him and said, 'Let me stay in—I need the statistics.'"

Of course, the interpretation of Anderson's exploits often depends on your point of view. The following story is told by Donny's friends to show his sense of humor . . . and by his foes to show him as a wise guy: One afternoon while rushing for 109 yards against SMU during his sophomore season, Anderson came back to the bench after a touchdown. He was approached by Clyde Prestwood, Tech's "brain coach" who shepherds footballers to passing grades. It was a very hot day and Prestwood thought he'd get him an ice cube or something, so he went over and said, "Donny, can I do something for you?"

"Yeah," Donny said. "Get me a C in sociology."

But if many people don't know how to judge Anderson, at least one expert group does—the SWC football coaches. At a conference meeting, someone filled an idle moment with the question: "If you could pick one player in the conference for your team, which one would it be?" Donny Anderson was the unanimous answer.

Not surprising, then, is the high regard which Texas Tech head coach J. T. King holds for his superstar. "The pros can use him at any one of three positions," says King, "and he'd be a starter there from the beginning. That's running back, flankerback or defensive back—either on the corner or at strong safety. He has been great ever since we got him. I remember a freshman game where he touched the ball five times and scored four touchdowns. He has pulled off runs that you'd have to see to believe, and even then you come away not so sure what you saw.

"There was this one against SMU, where Donny broke through the right side on a delay play. Our left tackle, Bill McClelland, went downfield to hit the defensive back at an angle. All three of them are heading for a point and McClelland's really burning grass to make the block. Just before they all meet—and there couldn't be a yard between McClelland and the halfback—Anderson goes between them.

"Mac came off the field and slammed down his helmet. 'Break your neck getting there,' he says, 'and he don't even need you.'"

King takes a charitable view of Anderson vagaries during weekday practice. "He moves around so casually," King says, "you'd think he'd be the last man on the field, and maybe he will be. But when they snap the ball, he has a lot of pride. Donny cares."

How does Anderson react to all this? He is a country boy from Stinnett, down the cattle trail from Lubbock, and except for a trip to New York to pick up some All-America credentials he has remained in his home stomping grounds of West Texas. Fame has come to him. So, on one searing afternoon in early fall, Anderson was found in his natural state—by himself.

He scraped at a hashmark with the toe of a shiny moccasin loafer and looked up and around at the empty seats of Lubbock's Jones Stadium. "A lot of times I come out here alone," he said. "I bring a few footballs with me and practice some punts, but mainly I just want to be by myself a while.

"I used to come over here from Stinnett and this place was about half this size, sort of a big high-school stadium. The first day I came out for practice (in 1961) I was shocked. The players they had weren't even good Border Conference material. We didn't have any gear that wasn't coming apart. They had to bring us freshmen over to scrimmage the varsity just to give them some rough competition. That shows you how much a job coach King has done. Here it is four years later and we've got a team that ought to have a shot at the title."

This season Anderson could have had a shot at a professional title. Because he was scholastically inadequate in 1962, he was eligible to be drafted last December by Houston and Green Bay. Both chose him in the first round (the AFL had a "futures" draft separate from the regular draft and Houston, having first pick, took Anderson). Instead of playing at Lubbock's Jones Stadium, this fall Donny could have been playing with the Packers or Oilers; he could have had a five-figure annual salary and a six-figure total in bank deposits, stocks, bonds and annuities. A poor performance this year—or an injury—could rob him of these riches. Why risk it?

"I don't like to talk to people about the pros," Anderson said, walking along the Red Raider turf. "I don't even like to think about them. If I'd thought too much about them last spring, I'd have wound up taking the money, and that's wrong. I felt I owed this last season to Texas Tech. I owed it to myself, too, to finish what I started."

Anderson came to Tech from Stinnett High, where he earned small-school all-state honors as a 185-pound linebacker. But he quickly filled out and had an outstanding season as a freshman halfback. He also quickly earned the nickname "Cocky" from the upper-classmen. Donny does not say he didn't deserve it. "When you first get out of high school it's easy to think you're top dog," he said. "There's a lot of guys like that. I realize it now that I'm a senior and I see all these freshmen coming in."

He had another lesson to learn after his freshman year when he lost his eligibility due to poor grades. He hadn't had to study hard in high school but he found he had to in college. He stayed off by himself throughout the year when he was making up grades and when he returned he says he must have lost his cockiness. "People started talking to me who hardly talked to me at all that first year," Donny said, "so I felt I must have improved somehow. I didn't think much about the cockiness. It was just the idea of flunking out that made me change. I've had a tremendous amount of people tell me I've changed. Naturally, some of the players are gonna like you and some aren't, but I don't think any of 'em has anything against me now as far as being cocky or anything."

Anderson was named Sophomore Back of the Year in the SWC two years ago, then made All-America last year and was drafted by the pros. He is a big, handsome, "Paul Hornung-type" back, the kind the

pros want most. Six-feet, three-inches tall, with wide shoulders, and a physique tapering to a flat waist above long, muscular legs. And he will get bigger and stronger.

"If I go to the pros, I'll have to get up to 212," he said. "I'm playing this season at 205, but I don't think that's so light that somebody will find it easy to knock me over."

Nor will they find it easy to catch him, though he puts down his speed. "I don't know where everybody got the idea I was so fast for 100 yards," he said. "The last time I was clocked in the hundred, a year ago, I did ten flat. (But he admits he did a 9.8 100 as a sophomore.) What counts is that I can go 20 in 2.5 and 40 in 4.5. That's football speed, the 20 and 40."

Both teams that drafted him expect Anderson to become a star back, and he also has pro-punting potential. "I should have kicked for a better average last season," Donny said, "and I think I figured out what happened. All that summer (of '64) I had a job for Reed Roller Bit in which I drove around all day in a car, sometimes 12 hours a day. This is supposed to be the best job they've got for a football player here—E. J. Holub had it and Dave Parks had it—but when I started punting in the fall, I felt like I had nothing in my legs at all. This summer I worked for an insurance company here in Lubbock, and I stayed out of cars. I could tell the difference right off."

Anderson's major talent, his running ability, defies analysis. He's simply got more moves and quickness than almost any back in memory. "Experience makes you a better runner, but I can't tell you how," he admits. "I think it has to be bred in you—you can't learn. I did something in the A&M game last year that I couldn't do again in a thousand years if I tried to show you on this field. I was supposed to go off left tackle and it was closed up. I must have seen an opening to the right, out of the corner of my eye. My left foot was already planted to the left, then somehow I put my right foot about five or six feet to the right and changed directions. Teddy Roberts (Tech safety) and I were looking at the films and he said, 'How'd you do that?' I said, 'I don't know.' We ran it back and forth six times, and I still couldn't tell him."

Anderson feels (—→ TO PAGE 107)

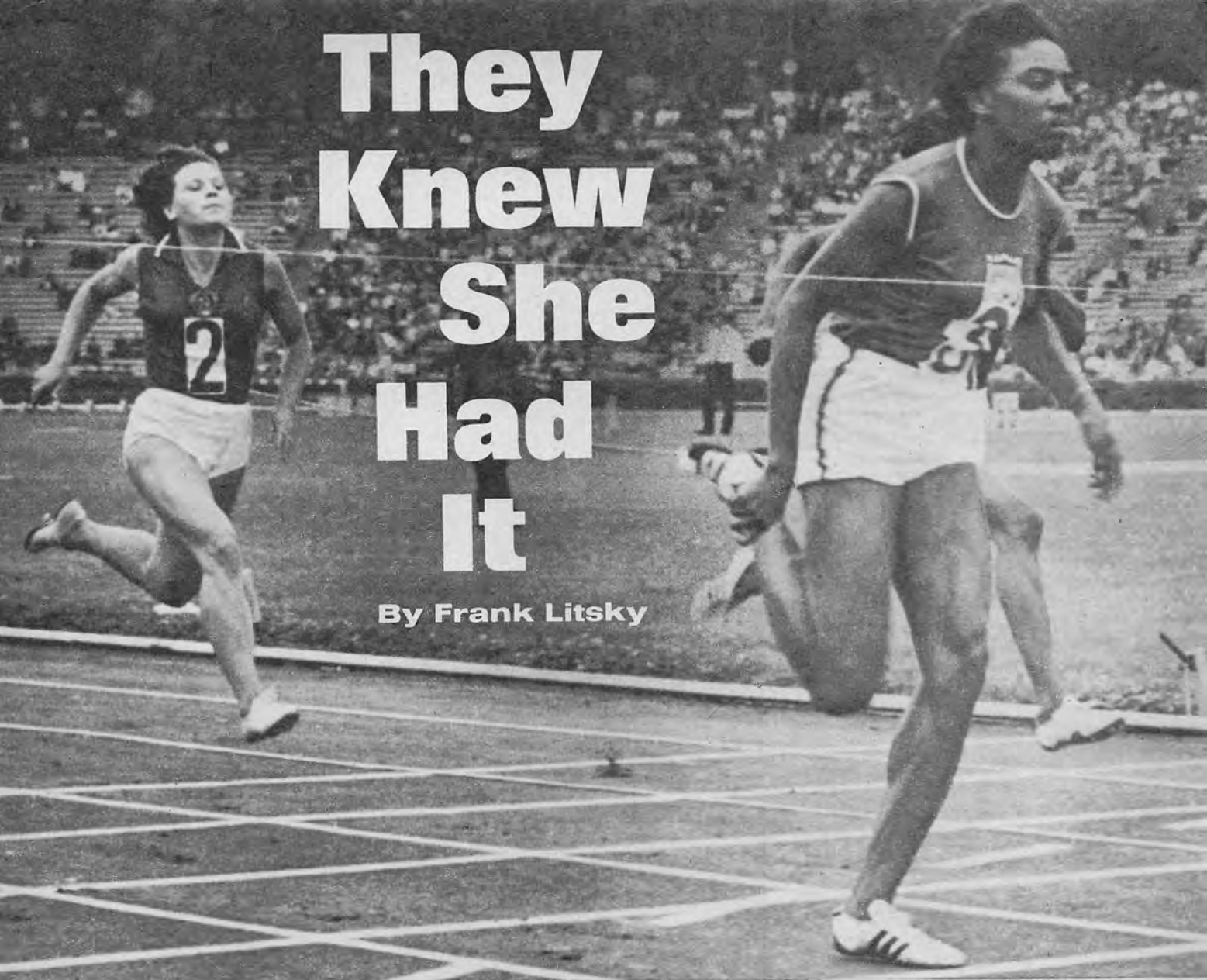
Donny, signing autographs at right, was the No. 1 pro draft choice as a junior of both the NFL Green Bay Packers and the AFL Houston Oilers.



Leon Fleming and Roy Westbrook

They Knew She Had It

By Frank Litsky



At 16, Wyomia Tyus won a race and that, her coach says, is when "we knew she had it." She had it at 19, winning in Russia, *above*.

THE AFTERNOON was hot, the sun was bright and Ed Temple was weary. Day after day, he had been watching hundreds of high-school girls run. All he wanted was three or four who could help Tennessee State A&I University keep its perennial women's national track and field championship.

On this day, at the 1961 Georgia high-school championships, a gangling 15-year-old girl caught his eye. Her name was Wyomia Tyus. She wasn't the fastest runner there, but Ed Temple saw something.

"At first, she looked like an average girl," Temple recalls. "Then I started to see things I liked. She was tall, she had lots of fight, and she wouldn't give up even when the race was lost. Determination—that's it. I thought she had a future."

She sure did. A year later, under Temple's coaching, Wyomia won three national girls' titles. By 1964 she was an Olympic champion, four years ahead of schedule. By 1965 she was a world-record holder and one of the speedsters who had helped lift American women's track and field from sports-page obscurity.

Wyomia Tyus is a quiet, shy 20-year-old student at Tennessee State in Nashville. At five-feet, seven inches and 134 pounds, she is lean enough for whippet speed

and powerful enough to run down anyone in front of her, a rare happening because seldom does anyone get in front of her. She may be the greatest girl runner in the history of track and field. Greater than Wilma Rudolph, who won three gold medals in the 1960 Olympics? Yes, say some track experts. Not yet, others insist.

"I don't like to compare them as long as Wyomia is competing," says Temple, who has coached them both. "You can't put them together at their peaks. As a matter of fact, Wyomia certainly hasn't hit her peak yet, and I don't think Wilma ever did."

Everywhere Wyomia runs, she is compared to Wilma Rudolph. She is flattered, but she wishes the comparisons would stop.

"I know Wilma," she says. "I trained with her one summer, and I have seen her run. She was very good, very smooth. But I don't pay any attention to comparisons. I'm not her. I can't be her. I'm just Wyomia."

The girl who is just Wyomia was born August 29, 1945, in Griffin, Georgia, to Willie Tyus, a dairy worker (he died when she was 15), and Marie Tyus, a laundry worker. There were three older boys in the family, only one of them an athlete (he played

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tackle on the high-school football team).

In 1961, before Temple first saw Wyomia, she was a high-school sophomore in Griffin wrapped up in basketball ("I was a pretty good player," she says.). The only sport available after basketball season was track and field, so she went out for track—as a high jumper. After a monumental struggle, she high jumped four feet and wisely concluded that she wasn't getting anywhere. So she decided to become a runner.

"I was sort of fast," she says, "but my form was terrible. I didn't pump my arms and I didn't lift my legs. I didn't even know enough to lean at the tape. Coach Temple taught me to stay relaxed in a race and not tighten up. In all these years, I think I have tightened up only twice—in the Olympic trials and against the Poles in Warsaw—and I lost each time."

In 1961, Wyomia wasn't even dreaming about world-class competition. She was thrilled that Temple thought so much of her that he put her in his month-long summer training program. He took her to the Amateur Athletic Union girls' national championships that year in Gary, Indiana. She won nothing, but she was learning.

The next summer, Wyomia tried again in the girls' nationals at Los Angeles, and this time she couldn't lose. She won all her heats. Then she won the 50-yard final in 5.8 seconds, the 75-yard race in 8.3 and the 100 in 11.0, breaking two American records along the way.

"She was only 16," Temple says. "We knew she was coming along, but you can't really tell about a runner until she faces real competition. She had been running with Wilma Rudolph and Edith McGuire, but she hadn't been beating them. Now we knew she had it."

In 1963 at Dayton, Ohio, Wyomia won the A.A.U. girls' 75 in 8.3 and the 100 in 10.9. The next day, she ran in the women's meet for the first time, winning her 100 heat in 10.8 and finishing second to Edith McGuire in the final. That earned her a trip to Moscow for the meet between the United States and the Soviet Union. Four girls—two from each nation—ran in the 100-meter dash at Moscow. Wyomia finished fourth in 12.0.

Wyomia was disappointed, but not Temple.

"You're young," he told her, "and you have a lot of running ahead. Don't be impatient. You can get experience in the 1964 Olympics and you will be ready to win in the 1968 Olympics."

Wyomia wasn't waiting. She entered Tennessee State in September of 1963 on a full track scholarship and got the benefit of daily coaching from Temple. She learned her lessons well. In the 1964 women's nationals at Hanford, California, she won the 100-meter dash in 11.5, just beating Edith McGuire. Two weeks later, against the Russians, she ran second to Edith, who had become her close friend in college.

Two weeks after that came the United States Olympic trials in New York. Wyomia wanted to go to Tokyo. She wanted it so badly that she tried too hard and tightened up. She saved third place in the trials by inches, but at least she made the team.

In Tokyo, her nervousness was gone. She won her heat in 11.3, her quarter-final in 11.2 and her semi-final in 11.3. She won the final by two yards in 11.4

NOV. '65

and became the world's fastest female.

"Everything has been different since then," Wyomia says. "Ever since, when I go into a meet, they're after me and not the other way around. But it makes me feel good. It makes me try harder, too."

Wyomia won the 1965 national 100-yard title in 10.5, and then it was back to Russia. "I wanted to win so bad there," she says. "All I could remember was finishing last in 1963."

This time, Wyomia won in 11.1, equaling the world record set two weeks before by Irena Kirszenstein and Ewa Klobukowska of Poland. She ran second to Edith McGuire in the 200, a brand-new event for her. Then, in a 400-meter relay seen by millions of Americans on television, she turned a hopeless four-yard deficit into a smashing five-yard victory. That anchor leg was as powerful and overwhelming as Bob Hayes' in the Olympics. Wyomia's performance in Russia wiped out any lingering doubts about her talent.

A week later, the Americans ran against the Poles in Warsaw. The Polish newspapers and public hardly noticed Randy Matson, Billy Mills and the other American men. The only thing they talked about was the women's 100, matching the three girls who shared the world record. The two Polish girls carried the aspirations and dreams of a nation that could find little else to cheer about.

"There was so much pressure in Warsaw," Wyomia says. "I'm not a worrier, but I was worried. Jack Griffin, our coach, thought I would win, but he was afraid I would tighten up. I did. Kirszenstein caught me at 90 meters and beat me in 11.4 to 11.5. The people went crazy. I didn't feel too bad until I found out how slow the time was."

"They won this round," says Temple, "but wait until the 1968 Olympics at Mexico City. Wyomia will be at her peak then—22 years old, stronger, experienced. Kirszenstein will be better, too. She is a great runner. But Wyomia will beat her on neutral ground. And by then, I think Wyomia will be running 100 meters in 10.9. You know how fast that is? That's the same as running 100 yards in ten flat. Imagine a woman running that fast!"

Wyomia fully intends to run—and win—in the 1968 Olympics.

"Winning at Tokyo was a wonderful experience," Wyomia said recently, measuring every word. "Winning itself was a thrill. But standing on the victory stand, knowing I had won a gold medal for my country—well, I just can't describe the feeling. But I know I felt so proud that I could be doing something like this, that it was really happening to me, Wyomia."

"Did she say all that?" said Temple later. "That's a speech for her. Why, she hardly puts two sentences together even at home."

Wyomia's mother confirms that. When Wyomia returned from Europe last summer, her mother begged for details of the three-week trip to Russia, Poland and West Germany.

"It was all right," Wyomia said.

"But tell me about it, Wyomia," her mother said. "Tell me what Russia is really like."

"Well," Wyomia said, "I wouldn't want to live there."

MR. CLUTCH

Among the Cleveland Browns, Gary Collins has an enviable reputation. He is the man, they say, who catches the passes when they count the most. Among some other people he has an unenviable reputation. These people don't know him well

By HAL LEBOVITZ

Malcolm Emmons



GARY COLLINS confuses people. He always has. In college his coaches said he was uncoachable, yet he became a consensus All-America. Right after college two of his all-star game coaches said he seemed to lack inner desire, yet today one of his pro coaches says, "Collins has more inner drive than almost any player you can name."

He confused his wife when they first met. "I thought he was stuck-up, conceited, from the way he talked," she says. "He's not that way at all." He confused Morrie Kono, the Cleveland Browns' trainer. "I first found him too hard to know," Kono says. "I always thought he was mad at me. It's from the way he looked. I couldn't tell whether he was moody or smirking or sulking or just plain quiet. Once you know him, he's a helluva guy. What a sense of humor. I'd like to have a whole team like Gary."

The Browns' flankerback confuses opponents, too. Says one rival defender: "He's a fooler. He gets on the line of scrimmage and looks pooped. Like he doesn't give a damn. Then—choot!—he's gone!"

In practice he looks as though he doesn't give a damn, either. "You look in practice at all the speedboys racing to make catches," says Jim Brown. "When the game starts, Collins makes 'em."

"I call him 'Mr. Clutch,'" says Paul Warfield. "If you need the big catch, Gary comes up with it."

Collins excels at catching passes in a crowd, left. "I call him 'Mr. Clutch,'" says Paul Warfield. "If you need the big catch, Gary comes up with it." He came up with three in the title game.

SPORT

He came up with it in the 1964 National Football League championship game, catching three touchdown passes as the Browns upset the Baltimore Colts, 27-0. He came up with it earlier in 1965 in the game that literally saved the Browns' entire season. It was the Browns' first game against the St. Louis Cardinals and with approximately 60 seconds remaining, the Browns had the ball on the Cards' 45. It was fourth down, 19 yards to go and the Browns were losing.

Quarterback Frank Ryan called for a post-pattern pass to tight end John Brewer. Gary went out as the secondary receiver, mainly as a decoy, and, while down the field, he saw the pass overthrown. The ball was far beyond Brewer, and two Cardinal defenders, deep in a prevent defense, prepared to haul it down. Gary changed directions, raced toward the overthrown ball, leaped and with a remarkable effort, took the ball away from the two Cardinals. He landed on the two-yard line, the Browns scored and the game ended in a tie. The tie proved to be the Browns' margin of victory in the final standings of the Eastern Conference race.

He is Mr. Clutch, yet people think he does not care about football. It is easy to see why they do. He's usually carefree and very relaxed, especially on the practice field. He has a lopsided grin that looks like a smirk, he shrugs his shoulders a lot, the "I don't care" gesture.

"Every story that's ever been written about me leaves the impression of cockiness," he says. "That's the way it's written because that's how the writers see me, I guess. Actually, I'm not cocky. At least I don't think so. So I know I have a flare of happy-go-lucky in me, which, I suppose, makes you seem cocky. I like to laugh, to horse around.

"The truth is, I'm a sensitive, nervous, restless guy. I'm a fitful sleeper. Things bother me, maybe it's because deep down I'm conscientious. I have a drive in me to be a success.

"I build myself up for a big play. See, that may sound cocky. But I'm just telling you how I am inside. Each man has certain qualities and this may be one of mine. You can't pinpoint it. In my position in particular, as a pass receiver, you have one chance to do it. The second chance doesn't come around.

"If I don't do it, I fail. Others might miss one and say, 'Oh well, it was a mistake.' I can't. I brood over mine. When I miss a pass, I wonder why in the hell I did and I cuss myself out."

Collins says he has "a drive" and Dub Jones, the Browns' backfield coach, says, "Collins has more inner drive than almost any player you can name." Yet, Collins' all-star game coaches never thought so. Woody Hayes coached him in the 1962 All-American Bowl and made him sit on the sidelines. The boy doesn't care about football, Hayes decided. Otto Graham coached him when Collins joined the 1962 College All-Stars and Graham agreed with Hayes. Collins shrugged his shoulders at some coaching comment and that was that between him and Graham.

Collins, however, does not blame Hayes, Graham or the coaches at his own school, Maryland, for getting a negative impression of him. "I'm responsible for it," he says. "Besides, I've matured, I've changed."

Neither does he blame people who get a negative impression of him after watching him on practice fields. "Why waste your game on the practice field?" he says. "I can't be up for both the practice and the game—and if you're not up for the game you shouldn't be in there.

"Each guy is different. Some guys are juiced up all the time. I don't see how it's possible. I get keyed up on Thursday. It shows in my home life. I concentrate

on the game, what I intend to do. I don't want to talk to anybody. I'm grouchy to my wife.

"Then it all smooths out. By Sunday I'm relaxed and ready. It's better to go into a game like this, not to be a comedian, but happy-go-lucky. If you're too juiced up, you're too tight to catch a ball."

Gary has what Cleveland head coach Blanton Collier calls "the ideal football temperament." The coach constantly says, "Play the game fiercely, but with a smile on your face. Enjoy it." Gary's teammates have yet to see him without a smile as he goes into a game. It disappears only when he drops the ball.

But the smile does sometimes confuse people. They expect football players to grimace and groan. "If you don't have that outward hustle-bustle attitude," Collins says, "people think you're not trying. I can't be a phony. I'm not an actor."

No, he is a football player. A very excellent football player. At 6-4 and 220 pounds, he is big, strong and tough. At 25 years of age, he is only approaching his prime. He is going to get better and he has already confused people by becoming as good as he is.

"Gary was an end few people thought would be a top flanker because he didn't have the blinding speed a good flanker needs," says Dub Jones. "The consensus was that he'd be adequate, but not outstanding. Today he's proven that to be completely wrong. He's done it simply on his own know-how. Some receivers never attain this.

"You can instill rote maneuvers into almost any receiver. It takes a lot of instinct, a special 'feel,' to apply and expand these maneuvers. For example, in basketball, you can show anybody how to do a fast break. Some will have the knack to be at the right place at the right time. Others, no matter how much you drill, won't do it right.

"Gary always had the instinct. It was latent. He applied himself. This has made Gary into a great one, proving so many people wrong.

"With this instinct and his solid knowledge of the defensive backs in our league I feel confident he can beat any given back on any given defense.

"In the past you saw him catch balls in a crowd, where you didn't think he had a chance. This was because of his height, his strength and his great hands. But now, more and more, you're going to see him catch the ball with nobody around him—as he did against the Colts.

"You see, now he knows what he can do, when he can do it, and then he gets it done. A case in point was his first touchdown against the Colts: Gary alerted us to the hook-post maneuver, in which he would hook out and then break for the goal post. He knew that the Colts' safety was clamping him too tight, so he was certain he could fake a hook and break for the post. Frank Ryan called it and Gary caught it in the clear. Not a Colt within gunshot.

"It's true he does have his moods, but these are generally caused by disgust for himself at a broken offensive pattern. I read over these moods because he's proven they don't interfere with his play. He's a proven clutch player, a proven winner."

Collins catches passes, Collins blocks and Collins also punts. Unlike most pro punters, who are kicking specialists, Gary must do his punting while his legs are weary. He may run down the field on a pass pattern, on third down, then have to come back to kick on fourth. But concentration, not tired legs, is his biggest problem on punts, he says. "If I've just missed a third down pass," he says, "it's hard to forget it. Kicking is all timing and I have to force myself to think of nothing but meeting the ball with my foot."

He concentrated well enough last season to have a

MR. CLUTCH

continued

42-yard average per punt. And he became a punter years ago because his brother Dale, two years older, was one. "We'd play 'kicking goals,' booting a ball back and forth between us when we were kids," he recalls.

They were kids in Williamstown, Pennsylvania, a coal mining community of about 2500. Gary's dad worked in the mines and Gary remembers his dad leaving the house at six in the morning and returning, exhausted, at six that evening.

"When I was 13," Gary says, "I went down in the mines. When I saw what it was like I said to myself: 'Forget it.' I never went down again. My grandfather worked in the rock mines and lost an eye from the dust."

The Collins family had a hard life but there always was food on the table and always fun available for the kids. Gary had the most fun playing baseball, but he was also good in football and basketball.

When Gary entered Williamstown High his parents refused to sign the card permitting him to participate in sports. His brother Dale had gone out for sports and had been hurt in the traditional hazing the veterans pulled on rookies. The veterans had painted Dale's entire body red and he had become quite ill from the painting.

Gary signed his own card. He had received his hazing a year earlier when, as an eighth grader, he had been manager of the football team. "They threw me in the holly bushes and smacked me with wet towels," he recalls. "We had a crazy bunch of guys. But I never joined in on any of the initiations afterward and now with the Browns I try to make all the rookies welcome."

As a freshman Gary made the varsity in football, basketball and baseball and eventually his parents signed his card and came to the games. He began to star in football and, he says, "I began to realize

that sports could be the key to get me away from the mines." To help himself get away he volunteered to play fullback when the team's fullback broke a leg. "Runners get their names in the papers," he says. He decided "this is the only way you get college offers."

He got two basketball scholarship offers (from Loyola and Cincinnati) and 80 football offers. He enrolled at the University of Maryland and then married his 16-year-old home-town girlfriend Judy Herbe. Through their years at Maryland she worked as a beautician and Gary worked at various off-season jobs so they could get by. One summer a Phillies scout watched Gary play semi-pro baseball and made him an attractive offer. Gary was tempted to take the money; he and Judy needed money. But his brother said, "Get the hell back in school." Gary did.

Even if his Maryland football coaches didn't go into ecstasy over his attitude, there was no denying his performance. He received honorable mention on several All-Americans in his sophomore and junior years and was a consensus All-America end his senior year. He broke all the Maryland receiving records and is now considered the finest end in the school's history.

In the American Football League, the Boston Patriots drafted him No. 1. In the NFL, the Browns, had two first-round choices—their own and the Washington Redskins. They obtained the rights to Ernie Davis in the Redskin deal. Their other No. 1 choice was Collins.

The Patriots offered him more money but he chose the Browns "because," he says, "at that time the NFL was the much better league."

Browns owner Art Modell went to College Park, Maryland, to sign Collins. "He had Joe Blair, the school's sports publicity director, there as his agent," says Modell. "Gary was very shy. He didn't open his mouth in the two-hour session except to say hello." Blair accepted for Collins a two-year contract that called for a bonus of about \$5000 and a salary of approximately \$15,000.

Modell laughs at the recollection. "What a change in this guy since that day. Now, I know he can talk. This is a sophisticated kid, with far above average intelligence."

Although Gary now talks a lot to Modell, his latest salary conference, conducted without an agent, lasted less than two minutes. "I knew what he wanted and I knew he was worth it," says Modell. Gary is now making nearly \$25,000 a year.

The money enables the Collins family, which now includes sons Gary, 5, and Kris, 2, to live in an attractive home in Aurora, a Cleveland suburb. They have a Corvette, given Gary by SPORT after the title game. Gary makes additional money in outside work. He and his teammate Dick Schafrath are partners in a growing company, the Financial Planning Corp. They have several investments together and think they have a bright future in their business.

Both Collins and Schafrath are serious businessmen, but they are also uninhibited lovers of fun. They recently decided to develop a dance act, along discotheque lines with some comedy ballet thrown in. But when a newspaper published their photos in action and costume, Collins called the whole thing off.

"I chickened out," Gary says. "I was afraid it would give the wrong impression of us."

Gary and his wife, left, were married as teenagers.



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Nate Thurmond: The World At His Fingertips

*"I'm confident and I'm hungry,"
he says. "The world is at my fingertips."
To grab it, all the big center
has to do is make San Francisco fans forget
basketball's greatest scorer*

By Bill Libby

Color by David Sutton

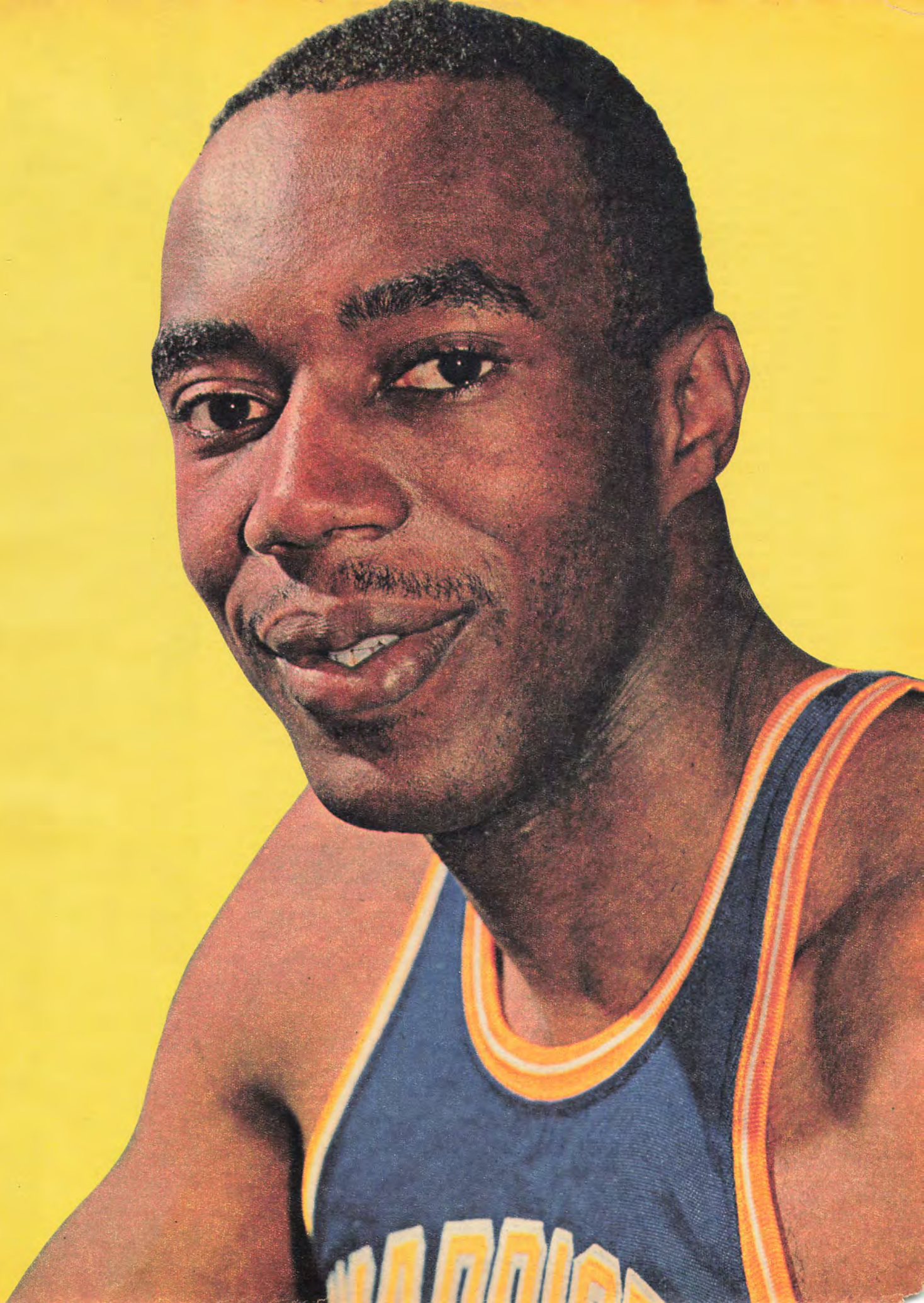
IN AN NBA game last winter, Detroit's seven-foot Reggie Harding went up to shoot, but San Francisco's 6-11 Nate Thurmond reached out a long arm, slapped a large hand on the ball and blocked the shot. Grabbing the ball tightly, Harding went up again. This time Thurmond not only blocked the shot, he plucked the ball out of Harding's hands, fed off to a teammate to start a fast break, raced after the play, took a return pass and wound up scoring the basket himself.

There may not be another center in basketball who could have made that particular play. Certainly, other centers could have accomplished any single heroic in the play, but there may not be another one who could have put all the parts together.

Nate Thurmond is a unique basketball player, better defensively than Wilt Chamberlain, better offensively than Bill Russell, and considerably younger than either. He is not as good as they are, but he could become better. He is just learning the pro game, but he is a prodigy. Crippled by a bad back, he has been only half a player, but even then he is still twice the man most of his opponents are. Thurmond is also a unique individual, a light-hearted swinging cat, who wants to be everyone's friend, who loves to twist with good-looking gals, but finds himself depressed by serious responsibilities. As the San Francisco Warriors' new center, the 24-year-old from Akron, Ohio, must replace Chamberlain, the greatest scorer and rebounder in basketball history. He must also rally a disorganized team around him and help to rescue a floundering franchise. He is bent down by severe pressure.

"After Chamberlain was traded last season," he says, "I felt for a while like I was carrying the whole weight of the world on my shoulders. My

SPORT



back hurt so bad, I was in agony. I couldn't run or jump. I couldn't even sleep. But I had to play. I played well enough so I began to feel better about things. Now, waiting for the new season to start, I'm kind of anxious, and I'm a little scared, too, especially about my back. After resting it most of the summer, I tested it recently and it hurt. I may have to learn to live with it. If it doesn't kill me, I think I can do all right. I'm no Wilt and I'm no Russell, but maybe I can be a better all-around center, maybe even the best ever. You see, people think I got no confidence, but they're wrong. I'm confident. And I'm hungry. This is an opportunity. The world is at my fingertips and I'm reaching for it."

The situation Thurmond was in last season was the kind of situation a young centerfielder might be in if the Giants traded Willie Mays and said they made the trade "because the kid can help the team more." The Warriors got a lot of money for superstar Chamberlain, but very little in the form of basketball help. They seemed to need money since they were en route to a 17-63 record and were averaging little more than 2000 fans a game. They did not need Chamberlain that much, they claimed, because he hurt the team effort by dominating the ball.

Moreover, says a Warrior spokesman, "We were offered more in players, more in cash, more in both for Thurmond than for Chamberlain. We could have kept both or we could have kept Wilt instead of Nate. We knew we were opening a hornet's nest by dealing Wilt. But we decided that if other clubs figured Thurmond would be worth more to them than Wilt, maybe we would not be so wrong in thinking so ourselves."

Thurmond had played forward and Wilt center when the Warriors won the Western Division Championship in 1962-63. But center was Thurmond's natural position. He seemed to be the kind of center ideally suited to the kind of game Warrior coach Alex Hannum liked to play. "When I made the trade," says Warrior owner Franklin Mieuli, "I knew that Alex favors a style of play with running and motion, with a balanced offense and defense, and that Thurmond could fit into that kind of game and Wilt couldn't. I also knew that Nate was five or six years younger than Wilt."

"And I was not unaware that Wilt commands a fabulous salary, but wasn't bringing any money back in as a home-court drawing card. Here in San Francisco, we have unusual civic pride and don't like second-hand heroes. Orlando Cepeda, who developed here, is no Willie Mays, but he has always been more popular here than Mays, who is New York's hero. The fans here regard Thurmond as their own, not Chamberlain. And Hannum thinks Thurmond can be the best center in the league in six of the next nine years and feels he can build a winning team around him. I think we can build a whole new image around him."

Thurmond, who represents the new image, and Chamberlain, who represents the old, are indeed different, personally and professionally. Both are towering Negro centers, bachelors who live alone, but the resemblance ends there. Where Wilt was the most publicized of high school athletes, Nate performed in relative obscurity in Akron, Ohio. He grew up there, the son of a man who made a good living in the Firestone plant and, says Nate, "My brother and I never wanted for much." Nate's father and brother, both good athletes, encouraged his sports' participation. At Akron Central High, Nate played varsity basketball. As a senior he made All-City, but only honorable-mention All-State and received less than two dozen college scholarship offers. He accepted a scholarship to Bowling Green.

His Akron Central coach, Joe Siegfirth, first taught him defense. Says Nate: "He used to tell me if I only scored ten points, but held my man to two, that was eight-plus for our side and it only took a little-plus to win games." When Nate first told this story, Mieuli, the Warrior owner took the coach's name and address so he could send him a Christmas present.

At Bowling Green, coach Harold Anderson also emphasized Nate's defense. Nate averaged under 20 points a game, but rebounded and played defense spectacularly well. He was the Warriors' No. 1 choice in the 1963 NBA draft.

He had hoped to be drafted by Los Angeles. He figured a top center was all the Lakers needed. He couldn't figure out what San Francisco, with Chamberlain, wanted with another giant. No one else could figure it out, either. Thurmond was converted to a forward, averaged only seven points and ten rebounds a game in his rookie season, but came on to average 16 points and 18 rebounds a game as a forward for half of last season. After Wilt left and Nate was returned to center, Nate averaged 22 points and 22 rebounds a game. He also played fine defense and team ball and did quite well against the league's more



Malcolm Emmons

Nate, rebounding, says, "If I can't outjump 'em on the first jump, I can on the second."

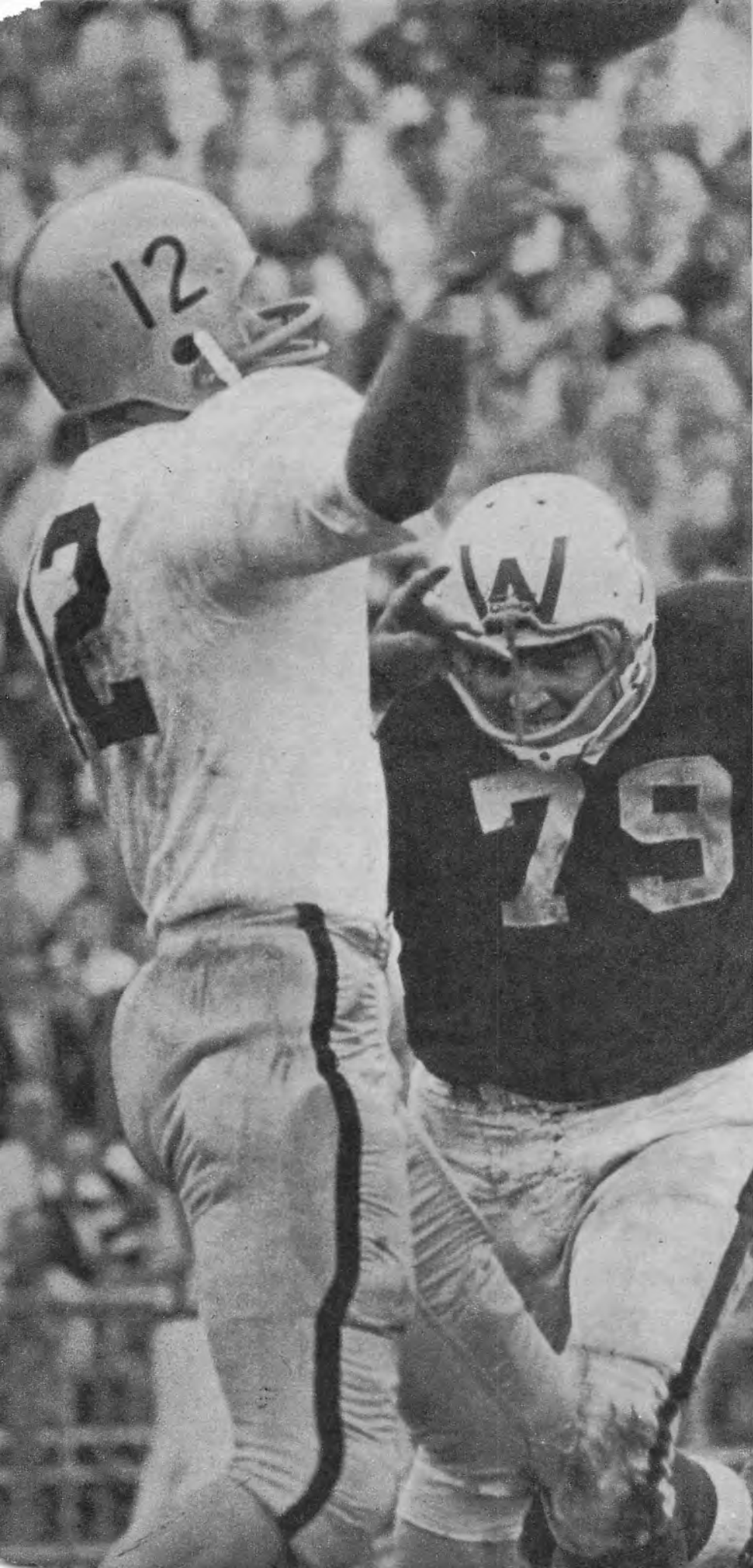


prominent centers. Against Russell, he had 26 points and 27 rebounds in one game and 21 points and 29 rebounds in other games. Against Walt Bellamy, he had 37 rebounds in one game and 32 in another.

In personality, in contrast to the sensitive and introverted Chamberlain, Thurmond is outgoing. Unlike Wilt, he does not regret his height, though he estimates someone asks him how the weather is up there almost every day. "When I was about average-sized as a boy," Nate says, "my hero was Seton Hall's 6-11 Walt Dukes and mom used to ask me what-for I wanted to be like someone as tall as that. As I kept growing, she used to worry about it and she used to tell me to play good in games, but to go to parties and dances and socialize good, too. I was pretty shy for a while, but I grew gradually and so gradually I got used to it. I found out lots of girls like tall men. And I found out everyone wants to be special, to stand out, and being tall sure turns the trick.

"The thing that burns me is when people meet me and say, 'You *must* play basketball.' It's all right, because I do play basketball, but what if I had to tell them I was a ditch-digger, would that make me a freak for sure? Lots of tall men don't play basketball and lots who do don't make the pros. I have to have some kind of talent besides height to be in the pros. Some day I won't be playing basketball any more. I've got to be good enough so I'll just have to say, 'I'm Nate Thurmond,' and they'll know who I am, or at least who I was."

Nate's first season in San Francisco, he was quiet and kept to himself. Last season, he began to feel he belonged, he loosened up and became one of the boys. He has many friends, on and off the team. Maybe too many. After his first season, he went home to Akron for the summer and returned to San Francisco with an entourage, which tailed him for months. This summer, he toured Europe with an NBA all-star team ("Wayne Embry bought some oriental daggers, which I suspect he is going to use in the pivot," Nate says), and then settled in a bachelor apartment in San Francisco. He went home only briefly and returned to San Francisco alone. "I'm learning as I go along," he says. "There are friends and there are people who just want to get things from you. I want friends, but I don't want to run a (→ TO PAGE 107)



■ Iowa quarterback Gary Snook has been accused of many things, but never of losing his cool. Neither opposing linemen nor his coach can shake him up

“WHAT, SNOOK WORRY?”

By **AL GRADY**
and
BILL BRYSON



Iowa's Gary Snook is one of the most free-wheeling college quarterbacks in years, and his 151 completions last season are only part of the story. It is said that

Snook spends more time studying dance steps than opponents' defenses. It is also said that the seven Big Ten passing records he set last year are nothing compared to the records (unofficial) he set for swiping chin straps and hiding helmets during practices.

“There's no telling how much greater Gary could be,” Iowa coach Jerry Burns once said, “if he would concentrate during practice instead of horsing around, or if he'd devote more time away from the field to studying strategy and tactics.”

Naturally, Burns has tried to tame his problem child and there was evidence during this year's spring drills that Snook was indeed working harder. But Burns has no illusions that the flamboyant Snook personality

Few college quarterbacks show as much poise under the pressure of a charging lineman as Snook, No. 12 left. Gary rarely gets rattled.

SPORT

has been seriously altered. When someone suggested that Gary was afraid of losing his job to two promising sophomore quarterbacks, Burns broke into a wide grin.

"What, Snook worry?" said Burns. "Why, he wouldn't worry about keeping his No. 1 job if he was up against six All-America quarterbacks."

Snook's lack of concern, of course, is not really in conflict with his desire to be a winning quarterback. On the day of a game he doesn't wisecrack, doesn't smile. "There's nobody who wants to win more than he does," says a teammate.

Yet Gary is fully prepared to take risks most people would shun, and this is what keeps Burns guessing as to what Snook will try next. Against Washington last year, Iowa trailed, 18-14, and was on the attack in the fourth quarter. Burns sent in a special pass play which called for Snook to throw to Iowa's outstanding flanker, Karl Noonan. What transpired in the huddle is known only to 11 wearers of Iowa black and gold. But what happened on the next play is, by this time, no secret. Snook ignored Noonan, rolled out in the opposite direction of the prescribed pass play and hit left end Rich O'Hara for the touchdown.

"I knew they'd be covering Noonan pretty tight," Gary explained later. "I liked my own idea better."

Quite often a cool spot on the bench is reserved for a fellow who "liked his own idea better," but Snook's talent kept him off the bench. What did Burns say? What *could* he say? "It was a case of smart quarterbacking," said the coach. "Snook did exactly the right thing under the circumstances and I'm proud of him."

It's safe to say that Burns may not have been quite so proud of Gary during spring practice in 1964. Snook had pulled some knee ligaments early in the drills and it appeared he would miss the climactic intra-squad game. Only when he finally promised that he wouldn't try to run the ball did Burns let him play.

True to his word, Gary stuck to the air and was throwing as well as ever. Then, without warning, Snook decided to carry the ball on an end sweep. "Blow the whistle! Blow the whistle!" screamed Burns from the sideline. The defenders eased up and gently brought Snook to a standing halt. Snook played no more that day. "I could see our whole season going down the drain right there," said Burns.

For some reason (spelled d-e-f-e-n-s-e) Iowa's season pretty much went down the drain anyway and the Hawkeyes won only three of nine. Don't blame Snook for Iowa's troubles, because no losing team ever had a more dangerous passing attack. In one game alone Gary set three Big Ten records—completing 26 of 49 for 310 yards against Purdue. His passing accounted for 75 percent of Iowa's total offense, and even though Iowa tied for last in the Big Ten, it finished first in yardage.

The Big Ten is well stocked with excellent quarterbacks this year, but Snook still manages to stand out. In fact, he appears to be the best in the country. "You think Joe Namath, Steve Tensi, Craig Morton, John Huarte and Roger Staubach were good?" says Wisconsin coach Milt Bruhn. "You haven't seen anything until you see Gary Snook. He is absolutely the greatest."

Despite all the accolades, Burns at times still has to goad Snook into showing the same devotion and concentration in practice as he does in games. One of Burns' favorite devices this spring was a newspaper clipping that read: "... unless the pro leagues return to sanity, someone may sign Snook for \$500,000."

At 6-2, 185 pounds, Gary is just average size, but he's ultra rugged. He seldom complains about an injury; to the contrary, he drives Burns to distraction by waiting a couple of days before reporting an injury. Only another player could appreciate such heroic, if unwise, toughness.

His teammates respect him, too, for his reluctance to berate them when the pass blocking breaks down. It takes more than that to ruffle him, which leads Burns to say, "He's the first quarterback I've ever had who doesn't let anything bother him. Gary has an interception or a fumble or a broken pass pattern and he goes back to the busted play if he thinks it's the right one."

Snook's performance against Ohio State last year was an excellent example of his coolness under fire. Snook knew Iowa couldn't run against State's great defense, so the pressure was squarely on his passing arm. Thus, it should have been more than a little unnerving when the Buckeyes intercepted Snook's first pass of the game and ran it back for a touchdown. Iowa trailed, 7-0, after 30 seconds.

"It could have been bad with a quarterback less sure of himself than Snook," says Burns. "He didn't let that interception faze him a bit. He came back with that same pass play several times later for good yardage. We lost, 21-19, but only after a great game. I wish I had more players with a 'bad attitude' like Gary Snook's."

Confidence has always been Snook's keynote, which is one reason why he attracted so much attention from college scouts while playing at Iowa City High School. They were impressed the way he led his team to the No. 1 ranking in the state as a junior, even though he never earned all-state honors. He could have virtually named the college he wanted to play for, but decided to try to make good in his hometown. The decision may have been aided by his parents' moving to California about the time Gary was graduating from high school. Thus, he could stay where he was known and still have the feeling he had gone away to school.

Gary may have wondered about that decision through part of his sophomore year. He started the season behind junior quarterback Fred Riddle and the more Gary saw things go wrong, the more he grew impatient at sitting on the sidelines. He grew sullen and would kick the turf in anger. Finally, Burns turned him loose and Snook responded like a veteran. In his second game he threw three touchdown passes against Minnesota and two more the next game against Michigan. Riddle didn't come out for football the following fall.

Outsiders suggest that Snook became a little easier to get along with once he knew he was Iowa's one and only quarterback. Where some reporters found him "obnoxious" as a sophomore, they found him "commanding and poised" as a junior. But this did not mean he had become a soft touch to interview. His piercing brown eyes are deep-set and wide-spaced and can impale a fellow who asks a question that probes too deeply. He hardly goes out of the way to ingratiate himself and his clipped answers give the impression: "This is the way I am and I'm not going to change. Take me or leave me."

Burns will take Snook the way he is—foibles and all. "Gary is one of those rare young men who has a natural flair for doing the right thing at the right time," says Burns. "He does things better by instinct than most quarterbacks who memorize the play book and call everything by rote. Maybe if Gary played by the book, he'd lose some of his natural flair and become just another orthodox quarterback."

Just another quarterback? Gary Snook? Never. There's only one quarterback who breaks up the monotony of a practice session by throwing a sneak pass from 40 yards at a teammate's *derriere*.

"Oh, well," says Burns, sighing, "at least Snook *hits* 'em. I've had other players who horsed around and threw the ball at people too. But they never hit anybody. Snook *hits* 'em."

ATLANTA'S Big-League Preview

*Here are some scenes from the major-league
baseball and football exhibitions played in Atlanta
in 1965. They show what's coming in 1966*

PHOTOS BY BILL DIEHL

EARLY IN 1964, the citizens of Atlanta, Georgia, were in a great hurry to build a stadium fit for a major-league baseball club. They were expecting the Milwaukee Braves to become the Atlanta Braves at the beginning of the 1965 baseball season and they wanted to be ready. It turned out, of course, that Atlanta was ready for the Braves but the Braves weren't quite ready for Atlanta. A lawsuit by angry Milwaukee officials kept the Braves in Wisconsin for one more year. So in 1965, Atlanta had to be satisfied with half a dozen exhibition games by the Braves and a full season of the Atlanta Crackers, the Braves' Triple-A International League farm club. The Braves won five straight exhibition games in Atlanta against American League opposition, then lost a game to an International League All-Star team. An average of more than 30,000 fans turned out at these exhibitions.

Then, during the summer, the National Football League granted Atlanta a franchise for the 1966 season. So when the Minnesota Vikings and the Pittsburgh Steelers came to play a pre-season NFL exhibition in August, Atlantans got another major-league preview. A crowd of 39,420 came to the stadium to see pro football played there.

The photos on these pages show some of the scenes of the baseball and football big-league previews in the new stadium. The stadium itself cost \$18,000,000 and can seat 51,567 fans for a baseball game and 57,133 for football. It is on a 47-acre tract just south of the Georgia capitol building. It is a triple-deck, oval-shaped structure and it will be pretty much filled, you can be sure, when Atlanta goes big-league twice in 1966.



As the scoreboard displays





happy messages, the Vikings' Tommy Mason, *No. 20 above*, and the Braves' Ed Mathews, *No. 41 below*, show off big-league skills.

**BRAVES HAVE WON 14 OF LAST 18
GAMES AND TRAIL LEAGUE LEADING
DODGERS BY ONLY THREE GAMES
GOOD LUCK TO BOBBY BRAGAN AND
HIS BRAVES**



ATLANTA

continued



Parking space for 10,000 cars, *above*, surrounds the new stadium, which is near the Georgia state capitol dome.



Part of the crowd of 39,240, *left*, watches the first football game to be played in the new stadium. Some of the fans have seen Minnesota Vikings' star Fran Tarkenton, *No. 10, above*, before. He played at the University of Georgia. Next year, the fans will have their own pro stars to root for. The Atlanta pros will come from an NFL pool. The Atlanta baseball stars will come in a proven big-league package. The Braves, led by Hank Aaron, *crossing first at right*, will belong to Atlanta.



Interested spectators, *right*, at the Viking-Steeler contest are, *left to right*, Arthur Montgomery, chairman of the Stadium Authority; Opie Shelton, of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce; and Rankin Smith, owner of the new Atlanta NFL franchise. *Far right*, Georgia Governor Carl Sanders seems pleased with what he sees. Why not? It's a preview of big things that are Atlanta-bound.







All professional sports look far different from field level than from the stands. In big-league baseball, you have to be at field level to see what a big-league arm really looks like, to see the third-baseman or the shortstop whip the ball across the field on a clothes line running at eye-level. In basketball, from court level you watch the same movements which had seemed broken, spasmodic, herky-jerky from up top, and you see the easy flow of rhythm with which the great players move—each, it seems, to his own special music.

Pro football is entirely different. From up high you can see the patterns develop. From field level it is all just a swirling mass, a constant swirl of blurring colors—the offensive colors moving predominantly away from the center of action and the defensive colors funneling toward it. What you do get at field level is a sense of the violence of it all. What you get are the THUD of pads hitting pads, the THWACK of the collision and the CRUNCH of body hitting earth. You see the sheer power with which Jim Taylor runs through a tackler or drives those extra two yards after he has been hit, just as you see—to your surprise—the involuntary shudder of Bob Hayes' body just before he is about to be tackled.

If you are there to watch Ray Nitschke, you see the force with which he hits the ballcarrier, almost as if Nitschke were a runaway truck and the ballcarrier just happened to be standing in his way.

Violence is what football is selling. While the timing between the passer and the pass-receiver may be a thing of beauty and a joy for 3.5 seconds, the NFL would not fill the stands in seven cities every week to watch them play touch football. The bruising defensive men are heroes, particularly the men who do their work in the open—the middle linebackers who stop the running play, and the mastadon ends who decapitate the passer.

With Joe Schmidt, Bill George and Sam Huff growing older and undoubtedly wiser, the premier middle linebacker today—and certainly the most ferocious—is Ray Nitschke.

Ray Nitschke is not a man to run away from violence or, for that matter, from discussing it. "Once you are on the field," he says, "once you've put the shoulder pads and helmet on, it's a violent game. To play pro football, you have to enjoy contact. You have to enjoy hitting people. You have to hit them before they hit you, and hit them harder than they hit you."

Ray, a soft-spoken man off the field, rises only to any accusations that he is a dirty player. A few years ago he caught Minnesota's Tommy Mason along the sidelines, wrapped one hand around Mason's helmet and flipped him end over end. Norm Van Brocklin, who doesn't enjoy seeing his star running-back flipped (his attitude toward enemy running backs is not on the record), later commented, "A cheap shot. If we had tough guys in the league like we did a few years ago Nitschke wouldn't have lasted ten minutes after that."

The fact that Ray had also caused two Viking fumbles with crushing tackles, recovered another fumble and intercepted a pass probably did not endear him to Van Brocklin either.

In an exhibition game at Dallas last year, Ray pursued Don Meredith out of the pocket and caught him just as Don was leaping to pass. Ray hit him hard, Meredith's knee gave way, and the Dallas season was over before it began. But nobody intimated that it had been anything except a hard, clean tackle. And while it would be foolish to say that Nitschke was as upset as Tom Landry about it, he wasn't the least bit happy about it, either. "I know what it means to Dallas to lose Meredith," Ray says. "He's one of the best in the business."

But injuries, he knows, are part of the game. "In this game," he says, "you've got to be able to take a hurt. You have to know you can take a hurt and come back, and they have to know you can take a hurt and come back."

Having pulled a muscle in his right thigh during the '65 exhibition season, Ray still played a full exhibition

RAY NITSCHKE:

The Hard Road To Respect

*Green Bay's middle linebacker,
the best in football, has earned a
great deal of respect as both
an athlete and a man. He had to
hurdle many obstacles to do it*

By ED LINN

Color by Vernon J. Biever



Nitschke, hitting hard above, says, "To play pro football, you have to enjoy hitting. You have to hit them harder than they hit you."

game against Dallas with his pads taped tightly against his thigh for support. (He always has to tape the right knee anyway, since it was weakened by a block from Mike Ditka in 1963.) It was perfectly apparent by the end of the first quarter in Dallas that he could not go at full speed and, as the game wore on, that he had no lateral movement at all. It was important to him to play, though, because he was anxious to sharpen his timing, even though it meant that he was going to be banged around far more than usual. And, obviously, it was just as important to Vince Lombardi.

In addition to the taped thigh, Ray had a foam rubber padding around his right forearm, which was broken two years ago. The arm doesn't bother him any more, really, but the foam rubber—which makes a surprisingly wicked looking weapon—makes him feel more secure. "Psychologically, it relaxes me. I do use the right forearm a little bit more than the left." The referee will always come by and feel it before the game starts, to make sure he isn't carrying a concealed weapon, and that always gives Ray a kick too. What it does for the other team, may be something else again.

There is a theory that players get hurt when they're loafing, not when they're going all out. This is a theory to which Nitschke doesn't subscribe, and he has the scars to offer in evidence. He has never been hurt while he was slacking off—and he admits there were times in his early days with the Packers when he wasn't playing in the games and wasn't really putting out in practice. He has been hurt when going all out.

We can begin at the University of Illinois. Ray was racing down under the opening kickoff in a game against Ohio State, in his usual abandoned style, and he was so intent upon running down the ballcarrier that he neglected to see a blocker looming up on his side. The blocker came into Ray's mouth with helmet and . . . well, somewhere on the playing fields of the University of Illinois, there are four of Nitschke's front teeth.

The arm was broken in 1963, during the fourth quarter of a 13-13 tie with Detroit. The Packer line had stopped Tom Watkins as he was plunging for a first down, and as Watkins was struggling to fall forward to

pick up the necessary yardage, Nitschke came hurling into him with his forearm to knock him back. He knocked him back, all right. The forearm slammed right into Watkins' headgear, and Ray felt the arm go. While Ray was grimacing nicely with pain, his buddy, Dapper Dan Currie, came over to plead with him to stay in the game until the offensive team took over.

It is obvious to us civilians that Currie was trying to save the team a time-out in a close game, right? "No," Ray said, and from his smile you could clearly see that he did not expect anybody except a professional football player to understand. "We have great pride on our defensive team . . ." he said, and let it go at that. In other words, there is an unspoken pledge, undoubtedly made in spilled blood, that if you are still able to walk off the field, you don't.

Ray stayed in for a couple of more plays, with his arm so numb that he instinctively and involuntarily protected it when he had to fight off a block. Finally, Nick Pietrosante took a shovel pass and broke past the line behind a wave of blockers. That left Ray with little to do except to throw his body into the whole pack. He managed to get enough of Pietrosante to knock him down, but he also knew that he was highly unlikely to do it again. "I knew that if I was going to be protecting the arm on every play I'd be hurting the team more than helping it."

Unspoken bond or not, he took himself out. Since he had now incurred a broken nose, to go with the broken arm, it was probably just as well.

The forearm is one of football's most lethal weapons these days, and nobody uses it very much more effectively than Nitschke. As a middle linebacker, he uses the forearm not so much to knock back struggling ball-carriers—although that is a use by no means to be despised—as to knock away a blocker as soon as the blocker makes contact with his legs.

"You're going to be blocked," Ray says. "Nobody can prevent that. But you don't have to stay with the block. If you can hit him with your forearm, you can react quickly enough from the block to still be in the play."

The blocker can even provide a kind of key. His job

is to knock the defender away from the ballcarrier, which means he will be trying to get his head in between them. "His head will be in the position where the ball is, so you just have to go right through the man's helmet to get at the ball."

Raymond Carl Nitschke has always been going through people to get at the ball. "My father died when I was three," he has said, "and my mother when I was 14, so I took it out on all the other kids in the neighborhood." He was so depressed after his mother died that he was ready to quit school. "I'm no psychologist," he says, "but I'm sure this was the reason why I've always appreciated sports as a way of expressing myself."

The two people who inspired him to keep up his studies were his older brother, Bob, and his high-school coach, Andy Puplis, the old Notre Dame halfback.

There were three boys in the Nitschke family, and Bob, who had just turned 21, kept them together by becoming the legal guardian of both Ray and the middle brother, Dick.

Bob Nitschke worked on the railroad, and the younger boys ate at a nearby restaurant owned by their aunt. Growing up in the streets is never very easy, especially in the tough Maywood section of northwest Chicago. Ray had some troublesome years, extending right up to his marriage four years ago. "It took me a long time to mature," he says. "I never had responsibility or discipline." In fact, Ray, who has an astonishingly objective view of himself, puts the loss of parental discipline in a line that should be branded on the foreheads of all child psychologists. "I never had anybody to tell me that I had to go to bed." It was more than that, though. "I felt I was the guy who didn't have anything, and that everybody looked at me that way. So I carried a chip on my shoulder, and it took me a long time to overcome it."

His brother, Dick, who is four years older, says, "He was really a loner as a kid. Bobby was the only one who knew him, because Bobby took care of us. Bobby could always keep him out of trouble."

That Ray should have had that utter lack of confidence in himself was astonishing, at first glance, because he was always a natural athlete. Even something of a prodigy. When he was in the fifth grade he was playing basketball with high-school kids. At the end of the year, the park department held a sectional tournament. "He was just a little kid playing with heavyweights," Dick says, "His team lost out in the finals, but Ray was picked for the All-Star team. After that we always called him 'All-Star' Nitschke."

The same thing happened in softball. "I was playing in a league with guys two and three years older than me, and Little Ray came to watch," says Dick. "We needed an extra player and they put him at second base, and the first time up he hit a home run. We always played all sports; golf, bowling, everything, and Raymond was always very competitive. He always had to beat the other guy out."

When the Packers were working out at Dallas before an exhibition game this year, they held an impromptu long-distance passing contest. Nitschke surprised almost everybody by winning, with a heave of 74 yards. It really shouldn't have been so astonishing, though, because although nobody seems to remember it any more, Ray was an all-state quarterback at Proviso High for a team that won the Suburban League championship in that tough football country.

As a baseball player in high school he was good enough to be offered a \$3000 bonus by the St. Louis Browns. In his junior year, when he was a pitcher-outfielder, the team went to the state finals in Peoria, where Ray hit a home run that was measured at 560 feet.

In his senior year, as a full-time pitcher, he allowed only one earned run, a home run that cost him a ball game.

When he was ready to graduate, he was seriously considering taking the \$3000 bonus, but Puplis and brother Bob convinced him that he would be foolish not to use his football ability for a college education. All-State quarterbacks do not seem to find too much difficulty getting to college. As Ray says, with his characteristic

slow smile: "I had all the offers I could handle. I could have gone to any college where the academic standards were not too high."

As a Chicago boy, he had always rooted for the University of Illinois and the Chicago Bears. While everybody was chasing him, he was chasing Ray Eliot, the Illinois coach. "Let's just say that I wanted Illinois more than he seemed to want me."

Ray was still a quarterback at Illinois in his freshman year, but he was battling to stay up on his studies. He had to go to summer school to make up nine credit hours, a hard necessity which limited his participation in spring practice.

As spring training was coming to an end, Eliot called him in and asked him: "Do you want to play third-string quarterback or first-string fullback?"

This is one of those familiar scenes between player and coach, in which the obligatory answer is: "Gee, coach, I'd rather be first-string fullback."

Ray fooled him. "I'd rather be third-string quarterback," he said.

"Wrong," said the startled Eliot. "You're the first-string fullback."

Eliot, who is now assistant athletic director at Illinois, says, "Usually you don't give a player a lot of opportunity to choose for himself. You want to put him where he'll fit in the best. But Ray liked to throw the ball, and we did fool around with plays where he could throw the ball from the fullback position."

At fullback Ray starred in his very first game, against California, and in his second game he scored three touchdowns. The touchdowns, against Iowa State, were on runs of two, 12 and 15 yards. They were also the only touchdowns he scored all year. Still, he carried the ball 44 times for a good 4.7 average, and he also punted 14 times for a 36.6 average.

As a junior he carried 48 times for 255 yards and a 5.3 average. His senior year he led the team in scoring with five touchdowns and carried the ball 79 times for a 6.5 average. His last game, which was against Northwestern, was his best. Ray carried 21 times for 170 yards, including an 84-yard touchdown run.

When Ray intercepts a pass today, it is obvious that he is out to show them that he was once a fullback. His running style is remarkably similar to his tackling style. He runs over people.

His real forte, though, was always defense. When Green Bay took him as its No. 3 draft choice, behind Dan Currie (who had been All-America center at Michigan State), and Jim Taylor, they were thinking of him as a linebacker.

The only drawback was that there the Packers already had three veteran linebackers in Tom Bettis, their middle linebacker, Bill Forester, an All-Pro outside linebacker, and Carleton Massey. The Packers had traditionally carried only four linebackers, and Nitschke seemed pitted against the No. 1 choice, Dan Currie, for the fourth slot.

When he finally got to camp, after the All-Star game, Ray was put on the kickoff team, generally known as the Suicide Squad, the special team that is stocked with the most expendable of the players.

If there is one thing Ray has always looked especially good on, though, it has been roaring down under kickoffs, in that wild, untamed, unbroken style of his.

He looked good enough at any rate so that Scooter McLean, who was in his one disastrous year as head coach of the Packers, decided to keep all five of his linebackers.

As it turned out, Tom Bettis got himself injured just before the opening game, and Ray started the first eight as middle linebacker. He began to learn the position and has, of course, mastered it. The Packer defenses are called out from the sidelines as the offensive team huddles, but when the offense shifts at the line or a further refinement seems indicated, it is Nitschke's responsibility to call out the change in defense.

"As a middle linebacker," Nitschke says, "you have a responsibility on a pass and a responsibility on a run, and it changes with the type of formation you fancy. You

RAY NITSCHKE

rarely have to cover man-to-man on a pass, although you may have to cover the fullback once in a while on a pass straight over the line." In the Packer system, the linebackers rarely blitz; linemen Willie Davis and Henry Jordan put the rush on the passer. When they do that, Ray says, the linebackers "can drift back and help out the safeties. The main thing is teamwork. When you call a defense for a passing formation, and the pass defender knows he can count on you to come over and help, he can play the receiver a lot looser and take the outside away from him. He knows you'll be there, helping on the inside."

To determine which way a play is going, Ray says, "I have four keys to watch. The two guards, the center, the fullback. We get a lot of their tendencies and habits from the movies. The coaches point things out and our tackles tell me what to watch for. The first key is how the guards line up. If, for instance, they don't put much weight on their fingers in the three-point stance, they're probably going to retreat to block for a pass. If they lean to one side, or perhaps line up with one foot behind the other slightly, they're probably going to pull out to lead a sweep or off-tackle play. If they put their weight forward on the hand, they're probably going to fire out straight at you."

The guards are two keys and the center is a third. As soon as the center crosses the line of scrimmage, Ray knows the play invariably won't be a pass. The question, then, is whether the run is a sweep or a run up the middle. To follow the ball, he uses his fourth key; he keys on a backfield man.

Mostly, it's a matter of knowing what the other team does best. Between the endless variations and the guesswork going back and forth, it is probably sheer instinct that separates the great linebacker from the run-of-the-mill. Instinct and experience or—as the coaches say—the smell of the ball. "After studying the scouting reports and movies," Ray says, "you have a general idea what the team is going to do in most instances. Then it comes down to reaction. Individual reaction. The *feeling* you get. It's something you develop as you play. The more you do it, the sharper the reactions are. You can't hesitate. It's all in that first fraction of a second. If you don't react quickly, you're out of the play. You can tell by half-a-step that you're not in the play."

Ray began learning these things about playing middle linebacker in his rookie year. While he was learning how to play middle linebacker in his rookie year, Nitschke was also learning how to lose—frequently if not necessarily gracefully. In those first eight games, the Packers won only once, tied once and lost six. The rock-ribbed defense allowed 243 points. (In the final four games, all of which they lost, they did even worse.)

When Lombardi took over the following year, things hardly seemed to pick up for Ray Nitschke. On the contrary, he went back on the "teams." The sight of him racing down the field on kickoffs and punts was something to send a cold shiver down your spine, but he couldn't really break into the starting lineup.

He took out his anger by getting into an occasional snarling contest with a teammate or breaking up an occasional bar. "I wasn't playing," Ray remembers, "and I was disgruntled and edgy. It carried into my disposition, which was bad." But no matter what may have been printed, he insists that he never had an actual fight with any teammate, a point on which everybody seems to agree. "I just didn't have a real good attitude, either in practice or off the field. I didn't go 100 percent in practice because I knew I wouldn't be playing in the game."

It wasn't until halfway through 1960, Nitschke's third year, that Tom Bettis injured his knee and gave Ray the opening he needed. But it was a different Packer team now. Under Lombardi, the Packers were driving for their first Western Division title since Don Hutson had left town, and Ray Nitschke showed he could be a part of it.

Having proved himself at last, it became a question over the next few years of getting through a full season. In 1961, with the Packers breezing to another champion-

ship, Ray married Jacqueline Forschette. Five months later, by way of congratulations, he was called up by the army reserve.

Even here, there were no tears to spare him because he was called up at the same time as Paul Hornung, who had led the NFL in scoring the two previous seasons and was off to the fastest start in his career, with 77 points in five games.

All anybody beyond the city limits of Green Bay seemed to know was that the Packers were losing the Golden Boy and . . . oh yeah, some lineman with an unpronounceable name.

Like Hornung, Nitschke did come back on weekends—except for a couple of weeks when he had to pull guard and KP duty. The Packers kept winning, too, although neither of their weekend warriors was really that effective.

"I wouldn't say I was completely ineffective," Nitschke says, "but you can't play in this league on a weekend basis, no matter how good your shape is physically. You have to prepare for each team, and you have to prepare yourself *emotionally*. You can't just go out the day of the game and say, 'OK, I'm going to hit people.' You have to get yourself up so you're mentally ready to hit them. Everybody's different in how they prepare themselves, but most players start early in the week. You build yourself up, day by day, so that early in the game—after one or two plays—you'll feel a tremendous release of tension. That's what gives you the energy you need. And, believe me, you need that energy."

Ray found it impossible to work himself up in an army camp. "I'd fly in and talk with the defense coaches about the opponent when I arrived for the game. You can't do it that way. Even if you can pick up all the instructions letter-perfect, you're not emotionally up."

Ray's six months were up in May. So, three months before his discharge, he broke a bone in his ankle sliding into second in a softball game. The army press release, at the time of his discharge said it was a minor injury. Actually, the ankle had been in a cast for ten weeks. The Packers, who had been ready to trade Bettis, now had to wait for the start of spring practice to make sure Nitschke's ankle would hold up. Phil Bengston, the defense coach, put him through some sprints and told him: "Your leg's OK, but your wind is terrible. Better get yourself in shape."

It was not until 1962, his fifth season, that Nitschke managed to get through a whole season, unscathed, uninjured and undrafted. At once, he was recognized as the outstanding man in his position by the pros, even if he didn't get the recognition and respect he deserved from the press.

His big game came in the championship playoff against the Giants in Yankee Stadium, as the Packers won for their second straight championship. As all the readers of this magazine should know, *SPORT* Magazine awards a Corvette to the outstanding player in the World Series and the NFL playoff game. This makes traveling very comfortable for pitchers and quarterbacks, but has done very little, historically, for the members of the supporting cast.

Nitschke is the only defensive man to have ever won it. It is a family joke at the Nitschke household that he had to.

Some of the Packers' wives had come to New York to see the game. Jackie Nitschke and a couple of the other wives happened to find themselves on the same elevator with Phil Bengston. Jackie, who is a vivacious, witty woman, asked him to give her one good reason why the wives weren't allowed to stay with their husbands.

Apparently, the rule had been waived for the championship game, because Bengston told her: "There's no reason at all. Go ahead."

Jackie was in a very fancy bedroom suite. Ray, who was mentally set to live a Spartan life, was rooming with Lew Carpenter. "I can't sleep in a fancy bed like that," he told her. "I've got to be keyed up."

"What?" she said. "You mean you'd rather stay with Carpenter than with me?"

"Look," he said, to pacify her. "I can win us a car tomorrow."

"Don't tell me about any car. If you'd rather stay with a football player than with me, you just go ahead."

While Jackie was telling the story, Ray was grinning. "You see," he said, "that's really being dedicated to the cause."

After due consideration, though, Ray decided that maybe he'd rather stay with his wife after all, Corvette or no. Jackie, still miffed, told him: "Oh no, you had your chance. Stay with Carpenter."

"I figured," Ray said, "I'd have to win the car, just to get back into the house."

Actually, he had no thought that a linebacker could win the award. "As it turned out," he says, "the weather was made for us. Tittle was their big threat, and it was so cold and windy he couldn't throw. The ground was so hard and the weather so cold that it made it a defensive game. It was the kind of a day you almost have to have for a defensive man to win a top award."

All Ray did in that game, won by the Packers 16-7, was his usual fine job of tackling, rushing and pass deflecting, plus some extras. In the first quarter with the Giants on the Green Bay 15-yard line, Ray rushed Y.A. Tittle, deflected his pass and Dan Currie intercepted. In the second quarter, Ray recovered a fumble on the Giants' 28-yard line. Three plays later the Packers scored their first touchdown. In the third quarter, the Packers leading only 10-7, Ray recovered a fumble on the Giant 42-yard line. Five plays later Green Bay scored on a field goal.

Having established himself so solidly in 1962, he limped through the entire 1963 season. He started by missing the game against the All-Stars because of a sprained back, then he hurt his knee in the opening game. Just as the knee was coming around, he broke that forearm against Watkins' helmet, and that was that for the season.

Last year, though, he came back, remained healthy and was voted the top middle linebacker in pro football.

His success as a football player, you may have noted, followed very closely upon his marriage. Ray himself, as he says, matured slowly. Through college and his early years with the Packers, the pattern was always the same. Normally, he was quiet and shy. (Oddly enough, everybody uses those same two words, 'quiet and shy.') As soon as he took a drink, though, he'd become an entirely different person. Green Bay is a small community, especially if you play for the Packers. It is far too small, at any rate, for a Packer to hide. Not that Nitschke tried to. "I still had no respect for anybody in general," he says, looking back. "My only concern was whether I was going to have clothes on my back and food in my stomach. I had no responsibility and so I had no thoughts of security. When I drank I became boisterous and loud. I was quick to break things up and even quicker with sarcastic remarks."

Ray travelled with Bill Quinlan and Dan Currie, and he would sometimes get so nasty in a bar that they'd push him down into a chair and say, "Now will you sit there, Ray, and shut your mouth. Just shut up!"

The change began when he got married and, even more so, when he and Jackie adopted a boy, John Randolph, a little redhead who is now three years old.

Jackie had been a hostess in a local club and at first, she says, she had no use for Ray at all. "He was loud and noisy. He had a way of irritating people to the point where they'd want to get at him. Just ordinary guys who knew he could tear them apart. The only good thing you could say for him in those days was that he knew he was so much stronger than them that he'd pull back before he had to hit anybody."

Ray looked upon her in a somewhat different light, but he didn't have the nerve to ask her for a date. He would ask her girl friend to invite her to dinner, and then he'd 'accidentally' walk in and join them. "It took me three months before I understood what kind of a fellow he was," she says. "Soft hearted and sensitive and easily used. I discovered that the loudness was just his way to cover up his real personality."

In his book, *Run to Daylight*, Vince Lombardi said "... one of the best things that ever happened for Nitschke and this ballclub is his marriage. It has settled him down."

In his book, *Football and the Single Man*, Paul Hornung said: "His first couple of years he wasn't married and he wasn't playing much and he got disgusted and he was hard to live with. You didn't want to be around him. He wanted to fight with his own ballplayers at the drop of a harmless crack. But he got married and he quit drinking and he adopted a little boy and he settled down. He absolutely turned into a gentleman and it made all the change in the world. And he turned into a real good football player."

Jackie Nitschke, who has written no book, says, "People give me too much credit. He did it himself. The day came, not long after we got the baby, when he simply decided he had better stop drinking. I don't know how he does it; he will sit and drink a coke while the rest of us are having cocktails and he never seems to be tempted. He stopped drinking completely, and he became a different person."

In Green Bay, they call it The Reformation, but it is perfectly evident that underneath the banter they are proud of him. "I used to sit in the stands and hear nothing but bad about him," Jackie says. "Now, the whole town roots for him. He's one of the kids' idols, along with Hornung and Taylor." And then, in what seems to be an inside joke, she adds, "Why, he's as polite now as Bart Starr."

Ray even coaches the Sunday school kids in basketball, and he barks at them to keep them in line. "The louder he barks," Jackie says, "the more they respect him."

Respect is important to Ray Nitschke. His own respect for himself and for his team and his profession, as well as the respect of others for him. When he reads that he has cowed another player with a particularly vicious tackle, he shakes his head firmly. "If a player could be scared, he wouldn't be on the field to begin with," he says. "He wouldn't have survived training camp. When you're playing against this calibre of player you have pride. You have it, and they have it. You hit them so they'll respect you, but you know that no matter how hard you hit them, it won't take a thing away from them. I respect everybody in this league, and the harder they hit the more I respect them."

"Look at the backs like Jimmy Brown and Lenny Moore and Paul Hornung. All the backs in this league can beat you, but these are the backs that have that little extra that scores touchdowns. It's pride that scores points, that gets them across the goal line, that makes them a little different, a little special."

His own pride in being a member of the Green Bay Packers oozes out of him. "The tremendous pride in this team," he says, "it's something you can't express but you feel it. We're from all over the country and we've blended together so good. When you're on the field you must have confidence in the fellows you work with or you're going to be hurting. We all appreciate that no one man is better than his teammates. In Green Bay, where everybody gets to know the families of each other, you get this tremendous feeling of respect for each fellow for what he is."

Andy Puplis probably sums Ray up best of all. Ray has always made it a habit to drop in on his old high-school coach when he comes back to the old neighborhood. "There are great satisfactions in this profession," Puplis says. "Last year, a monitor came into a study class I had and said, 'Mr. Puplis, there's a gentleman waiting outside to see you.' I went out into the hall and there was Ray Nitschke, half turned away from me. I remembered the rough little freshman with all the problems, and I looked at him standing there, neatly dressed, looking like a professor in his horn-rimmed glasses, and just before he turned toward me I thought, 'That boy didn't know how right he was. There is a gentleman waiting to see me.'"



"IF JACK KEMP OPENS A WINDOW . . ."

(Continued from page 36)

door (which he insists he is not). Daryle tends to rely more on the running game, and when he throws, he goes for the long ones. Daryle's short-range and medium-range passing games lack polish. Jack prefers to move the team by passing and he can throw both long and short ("I don't think anyone has a much better passing arm," says Y.A. Tittle, who knew Kemp when Jack was a 49er taxi-squad quarterback).

JUST before the Bills' first home exhibition game last August, Jack talked about his competition with Daryle. (They're roommates on the road and never talk to each other about this competition.) Daryle played enough last year to complete 43 percent of 128 passes for 1137 yards and six touchdowns, while Jack completed 44.2% for 2285 yards and 13 scores. "On the credit side," Jack says, "is the fact that the competition is good for both of us. We won the title with coach Saban using the platoon system the way he did. Daryle did a great job and has a great future, but I feel we would have won had I been playing all the way myself.

"On the debit side, every quarterback likes to go all the way. I grew up in LA where they used to platoon Bob Waterfield and Norm Van Brocklin, and people started to choose favorites there. The players do it, too, and it can split the team right down the middle.

"No quarterback moves the team 100 percent of the time. As you're pulled earlier and earlier, you begin to play for the coach. You lose sight of the purpose of the game because you become too sensitive about your calls. Babe Parilli (of Boston) had games last year—as have all quarterbacks—where he looked bad for two or three quarters and then turned into a hero by making the big play late in the game.

"Some of my bad first quarters could have been turned into good games if I'd stayed in. I was pulled in the first quarter of the Oakland game because I wasn't moving the team. Three weeks later, we won the championship game with me in there all the way. I didn't change into a championship quarterback in three weeks. The myth I had to be saved is overplayed."

Maybe Jack's right. But baseball's Whitey Ford needed his Luis Arroyo at times while the Yankees were winning their championships, so who could fault Saban for using Lamonica as emergency relief for Kemp? In six games last year, Lamonica produced victories after relieving Kemp with the score tied or with Buffalo behind.

Kemp had a good year and had his big days, too. He threw three touchdown passes to beat Kansas City, 34-17, and two in a 48-17 rout of Houston. But in the next-to-last regular-season game against Denver, Saban gave Lamonica his first start. Buffalo won, 30-17, but Daryle completed only six of 21 passes for 89 yards and one touchdown.

On the plane back from Denver, Jack approached Saban. Jack had been doing a lot of thinking about the upcoming game in Boston, which would decide the division title. "I know I can win next week against

Boston," Kemp told Saban. "There may be some rough times, but I know I can hang in there and beat them." Saban didn't make an official comment until after practice the following Saturday. Then he went up to Jack and said, simply: "You're starting."

Buffalo took a 7-0 lead, but the penetrating cold and the snow underfoot wasn't good for a passing quarterback like Kemp. In the second quarter, Jack rolled to his left and tried to throw back across the field. The pass was intercepted. As the offensive unit, which had been losing its momentum, lumbered off the field, Saban patted Jack on the back and told him to take the loss if he didn't have a man open. "He encouraged me," says Jack, "and I got the idea that this was my game. It helps not worrying about being pulled."

Buffalo got the ball back and Kemp threw a 44-yard pass to Warlick. Then, Kemp plunged one yard for a touchdown. Buffalo beat Boston 24-14, then beat San Diego for the AFL title.

The championship quieted some of the critics who said Jack's outside interests hurt his football. "In pro football," says Jack, "people with outside interests seem different. I feel these other pursuits are legitimate and do not interfere with football."

STACKED next to game films in Kemp's room during summer training were, symbolically enough, samples of Jack's off-field interests—several months' copies of William Buckley's *National Review* and an 879-page volume called *Human Action*, by Ludwig von Mises. "Von Mises," says Jack, "is from the Austrian, neo-classical school of economics. He's opposed to deficit spending and Keynesian economics. He's my favorite."

Many more of Kemp's 500 books line the shelves of his beige brick ranch-style home in Hamburg, which is about 15 miles south of Buffalo. He's got all of von Mises' books, all of Buckley's, all of Frederick Hayek's, and all of Leonard Read's. "Just to keep up with the other side of the coin," Jack says, "I've got all of Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s books too. I'm a bibliophile for political and economic books, and I've got a pretty fair collection on communism, socialism and capitalism."

During the '64 political campaign, Kemp, representing the conservative cause, made a number of speeches in western New York. "Here was a great chance for the clear-cut debate between liberal principles and conservative ones," says Jack, "But I was disappointed in the campaign because it never got down to political philosophy. It was just about social security and nuclear war."

Jack stood up to the blitz of two college professors in a debate at Buffalo State Teachers' College before 150 students. He didn't give ground and after it was over, a number of students came up and told him they had never heard conservatism expressed so clearly before. "I enjoyed the polemics," said Jack.

Last May, Jack spent two weeks in Washington representing *Copley Press*, which has a chain of newspapers in California and Illinois. Through his boss, Herb Klein—who was Richard Nixon's press secretary in the '60

campaign—Jack met Nixon, Ford, Laird, Senator George Murphy and other Republican notables.

Jack dined with Nixon, and the former vice-president chatted about football all evening. "I was sorry we didn't get to politics," says Jack. "He did ask me when I was going to run for Congress. I told him I have no political ambitions. My interest is in the philosophy not the mechanics, of politics."

Jack's other intellectual pursuits include music—Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, and Debussy are his favorites—and art—where he especially enjoys French impressionists Monet and Degas. "I also love ballet," says Jack, "because of the way the dancers control their bodies so artistically. I've seen *Swan Lake* a couple of times and the Bolshoi dancers five or six times."

Jack's physical pursuits include skiing. The Kemp home is just 15 minutes from skiing at Glenwood Acres, and Jack packs the family off on week-end ski excursions. The family is Jack, his pretty blonde wife Joanne, his blonde son, Jeffrey, 6, and his blonde daughter Jennifer, 3. Another Kemp, expected in the latter half of football season, will be ready to go along for the ride this winter. "Skiing gives you about the greatest sensation there is," says Jack, who's been skiing for ten years.

Jack gets his other off-season kicks as a productive capitalist. He and Charger tackle Ron Mix own apartment houses in San Diego, and Jack also owns part of a real-estate development there. He owns shares of a water ski company, and he also does TV commercials, a radio show, endorsements and public relations work for a bank.

But arching over his rainbow of enthusiasms is Jack's undimmed yen to play football. "I always had the feeling," says Jack, "even through the darkest times, that it was my destiny to play football." At Fairfax High School in Los Angeles, Jack was a baseball pitcher (on a team with future major-leaguers Larry Sherry and Barry Latman) but football was his No. 1 game.

He was a little quarterback—5-9 and 170 pounds—at Fairfax High and so the big schools passed him up. He enrolled at Occidental and he says, "Everything I did was for one purpose: to play pro ball. I threw the javelin and lifted weights to strengthen my arm." When he came out of Occidental in 1957 as the Detroit Lions' 17th draft choice, he had, he says, "not much more than desire and a strong arm."

JACK had idolized Lions like Charlie Ane and Leon Hart. Now he had to swallow his awe. "Here I was in the huddle" says Jack, "telling them how to run a play. I felt I should ask them to run it. I called signals with a little more force than I felt. Didn't complete a pass for a month."

Coach Buddy Parker had Bobby Layne and Tobin Rote, but he didn't ignore his young quarterback. "He told me," says Jack, "that I had potential." Kemp lasted through four exhibition games with the Lions. He played the third quarter against Washington once, and failed to complete a pass in eight tries.

Just before the regular season started, Parker resigned and went to Pittsburgh as head coach. He gave up

his seventh and ninth draft choices to get Kemp from Detroit. At Pittsburgh, Jack became the relief quarterback behind Earl Morrall. Lenny Dawson was the third man. Kemp completed eight of 18 passes that year, but the next season, '58, the Steelers cut him. Morrall was No. 1 and Dawson, who had been a No. 1 draft choice, became No. 2.

The New York Giants signed Kemp. For half a season, Jack played on the taxi squad. Then Charlie Conerly got hurt, and New York activated Kemp. He stayed on the bench.

WHEN New York signed Utah all-America Lee Grosscup to a no-cut contract for 1959, Jack asked to be traded. "That really burned me up," he says. The Giants gave Jack permission to play in Canada, and he crossed the border with high hopes. And bad luck. Jack signed with Calgary, but so did California's Joe Kapp. Kapp signed for a whopping salary. Naturally, Kapp played. At mid-season, Jack was cut.

"I thought I was through with football," says Jack. He enrolled at Long Beach State to pursue his masters degree in politics and education, but managed to catch on with San Francisco's taxi squad. When the 49ers tried to activate him for the Cleveland game late in November, the NFL ruled him ineligible because he had been with a Canadian team earlier in the season. That ended Kemp's NFL career.

The next year, 1960, he signed with the Los Angeles Chargers in the new AFL. "And I got a no-cut contract," says Jack.

For the next few seasons, Jack went to school in a chalk-lined laboratory 100 yards long. He learned the intricacies of football, the pain of playing with injuries and the joy of success. He learned by doing because coach Gillman installed Jack as first-string quarterback and taught Jack everything he knew. "I was all he had," says Jack.

Lessons came hard at times. There were, for instance, 25 interceptions that first year. But there was no denying Jack, because he had that zip in his arm and that drive to succeed as a pro. So despite his problems, he completed 52 percent of his passes for 3018 yards and 20 touchdowns and when the first All-AFL team was selected, Jack was its quarterback. The Chargers were 10-4 for the year and were Western Division champs. They lost to Houston in the title game. In 1961, Kemp led the Chargers to a 12-2 record, their second straight Western title, and their second straight title-game loss to the Oilers (this one was 10-3).

All the while, Jack bucked the effects of some painful injuries. He had treated them the way a constant debtor treats his creditors. By trying to ignore them. In 1960, after jumping up to flip a screen pass, he went down under three Dallas Texans and took a severe jolt to the right shoulder. He missed one game, played out the final few games and found out after the season that his shoulder had been broken.

In 1961, he threw a successful block on a running play against Kansas City, but separated his left shoulder. Thereafter, the injury made it difficult for him to hand off with his left hand and was so painful he received shots to deaden the shoulder before

each game. Still, Kemp didn't miss a game. "I didn't want to lose my job," he says. In November, the Army classified Kemp 4-F because of his shoulder, and many people taunted him about his deferment.

What hurt Jack most in '61, though, was being jerked out of the lineup a couple of times when the offense wasn't moving. It happened in the season finale—after the Chargers had already clinched the title—when Boston beat San Diego, 41-0. The fans booed Kemp.

Kemp was annoyed with Gillman. "I didn't like it," he says. "I didn't think it was that much my fault. One of our guys missed an audible to mess up a play. And another time my arm was hit as I was about to pass and they intercepted. Gillman had gone all the way with me in tougher games before that."

When San Diego lost the '61 championship game to Houston, Gillman said, "Jack was the victim of a double press in the title game. He pressed, and the Oilers did a pretty good job of pressing him, too."

Gillman had more to say: "He wasn't as serious about football as he should have been. His enthusiasm was superficial. I doubt he checked a playbook all season. He got the idea Jack Kemp was doing it all."

THE next season, Jack Kemp couldn't do much. Early, he ruptured a joint on the middle finger of his throwing hand and was placed on the injured-reserve list. Before one game, Gillman did not pull Kemp off the list. According to a league rule, Kemp was then eligible to be claimed by another AFL team. Buffalo picked

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him up for \$100. "Gillman said he didn't know that rule," says Jack, "and he said he tried to get me back. Other people said he knew what he was doing. I don't know or care." Maybe Gillman felt Kemp's injury was permanently damaging or maybe he felt he couldn't win with Kemp. Maybe there were personal reasons. "Why," Jack inquires, "did he let (Norm) Van Brocklin and (Billy) Wade go when he was with the Los Angeles Rams?"

At any rate, the medics had molded Jack's damaged finger around a football so that it would heal to that curvature (he still can't bend it fully) and off he went to Buffalo.

"His confidence was shaken by the waiver deal," says Buffalo defensive coach Joel Collier, "and our players had their doubts, too. But once he was able to work out again, the players saw his talent and got better opinions of him."

Jack showed the Bills his gun-shot delivery (he's hard to intercept because of his hard throwing and quick release) and his ability to scramble away from onrushing linemen. He played the last four games in '62 and Buffalo won three of them. In '63, he led the team into a play-off game with Boston for the Eastern title. (Buffalo lost it). Last year, of course, Kemp and his club went all the way.

Today, Jack emphasizes how im-

portant it is for a quarterback to show confidence and to instill that confidence in his team. But Jack does so almost with a bit too much bravado. He likes to quote mountain climber Jack Whitaker, who said, "We didn't conquer Mt. Everest, but ourselves, our doubts, our fears, our weaknesses." Jack works at keeping his positive thinking positive.

Yet he is the leader on the team. He's been the Bill's player representative for two years and he represents the AFL players on the pension board. ("During the campaign," says Jack, "I was probably the only Goldwater union man in the country—but our union is completely voluntary.") When Gilchrist was suspended last year for refusing to go back into a ballgame, it was Jack who talked with Gilchrist until three a.m. that night and it was Jack who pleaded Gilchrist's case before the team and before coach Saban. "I just tried to open the paths of communication," says Jack. Cookie apologized to the team and to Saban and was finally reinstated. ("Saban," says Kemp, "told Cookie he'd never forgive him, but that as a man he deserved a chance to return. The team admired Saban for that.") Gilchrist was traded away in the off-season.

Just watching Kemp with his teammates certifies his respected status. Riding to the first home exhibition game against Houston last summer, Jack got on the bus and started to open a window. "Okay," said end Bill Groman, "if Jack Kemp opens a window, everyone else has to open one, too." Jack kept the boys laughing with a story of how his brother-in-law fell off a ski tow into a garbage can and with a description of how Johnny Mathis held two fingers and kept bowing his head to his shins during a recent performance in Buffalo. "Did they introduce the great Jack Kemp during intermission?" said Groman. "Jack Kemp, ladies and gentlemen, the big operator who stays in Buffalo during the winter to pick up a few bills and check his business."

His teammates banter with Jack and listen to him because they respect him as a man and as a ballplayer. Sometimes, though, cutting through the repartee comes a sharp reminder of his stern trials. Like John Tracey's kidding after the Houston licking. And Jack instinctively reacts.

A week after that Houston exhibition game, Lamonia rolled up a 27-0 lead in an exhibition game with the Jets, and Jack came in to preserve it. After the 30-14 victory, Kemp was smiling, but uneasily. He liked the victory, but inwardly he chafed at the average day he himself had had. "Next week," he said, "we'll be going for broke to get ready for opening day. I'll be in there all the way."

COACH Lou Saban insists he believes in the one-quarterback system, but he treats his convictions the way politicians honor promises. He'll stick with them only so long as things go his way. Then watch out for platooning quarterbacks.

So Jack, at 29, started the season as leader, as quarterback of the AFL champions. He did so, sensitive to the challenges, and more determined than ever because of them. "If you're not productive," he said, "you don't deserve any rewards." Jack aimed to be deserving.

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"FAIRLY . . . HE HAS TO EXPLODE"

(Continued from page 47)

for somebody like Ron Fairly, who does everything well, who works hard, who isn't really a star but is so much above the average ballplayer. You don't hear enough about him."

He is not a star. Neither is he the team leader, although the first impression of him in the clubhouse is that he is a monumental Dodger. Jeff Torborg asks his advice on a good furniture store. Dick Tracowski asks his directions to a party. John Roseboro and he huddle about a business appointment.

"DON'T forget," says a member of the Dodger family, "that Ron is a native of this area. He knows his way around. But if you're looking for the leader of the Dodgers, he's not it. Don Drysdale is."

"Fairly is above average in leadership," Alston says. "He'll get up and talk in clubhouse meetings. If he's hitting well, he'll talk about hitting. But there are some who lead more than he does."

Perhaps Fairly has always been a shade too brash to be a leader. The veterans were stunned in 1959, Fairly's first spring training, to hear him joke with the manager around the batting cage. It wasn't that he didn't belong. It was more that he did.

"Was his brashness the natural guise of a young man in a new situation, groping for the proper attitude, the fresh remark to fill an awkward silence, the attempt to become one of the boys too soon?" Jack Mann asked this question in *Newsday* in 1961.

"I think that may have been the thing," Fairly told Mann. "A lot of times I didn't know what to say. I thought I might have made somebody mad if I said the wrong thing. I guess I just didn't know how to act."

His way of acting has remained consistent. He speaks for himself, speaks well, speaks without hesitation.

—When Juan Marichal clubbed John Roseboro over the head with a baseball bat in August and was fined \$1750 and suspended eight days, Fairly was the most outraged Dodger: "It's sickening," he said. "Marichal should be suspended 1750 days for doing something like that."

—When a reporter marvelled that both Koufax and Drysdale would pitch 300 innings this year, Fairly said, "I'm going to play in 161 games myself. Sure, they're both doing a great job. So are a lot of other people."

He has opinions on most matters; his opinions make sense. He is a well-spoken, well-paid, well-regarded Dodger. And, in 1965, an indispensable Dodger.

Suddenly he was batting cleanup and manager Alston was saying, "We have to get a good year from Fairly." Suddenly there was new responsibility; in a very real sense, Fairly had to carry the team.

"The way I see it," Fairly said, "Maury has to get on base and I have to drive him in. Otherwise, we don't win."

It was a little more complex. Wills would lead off and he would get on base. Then he would break for second and Gilliam would swing for right field. Then Willie Davis would be up, and after him, Fairly. Usually with runners on base.

"I have always hit well with runners on base," Fairly says (he said it

once at 1:11 of his first interview with a New York reporter). "Ever since I came up."

"This is what I like about Ron," Wills says. "He thinks he drives in big runs and he admits it. I agree with him. He does drive in big runs. And I give him credit for talking about it. I don't believe in that false modesty business. What good does it do to hang your head down and say, 'Aw, shucks, I've just been lucky?'"

Fairly doesn't say that he's been lucky. He says he's been mercenary. "Carl Furillo told me something when I was breaking in," Fairly recalls. "He said you never see teammates on the bases. You see dollar signs. I liked that idea. I liked it a lot."

It was the kind of thing an old pro would tell a young pro. And this young pro had been around. He knew what kind of slogan to adopt. He knew who to watch and imitate. On that team, there were dozens of old pros.

"I was amazed to be sitting on the bench, listening to those guys—guys I considered to be all-time greats," he recalls. "Gee, the year before, I was watching them on TV."

The first was Furillo, whose arm and legs were going and who thought he might like to be a coach some day. The veteran took the young man fishing and taught him how to play right field.

Then there was Duke Snider, another outspoken Southern Californian. They roomed together for a while. "As far as I am concerned, Duke was the greatest," Fairly says. "It was a privilege to know him."

AND when it became evident that Gil Hodges might not last out the 20th Century at first base, nobody had to write a memo to Hodges to work with the young red-head. "Gil showed me everything," Fairly says.

There was also something called Dodger Class. That is what Leonard Shecter calls it. They had it in Brooklyn and they still have it. The men in that clubhouse talk to reporters when they win or lose; they talk well. One must credit the management; one must also praise the players; there is also the possibility that the lively Brooklyn press corps conditioned the Dodgers to communicate. It lasted to this day.

"The first thing is winning," Fairly says, his voice rising on the final word. "On this team, you are expected to win. You develop pride in winning. But if you lose, you lose with pride. If I make an error to lose a game, sure, I'm mad. But I should be man enough to explain it, too. The others always did."

It seems that Ron was always ready for the Dodgers. His father, Carl, had been a Triple A player for a decade and the son learned from the father.

When the Dodgers wandered into the Coliseum in 1958, drooling at the left-field screen and raging at the distant right-field fence, Fairly, then a student at the University of Southern California, was there. He and his USC teammates sneaked in one afternoon and took batting practice. The left-handed Fairly bombed two home runs to right field. Duke Snider was later to turn grey trying it.

An \$80,000 bonus made Fairly leave USC after two years. He played 15

games with the Dodgers in the fall of 1958 and Alston realized he might not have to wait forever for Ron Fairly.

"The first game he played was in left field," Alston recalls. "Somebody hit a high fly ball. Any other kid would have put his glove up and backed up for the ball. Fairly ran back to the screen, sighted the ball and made the catch. I know he got good coaching at USC from (Rod) De-deaux. But this was unusual. He acted like he'd been playing all his life."

It wasn't quite that easy. Fairly hit only .238 for the Dodgers in 1959 and that earned him a full year at Spokane in 1960. He was ready the next year. He hit .322 for the Dodgers in 1961. Then the club moved north along the Harbor Freeway into Chavez Ravine and Fairly hasn't seen .300 since.

"It took me three years to get used to Dodger Stadium," he said this summer. "I finally learned but it wasn't easy."

At first, Ron Fairly clashed with the very pretty pastel colors of Dodger Stadium. He had a bright red neck. He grew furious at the distant fences (330-410-330) and dead air. "I hit a ball and I say, 'That's gone,'" he sighs. "Then it doesn't even reach the warning track. I have the stroke down pat. I hit the ball 365 feet, the fence is 370 feet away."

Old Dodger hands recall Fairly's rage when he first inspected the ballpark early in 1962. He is rumored to have casually mentioned to Bavasi that the fences were too deep, they curved at wrong angles, the park faced the wrong direction, minor things like that.

"Sure, I was defiant at first," Fairly said this summer. "Sure, I would have laid the park out different—but I wasn't asked. For instance, they say the wind blows from left to right field but that isn't quite so. It actually curls around the park and blows in from right field and out again toward left field. Actually, the wind favors a righthanded hitter in this park."

"Sure, if I laid out this park, I would have moved the fences only 300 feet away. I'd have moved the pitcher's mound back. But I'm a hitter. A pitcher would do the opposite. And this ballpark helps the kind of team we have. I can understand that."

But all the understanding fades when he slugs a drive that is caught in Los Angeles and would have gone out anywhere else in the league. "I've broken a bat in St. Louis and still hit it over the roof," he says. "I've got to remember where I am. I get back from the road and say to myself, 'Now wait a minute.'"

FAIRLY'S best ammunition is a level swing to any field. "I try to keep them from bunching up on me," he says. "But I'll still try to jerk one out with nobody on or two outs. I can't expect (Jim) LeFebvre to drive in the run. I've got to do it."

When the dead air holds up a drive, pushes it back, drops it into a fielder's glove, Fairly turns livid red below his batting helmet. He fires the helmet toward the dugout and Dodgers scatter. The helmets have put on more miles than the Dodgers' plane; their landings are hardly as smooth.

"He'll throw his bat," Maury Wills says. "It'll bounce, once, twice, three times. He could hurt somebody that way. We back away when he strikes out. He fires that helmet—bam!—right on the ground."

"Some of us think you shouldn't act like that. Roseboro and I, for instance, will come back and not say a word. But Fairly . . . he has to explode. That's the way he is. And I'm saying this affectionately, mind you. I'm not being critical of him."

"There's this water cooler in our dugout. It has spike marks all over it, some great big dents. I would say that 99 percent of the damage was done by Fairly. That water cooler is just a wreck, like the Leaning Tower. They finally put a wooden shield around it, to protect Fairly and the water cooler."

"He's very emotional. I used to say it's a wonder he doesn't have an ulcer. But I guess that's why he doesn't. He gets it out of him."

When Fairly is not raging at the dead air of Chavez Ravine, he is raging at his own slowness. "He'll be out by half a step on a ball one of us might have beaten out," Wills says. "He gets mad and says, 'If I could only run like Wills or Davis . . . Heck, I've offered to trade him my running ability for his hitting ability any time.'"

"Everybody says things even out in baseball," Wills continues, "and usually they do. But Wally Moon has been keeping track of Fairly's hits for four years now. And Fairly's behind, three to one. For every ball that just falls in, he has three line drives that go right at somebody. Does that make him mad?"

Fairly is not in a constant rage. His rages seem to coincide with his hitting slumps. "If he has a real weakness, that's it," Alston said a few years ago. "Some players get a little down when they're slumping. Fairly has a blooming fit."

By this summer, the manager had toned his attitude down to, "Yes, he does have a little RA to him." RA is baseball's slang for, well, redneck.

"Sure, I'm an RA," Fairly admits. "You play this game long enough, you're bound to. It's a frustrating game. Sure, some men don't have the RA. Guys like Aaron and Mays. What do they have to be RA about? If I made \$100,000 a year, I wouldn't be RA, either."

The baseball season runs from April to October but Fairly's have been known to run shorter than that. "Fairly seems to stop hitting the last month or two," says Giant coach Cookie Lavagetto. "I used to do the same thing myself. I'd get tired. It's a long season. Maybe it's that way with him."

People remember that Fairly stopped hitting in September of 1962 when the Dodgers let the Giants catch them. "A lot of us stopped hitting that year," Maury Wills reminds. Last September, with the Dodgers out of contention, Fairly had a .227 batting average.

This year he was hitting .305 with 49 RBI at the All-Star break. "He's carried the club," Bavasi said. "He's done better this year than he's ever done before. But the season lasts six months, not three."

Fairly anticipated a slump. "Every hitter has them, unless you're a Ted Williams or somebody like that. I'm no exception. I can get hot for a couple of weeks and then I cool off. When that happens, I try not to let it bother me. I try to come back the next day."

"Take the day I went 0-for-4 in San Francisco. We were going out to Paoli's for dinner whether we won or

for all one-headed men!

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lost. You can't change that part of your life. You can't go home and take it out on your wife, either. She didn't strike you out."

Just about everybody but Mary Fairly was striking Ron out during August. He knew exactly where his troubles started. A band of tape around his left wrist helped remind him. "I got jammed by a pitch in Pittsburgh," he recalled. "It was just after the All-Star break. The bat really stung the inside of my left thumb. There's a cord along the thumb and the nerves in that cord were affected. It got so bad that I couldn't stand any pressure on it at all."

"So I changed my wrist stance to avoid pressure and I hurt the wrist. Now I'm taping the wrist every night but I know it's not right. They don't give me any pain-killer for it. They say it'll heal faster this way."

He and Alston had a conference about it. "The manager told me he didn't care how much it hurt me," Fairly said. "He said I had to play. I took it as a compliment."

That's exactly what it was. "I know Ron is hurting," Wills said. "But the way it is, you have to show blood before you can ask out on this team. We don't have any replacements, except at third base. I had hemorrhages in my leg, it was like raw hamburger. But I couldn't ask to rest knowing that Sandy was pitching with arthritis, that Fairly was playing with a bad wrist."

"And I know it hurt Ron, too. As captain, I make it my duty to understand these things. Ron must say to himself, 'I hit .285 but I would have hit 20 points higher if I sat out while

my wrist healed.' People have a funny way of looking at the statistics. I just hope they remember what he did for the club."

"There's only one man I want to remember that I played while I was hurt," Fairly said. "That's Buzzie."

Fairly has a reputation as a slick contract negotiator but he says, "I'd argue about the reputation. I know what I'm getting and it doesn't back up that point."

"He hasn't gotten anything more than he deserves," Bavasi says. "You talk about leadership; your leader for most players is your contract. Fairly wants to take care of his family."

Fairly knows a professional attitude when he hears one. "The most important thing in my life is my family," he says. "If somebody said I couldn't play baseball any more, I could live. I love baseball but my family comes first." Ron and Mary Fairly live in Northridge, in the San Fernando Valley, with their two sons. They have a lovely home complete with swimming pool.

To Ron Fairly, his family probably does come first. And Maury Wills and Jim Gilliam are probably dollar signs to Fairly, too. But when September rolled around and the vise of the National League began to tighten, the baserunners were more than dollar signs.

They were also responsibility; they were a pennant, waiting out there for Fairly to drive them home. They were an opportunity for Fairly to earn the rule that had suddenly been thrust on him. The best opportunity he would ever have to become indispensable for good.

THE AUTOMATED HOCKEY STAR

(Continued from page 55)

a great team player but he carried it to extremes. He was trying to wait and make his pass extra-perfect. Now he passes more quickly or takes the shot himself. So we get two or three chances, instead of just one, or maybe none."

If Ullman has a weakness, it's his shot, which lacks the speed of Hull's or Howe's. But Hull says that Ullman penetrates so deeply behind enemy lines he's able to score with a shot of just average velocity. "He gets in close enough, then he shoots for the corners," Hull says, "and often gets them."

But "a Hull" Ullman will never be, and he knows it. "Bobby is stronger," Ullman concedes, "and has a much harder shot, and he gets a lot more chances. I'm not the type of goal scorer that overwhelms goalies so I rarely slap the puck the way Bobby does. I move in closer. I have to be in the right spot at the right time."

Right-spotmanship is an art which Ullman demeans by his modesty, but it is an art nonetheless and it wins hockey games. It saved a game for Detroit one night in Montreal when the Red Wings were behind the Canadiens by a goal with 25 seconds to go.

The puck slid from a face-off in Canadian territory to the blue line, then was shot behind the Montreal goal. Ullman subtly planted himself in front of the Montreal net, anticipat-

ing by several seconds a pass which Alex Delvecchio eventually relayed to him. In one motion Ullman flicked the puck into the net, exactly one second before the game ended.

Because of his strength and piranha-like tenacity, Ullman is virtually indestructible. Once, a tendon in his left foot was so badly bruised doctors mummified it with bandages and insisted that Ullman use crutches. He used the crutches to get himself to the dressing room. Then he parked them in a corner, removed the bandages from his foot and played the game as if nothing was the matter.

"The doctors didn't want me to walk on it," he says, "but I wanted to play. I hated to miss a game. I figure every game you miss, you lose a chance to score a couple of goals or assists and help win the game."

This has been the Ullman philosophy since he began playing organized hockey for the Red Wing-sponsored Maple Leaf A.C. in Edmonton at the age of ten. He was born in Provost, Alberta, on December 26, 1935, and attended school in Edmonton with singer Robert Goulet. But Ullman quit high school at the age of 17 to devote himself to hockey.

"Looking back," he says, "I feel I was real foolish to give up my education. I was hoping all along that I could make it in pro hockey but I was never sure that I could go all the way. If I hadn't made it in hockey I don't

know what I'd be doing now. No doubt, quitting school was the biggest gamble of my life."

But he won the gamble. In 1954, at the age of 19, he set a record for a 36-game schedule by scoring 101 points for the Edmonton Junior Oil Kings. The Red Wings promoted him to the Edmonton Flyers for the 1954-55 season and to Detroit the following season.

Ullman, his wife, Bibiane, son Gordon, 9, (named after Gordie Howe), and daughters Linda, 6, and Lori, 3, live in Edmonton during the off-season and rent a house in Detroit during the hockey year. They drive a 1964 maroon Chevy station wagon, play bridge, golf and indulge intensively—and sometimes expensively—in following the horses.

Though it is Ullman's policy to answer every letter he receives, he scrupulously avoids attending banquets where he'd be asked to make a speech. "I don't mind talking to one or two people," he says. "But not a crowd. It's just my nature to be that way."

Perhaps it is significant that last year Bobby Hull jetted to Hawaii to model a new line of sportswear and Gordie Howe toured Canada as a public-relations man for a department store chain. All Norm Ullman did was make a short commercial for a Detroit television station.

"It was for a garage-door opener," says Ullman.

Automated.

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JOHNNY UNITAS' BODYGUARD

(Continued from page 51)

Jordan is "seven times more agile than Grier and they got Nitschke behind him so you know they ain't afraid to gamble."

Each week belongs to a different set of moves. On Wednesday, maybe he and Mae will go out to visit some friends and while she is putting the kids to bed, Jim Parker will wander out into the yard in his business suit and tie and he will say, "Now, that tree is the center and that air, that's Henry Jordan. And when Mae Parker comes out the door she will find him in a three-point stance."

"But Friday and Saturday," Jim Parker says, "well, they're the worst. You play this mental checker game all week and you think about what's ahead of you and then I guess you get real evil. You can't sleep. And by Sunday, I'm a wreck. Once I went to the park and I remember I heard Art Donovan throwing up in the bathroom and I said, 'What's the matter, old man, you nervous?' And he said, 'Jim, when I don't get nervous this way, then I quit.' And he's right."

"Well," a fellow suggested, "it's got to happen to you some day."

"Yes, it does," Jim Parker said, "and I want to be ready when it does. I got this place called Jim Parker's Pub in Baltimore and now I'm going to invest in real estate because when it comes, I'm getting out. I never want to get old out there. I had to sweat for everything I got on that field. June to January, I can't eat a good meal because I got a weight problem so your belly's only half full and I guess that makes you a little evil, too. I always wanted to be the best blocker in college and I won the Outland

Award so I guess I might have been. And I wanted to be the best up here and whether I got that far or not I know I been doing some things right so I never want anybody to look at me out on that field and say, 'Jim Parker would have put that guy in his hip-pocket five years ago.'"

It is still a long way from that and in his heart Jim Parker knows it. So for the present it remains Jim Parker and his 14 wars. Some of them are classics. Don Shula, his coach, calls him the "greatest who ever played this game." Shula recalls with a professional's excitement the way it was when Jim Parker and Roger Brown of the Lions first brought their 573 pounds together.

"We had just moved Jim to guard and it was Brown's rookie year in the league and on the first play they came together and I have never seen anything like it in my life," says Shula. "There was this kind of explosion and neither man would give up and the play seemed to last an hour and they kind of hung there in a stalemate and, finally, Jim knocked him rump over heels."

Jim Parker takes a great pride in that meeting. He is, of course, a man of infinite pride. He is not fool enough to insist that pride alone keeps him in this violent business but he could understand exactly what the late Big Daddy Lipscomb was speaking of the night they almost had their fistfight on the way to speak at a banquet in Annapolis.

"Daddy was good to me," he says. "He worked with me when I first came here. He taught me how to get by, how to react, how to hold if I had to. Of course," he says, that gigantic

smile exploding from ear to ear, "I would never do that."

"But anyway, there was this night we were driving in to speak at a high-school banquet and he was saying that it was all pride and, of course, I was just gassing him a little so I said, 'If they take the paycheck away from you and let you play all you want for nothing, what would you do then?' And he got so damn mad he wanted to fight me."

"But it is pride. There ain't much hoorah and hooray down in front when you start hitting each other. But you understand and the guy you hit, he understands. That's why you can go out and drink beer together and try to put each other down a little like we would never do in public and maybe even laugh together. It's like two guys who might have been at the Battle of the Bulge, you know, and like, well, they was on opposite sides but they know how it was—I mean they know how it really was."

"That's why I'm glad about the AFL and the Canadian League and those new minor leagues. You know I seen guys sneak out of camp in the middle of the night with their bags packed because they're ashamed. I've seen them sit right out there on the lawn, and they wonder to themselves what kind of story they're gonna tell when they get home . . . how the coach didn't like them or there weren't any jobs anyway."

"Everybody's got something he wants deep inside. Them other leagues, they give a man a chance to prove it to himself. I remember a kid up here one year with a big, expensive hi-fi in his room and you know he had enough money—or his old man did—to buy the club and he couldn't make it and he wanted to cry. Well, there has to be a place for

that kind of boy, too, you know."

And with all the humor with which his teammates identify him and all the violence through which his opponents know him, this is a side of Jim Parker which rarely shows so nakedly. In college when he was on his way to becoming the best collegiate blocker in America, Jim Parker stayed in his room night after night and talked football with Don Clarke, his roommate. He used to say back then that if he could only play two years of pro ball, then he could get the two things he most wanted in life. He could buy a house and pay it off and he could satisfy himself that he had belonged.

"Outside of my wife and three guys I can think of," he says candidly, "there ain't anybody else who really knows me. I'm a loner. I mean I laugh and joke but if I got a problem, it's my problem and if I got a headache, it's mine, too. I don't let anybody get to know me. I keep my business inside me. I don't want to know anybody else's."

Except, of course, for John Unitas'. John Unitas' business is very much Jim Parker's. He says he is not Johnny Unitas' bodyguard—"ain't no one man in the world can keep five off another man's back. It just ain't possible." But, says Lenny Moore:

"Nobody is gonna mess around with that man (Unitas) just because he (Parker) IS there. You might take a shot at him (Parker) if you got mixed up but once you found out who he was, you'd damn well quick apologize. He don't know his own strength. Yes, I'd say his being there discourages a lot of people when they think they might hit our quarterback a little late. Look, I know that when Johnny

drops back, he knows that he don't have to look up into a big load of meat charging down his throat too many times with Jim playing at guard."

"He's probably the best pass blocker around," Unitas says, cautiously giving the credit due the rest of his offensive line. "He's so damn strong and wide, you know, and then he has this immense pride. You just know he's going to do a job for you."

The relationship between a quarterback and his blockers is an artery-to-heart kind of thing and to Jim Parker it is very easy to put into words.

"We're just the bread," Parker said recently. "He's the butter. Look, if I break my arm, I can still play. If he breaks his, we're dead. So I got to feel like if anybody's arm gets broken, it had better be mine. The good ones, well, they'll hit clean and what the hell, that's all you have a right to expect. But if somebody hits him after the whistle, you know, it's like if a real big kid hits your kid, you want to kill him. If it's a kid the same size, well, you let them settle it. It's the same thing here. It's a known fact none of us eat if he gets hurt."

"He's got so much guts. I've seen him bleedin' from his ears and his mouth and his nose. The Bears broke his nose and he was bleedin' like a haw and he threw the winning touchdown pass. And it was the most horrifying thing I ever saw because my man was the one that hit him."

"Well, like you say," a visitor offered, "you're all pros but things happen. One year Paul Dickson kicked Unitas and you kicked Paul Dickson."

"Look, if a man wants to play tit, I'll play tat. Yeah, he kicked him. Then I kicked Dickson and then you

know what I did?" Jim Parker said as he exploded into a great big laugh. "I ran straight to the referee and I hollered, 'Hey, there's a wild man comin' and he wants to start a fight.' But it didn't work. We both got tossed out and we both got the 50 buck fine."

"But didn't you appeal it?"

"Now I'll tell you about that," Jim Parker said. "My wife and I, well, we live on a strict budget. You know she handles the money and, well, a couple of years ago I used to take just eight dollars with me on the road and Weeb (Ewbank) was the coach then and he used to kid me. He used to yell at me: 'Hey, big man, how much money your wife give you this time?'"

"But anyway we do budget real strict and this day we were just sitting there thinkin' that we only had ten bucks between us because it was the end of the week when the mail came and it had the 50 bucks in it from the commissioner's office. I told her God sent it, but she didn't believe me."

"You know," a man observed, "you just may be the biggest puzzle in this damn game. You have to admit that this is a hell of a violent way to make a living. And yet you go around like the happiness hour even when you're churning up inside. How, by what reasoning power, can you reconcile this kind of thing?"

"I'll tell you," Jim Parker said, relighting his pipe, "my kids like to eat and the thing they like to eat is meat. Now if a man beats me bad enough then the thing they are going to have to eat is cereal. But if I do it to him, then let him go out and buy the cereal. So I got to keep Johnny U. just as neat and clean as I can."

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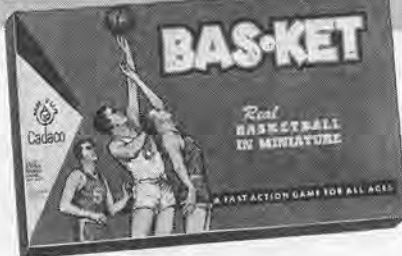


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THE DANGERS OF BEING A WORLD SERIES HERO

(Continued from page 32)

that it can make you very complacent."

The next spring, Turley threw and ran and worked as hard as he always did. Or at least he thought he did.

"But all the glory changes your mental attitude," he says. "All winter you lead a life of excitement, going to this dinner and that dinner or making an appearance here or there, and you forget the most important thing—your physical conditioning and your mental attitude. It's not the dinners or the appearances themselves. They're only a small part. It's everybody telling you how great you are, from the hotel bellhop to the president of a large corporation. With all this you get to think you're untouchable and you forget how hard you worked to achieve all you did in the Series. There's another thing, too, especially for a pitcher. Once you're a Series hero, the hitters bear down more on you."

Once you're a Series hero, other people bear down more, too. Such as the Selective Service people.

In 1955 Johnny Podres not only was the hero, he was the hero of the first Dodger team to win a Series. Podres had shut out the Yanks in the seventh game and that night people in Brooklyn literally danced in the streets. Podres danced, too, at the Dodger victory party. The next morning he began to capitalize on his headlines. He collected \$6000 in a two-week appearance tour.

Shortly after he returned to his Witherbee, New York, home in the Adirondack mountains, he received a letter from his draft board.

It ordered him to report for a physical exam. Two years earlier he had been classified 4F because of a chronic back injury. This time he was judged fit for service.

Podres, 23 and single, was in no position to gripe. But a newsman asked Ted Williams about the Podres situation.

"If Podres had lost the Series," said Williams, the U.S. Marine pilot veteran of World War II and Korea, "he wouldn't have to worry about going into service. When he became a World Series hero, some politician said, 'Why isn't this big, strong kid in service?' If Podres is physically able to go into the service now, why wasn't he the last two years?"

In March, Podres was inducted into the Navy. In October he was given a medical discharge.

"When I took my boot camp at Bainbridge, Maryland," Podres says now, "a doctor there wanted to discharge me right away. But there was too much pressure, I guess, and they kept me in."

The pressure was created by the spotlight on the World Series hero. This spotlight also illuminates a man's character and reputation. For better or for worse. Fairly or unfairly.

It illuminated Sandy Koufax in 1963 as a young man of quiet dignity. But it illuminated Don Larsen in 1956 as a direct descendant of John Barleycorn.

Don Larsen has been in the major leagues for 13 years but mention his name and people think of two things: his Perfect Game and his playboy reputation. Until he pitched the Perfect Game his playboy reputation was a comparatively private

thing. But after his Perfect Game his private life suddenly was public property.

"I'll admit I liked to have a little fun," Larsen says, "but the way people talked about me, it made it sound like every night was New Year's Eve. If it was, I never would've lasted 13 years in the majors."

The night before his Perfect Game he went out with a sportswriter friend, Arthur Richman, now the promotion director of the New York Mets. "We had dinner at a place on West 57th Street in New York, a place owned by an old Giant outfielder, Bill Taylor," Richman recalls, "and then we sat around a while and we got a cab and went to Don's hotel. We split a pizza and then he went to bed around midnight. But I don't know how many times I've been in bars where a guy will say 'I was with Larsen the night before his Perfect Game and he was stiff as a goat' and I'll say, 'Really, you were with him, huh, tell me all about it?' It just goes to show you what a guy's reputation will do."

Larsen had another problem that

The SPORT Quiz



Answers from page 10

1 Norm Van Brocklin. 2 Jim Bunning. 3 b. 4 Roy Campanella, 1953. 5 Byron Nelson. 6 Lou Groza. 7 Stan Musial. 8 Maurice Richard, Bernie Geoffrion, Bobby Hull. 9 True. 10 Pete Reiser, Brooklyn Dodgers. 11 Ohio State. 12 11. 13 c. 14 True. 15 Tommy Davis, San Francisco 49ers. 16 Minnie Minoso, Chicago White Sox.

winter: the strenuous travel involved in an appearance tour.

"I enjoyed it for a few weeks," Larsen says, "but then I got tired of all the people and everything all at once. When I got tired of it, I went home."

The 1959 hero, Larry Sherry, had the same problem. But he couldn't afford to go home. He needed the money.

As a relief pitcher, he had won two games and saved two others for the Los Angeles Dodgers. But he had begun that season in the minors. His total salary was \$6600. In addition to his Series share he had an opportunity to make a lucrative appearance tour for a clothing firm. "I hit 15 cities in 17 days," Sherry recalls, "and the travel was rough. I'd come into a city the night before and the next morning there would be a press conference waiting for me. Then I'd make appearances at a few stores in the afternoon and go to a dinner and then fly on to the next city."

That was in November and December. In January the banquet circuit began for Sherry, as it does for every

player who becomes a Series hero.

"You're on the go the whole month," Sherry says, "and it's rough. You get expenses, but no money. But I felt it was something I should do. If it hadn't been for baseball, I wouldn't have been a World Series hero. By appearing at the big baseball banquets, I was able to give back something of what I owed to baseball."

Most Series heroes feel the same way, but that doesn't mean they like the travel.

When Sandy Koufax twice defeated the Yankees in 1963, he agreed to appear at a banquet that winter in Calgary, Alberta, in western Canada. Some weeks later he accepted an invitation to the New York Baseball Writers Dinner at which he would be honored as the Player of the Year.

"When I wrote down the New York dinner on my schedule," Koufax recalls, "I realized the Calgary dinner was the night before."

Some players might have attempted to make excuses to get out of one of the dinners. Not Koufax. He appeared in Calgary with his tuxedo and an airline timetable. The next morning he was up early, boarded a jet to Toronto, transferred to a flight to New York and arrived on the dais with minutes to spare. "If we had been grounded by snow," he said that evening, "I wouldn't have made it."

Traveling the winter banquet circuit can be hazardous. Ralph Terry, the 1962 hero for the Yankees, remembers one dangerous trip.

"We were in Rochester (New York) for the Hickok Dinner," Terry says, "and then we took a little plane to Jamestown, New York. The next day we were supposed to fly on to Buffalo but when we woke up there was a snowstorm. So we had to hire a car and we drove those icy roads to Buffalo. It was no fun. But it was better than flying in that stuff."

The banquet circuit creates other problems. The food, for one thing. The cocktail parties for another.

"You get soft from all that banquet food," Terry says. "And everybody is always after you to have a drink with them. In January you should be working out in a gym or someplace, getting ready to go to spring training. Instead you're going all over the country and it's like you were on a cloud. By the end of the banquet circuit, you're usually overweight. It's bad for you." Says Sherry: "I was about eight pounds overweight. And I was soft physically."

Koufax, strangely, lost weight on his tour of the banquet circuit.

"I was about eight pounds underweight when I reported for spring training in 1964," Koufax says. "I didn't really eat at these banquets. As soon as I sat down on the dais, the people would come up for autographs and that's all I did until the speeches started."

Koufax isn't really complaining when he speaks of his problems as a World Series hero. Neither is Lou Burdette.

"Problems?" says Burdette. "I didn't have any problems after I won those three games against the Yankees. Oh, there were a few little things. But nothing big. I'd love to win three games again in a World Series. It's nice having those problems."

And then Burdette pauses and remembers the headlines and he smiles. "It's like," he says, "the problems of a millionaire."

(Continued from page 43)

the league with 65 catches last year. 6—Del Shofner, New York, 7 points—Most coaches would gamble on him, even though he's had ulcers and other physical ailments. Has deceptive gait and is one of the toughest men in league to cover one-on-one. Respect for his deep threat leaves him open for a lot of short hitches.

Tight Ends:

1—Mike Ditka, Chicago, 62 points—Almost a runaway choice. Named by every coach. He is unusual for tight end because he catches deep. Bears split him a couple of paces to give him maneuvering room. He's best downfield blocker, too. His 75 catches ranked second in league among all receivers. Really hard-nosed attitude. A star from moment he broke into lineup in 1961.

2—Ron Kramer, 26 points—Played out option with Green Bay and, ironically, was picked up as a backup defensive end by Detroit. But may well go back to tight end because Kramer's a better spot and hook receiver and a better in-the-line blocker than Ditka. At 245 pounds, he's almost like a third tackle. Was a big factor in the strong Packer running game, and murder on safeties when they had to pick him up on slant passes.

3—Jim Gibbons, Detroit, 24 points—Lions wouldn't trade him for anybody, which is why Kramer was shifted. Coming off greatest season, Gibbons is a good possession receiver—"A winner," says one opposing coach—and a steady performer for seven seasons. The Lions' all-time leading pass-receiver. Good angle blocker.

4—Pete Retzlaff, Philadelphia, 22 points—Miscast as a tight end, but that's where Eagles need him most. Pete has the size to handle a tight end's blocking, but he's quick and clever enough to play outside. Excellent hands and mobility are his strong points.

5—John Mackey, Baltimore, 5 points—Could be right up with Ditka as a combination strongboy-receiver if he'd stay healthy. Played injured most of last year and didn't miss much time. When he came up in 1963, they questioned his hands, but he specializes in catching long bombs.

6—Marlin McKeever, Los Angeles, 3 points—Some think the Rams have spoiled the potentially best middle linebacker in league by making him a tight end. Rams, however, think he'll be in Ditka's class by end of '65. He's built along the same lines and has fierce desire. Spent four years on defense.

Offensive Tackles:

1—Forrest Gregg, Green Bay, 62 points—The best man at this position is a 32-year-old veteran who intended to retire in '64 and who may not play much tackle this season. The ten-year vet is most versatile offensive lineman of all. He's a disciplined, hustling blocker, with outstanding speed. In pre-season games the Packers used him at guard.

2—Roosevelt Brown, New York, 16 points—Getting by largely on his reputation. After a dozen years, Rosey's knees feel wear and tear and occasionally he'll grab a guy as he's going by. That's 15 yards. But he's

still a quick 255-pounder, equally adept on running plays or pass blocking. A 27th-round draft choice who developed into an all-time star.

3—Dick Schafrath, Cleveland, 13 points—Five-year regular at left tackle. Built himself into pro size by putting 35 pounds onto his college weight (220) at Ohio State. Opponents don't regard him as strongest guy in world for his position, but he's quick and had his best grading year in '64.

4—Bob Brown, Philadelphia, 12 points—On physical potential, he's the coming superstar among the league's offensive linemen. He'll play at 300 pounds without sacrificing quickness. His forte is pass protection, though he still has problems with certain moves that only experience can overcome.

5—Tie, Grady Alderman, Minnesota, and Charley Bradshaw, Pittsburgh, 9 points each—Alderman's the only left-over from the Vikings' original draft pool of NFL talent in 1961. He's an all-out performer, though limited by physical resources. At 240, he's not quite big enough to handle some of the defensive giants in the NFL, but gives it 100 percent. Bradshaw's as good as any tackle in firing out on running plays but lags a shade on his pass protection. Has ideal size at 6-6 and 260.

6—Bob Vogel, Baltimore, 7 points—Made the All-Pro lists last season as a sophomore tackle. Exceptional blocker on pass protection. A regular on left side from moment he joined the Colts out of Ohio State.

Guards:

1—Jim Parker, Baltimore, 63 points—Twelve of the 14 NFL coaches picked him No. 1. Made transition from All-Pro tackle to All-Pro guard without a hitch. Only Unitas and Jim Brown drew more votes in poll. He's extremely strong trapper and impossible to get around on pass rush. He's unusual lineman for his size because he's quick in a short space, with fine balance. Only flaw—not real tough by nature.

2—John Gordy, Detroit, 25 points—Features great running ability. He can pull and stay ahead of all backs on wide plays and still is big enough (250) to handle defensive tackles on straight ahead stuff. He's also a good second-effort man who goes downfield head-hunting. Style is a lot like Forrest Gregg, but doesn't quite have the Packer star's agility.

3—Ken Gray, St. Louis, 24 points—The leader of the Cardinal offensive line in all ways. His excellent outside speed leads on wide running plays. He's quick pulling out of the line. A seven-year veteran who has progressed steadily since Cards grabbed him after he flunked with Green Bay. Small school (Howard Payne) product.

4—Gene Hickerson, Cleveland, 10 points—One of the underrated linemen in football, according to his coach. The big guy from Mississippi started pro life as a messenger guard on the right side, but became full-timer in '63. As a former high-school fullback, he's quick enough to lead running plays. Couple of coaches say he's not as strong as you might want on pass protection.

5—Charley Cowan, Los Angeles, 7 points—A budding star of the NFL,

but might not stay at guard. Coach Swede Sware's thinking of moving him to tackle. Charley's a growing boy at 6-5, 277 pounds and still learning his job after starring at end for New Mexico Highlands.

6—Irv Goode, St. Louis, 5 points—If he's behind running mate Ken Gray, it's only because Irv has less experience. This is his fourth year in league, and he's played all three positions along the interior offensive line. Ideal size and speed.

Centers:

1—Jim Ringo, Philadelphia, 45 points

—In his second career. Trade from Packers to Eagles last year rejuvenated him. The prototype of the modern center against 4-3-4 defense. One of few quick enough to block to the "on" side, even though he's lost a touch of his old speed. Where he's responsible for one man, he always gets a piece of him. Not as strong as most centers.

2—Mick Tingelhoff, Minnesota, 44 points—The heir apparent, if he hasn't already taken over. His strong point is picking up a blitz on pass protection, one of the most important duties in today's offense. Impressed Colts, particularly the way he cut down Gino Marchetti. Has uncanny instinct on option blocking. Vikings signed him as a free agent.

3—Bob DeMarco, St. Louis, 35 points—Originally drafted as a guard, but switched to center as a soph pro in 1962 and fitted in beautifully. Rated stronger with coaches in Eastern Conference than Ringo (who got biggest support from West), primarily because he's 26 and Ringo is 33. Severe back injury last season threatened his career, but he seems okay now.

4—Mike Pyle, Chicago, 11 points—If he could play back to '63 form, this Yale grad would be second to none. He's a big center (250 pounds) and stronger against guys who play over his nose on "odd" defenses. Last year he was handicapped entire season by an ankle injury.

5—Greg Larson, New York, 5 points—Another who was held back last year by injury. Suffered severe knee damage that necessitated operation and threatens his career. Among most versatile linemen in game. In three straight years, played regularly at tackle, guard, center. Fine workman when healthy.

6—Dick Szymanski, Baltimore, 3 points—An old pro whose career has alternated between defense and offense. He'll be 33 this season but is aging gracefully.

Quarterbacks:

1—Johnny Unitas, Baltimore, 67 points—He does it all. Ask coaches to point out weakness, and they're stymied. He's best "big-play" quarterback in football. Colts wouldn't be close without him. He sets up quickly. He's not the greatest guy under a rush, but when forced to scramble, has a knack of hitting the inside hole. Got the top nod from every coach but one, who's still puzzled by Unitas' failure to change pattern in title game.

2—Sonny Jurgensen, Washington, 21 points—Has the strongest and quickest arm in the game. He's a fine pocket passer who can beat the rush. Also improving as a play-caller. He can throw any type of pass, even behind

his back, and complete it. Was serious workman with Skins last year after a happy-go-lucky career in Philadelphia.

3—Frank Ryan, Cleveland, 19 points—Amazing what a championship can do for a guy's poise. However, many coaches feel he has to win two titles in a row to establish himself firmly. Frank is not a quick-release guy, and is not as quick as others in picking up a secondary receiver. He has a good passing arm and can run well when in trouble.

4—Bart Starr, Green Bay, 18 points—The most disciplined craftsman among the signal callers. Fits perfectly into Lombardi's system. He's a coach's quarterback—does everything well and commits himself fully to the game plan. Not a loud leader, but he's earned respect with his toughness under pressure. Still doubts about him as a longball threat.

5—Charley Johnson, St. Louis, 12 points—After three years as a regular, Charley's still fighting the battle of experience. He gets a lot of interceptions because he tries to force his pass in a jam. Must learn when to get rid of the ball. But he's an intelligent, poised man with a dedicated attitude and can take a beating without letting up.

6—Fran Tarkenton, Minnesota, 10 points—The most exciting of all the quarterbacks. Nobody can scramble like Fran, and he's caused a minor revolution—some coaches are starting to look for his type. He makes the great play when he seems to be caught. As a passer, he's suffered by having different sets of receivers every year.

Running Halfbacks:

1 and 2—Tie, Tommy Mason, Minnesota and Charley Taylor, Washington, 49 points each—Versatility makes them unique. Taylor was the Rookie of the Year in '64 and is headed for greatness. He's 6-3, 215 and the most dangerous open-field threat among running backs. There's nothing he can't do, including block. But needs experience. For instance, lost 100 yards on end sweeps last year because he was too anxious and beat the guard escort around the flanks instead of taking a little dip in to time his cut with the linemen. The only back among top ten receivers and runners. Mason might make it, too, if he can stay in one piece. The rangy Viking, a four-year star, is hurt every season. He's not built to take the battering, especially since he's such an intense competitor. He was a unanimous All-Pro selection in 1963, deferred only to Lenny Moore's fine comeback last fall.

3—Lenny Moore, Baltimore, 19 points—Mr. Spats made the Comeback of the Year. In 1963, at 30, he found even his own team sour on him and Colts were on the verge of peddling him. The statistics last year were modest for Lenny, who used to finish regularly among the league's top rushers and receivers. But he won at least three games with clutch plays.

4—Don Perkins, Dallas, 9 points—This tough little fellow is miscast. He's one of those guys who fit into the "pound-for-pound he's the best" category. The Cowboys have him playing fullback because there's no one else for the job. At 5-10 and 205, he should be a halfback. Has a high threshold of injury. He'll play when he's hurt. No. 5 rusher in NFL.

5—Timmy Brown, Philadelphia, 7

points—Timmy was a disappointment to Eagles last year at time they expected him to jump into All-Pro class. Missed almost half the season with injuries, but still scored ten touchdowns. One of the quickest halfbacks and a very dangerous receiver and kick returner.

6—Tie, Paul Hornung and Tom Moore, Green Bay, 5 points—The big bull types. Moore's probably the best second-string back in pro history. He's a little faster than Hornung. Paul still rates respect as money player and the league's best option passer. Coaches also feel he makes invaluable contribution as a blocker. Moore fills in for both Hornung and Jim Taylor.

Fullbacks:

1—Jim Brown, Cleveland, 64 points—"It's still Mr. Brown," said one coach, and that tells the story. They all agree he doesn't block, but they ignore that little failing because J. Brown is the greatest runner in football history. Also a fine receiver.

2—Jim Taylor, Green Bay, 47 points—The undisputed No. 2 choice, and in the eyes of a couple of experts, the top man. "He's an all-around better football player," said one. He has the right temperament—never stops trying.

3—Bill Brown, Minnesota, 17 points—There's a tendency to disbelieve what he did for the Vikings last year, scoring 16 touchdowns. Bill was around for four seasons (the first with the Bears) and made little impact. A guy built like Bill, squat and bow-legged, is not supposed to be fast or have good hands. But he led the Vikings in both catching and running. Fine blocker, too.

4—John Henry Johnson, Pittsburgh, 9 points—John Henry's operating on tired old wheels. He's 35, with 11 years in the NFL for three teams and some time in Canada, too. The Steelers expected to give him some rest last year. So he carried the ball 235 times for 1048 yards (third in the league). He's the most punishing pass-protection blocker when the mood strikes him.

5 and 6—Tie, Nick Pietrosante, Detroit, and Earl Gros, Philadelphia, 5 points—At one time Nick looked like a superstar possibility. And he hasn't been exactly a bust. He's the Lions' all-time leading ground gainer and an outstanding blocker. Nick has levelled off as a good, solid player. Gros has intriguing potential. After two years on the Green Bay bench, he ran 59 yards for a touchdown in his debut with the Eagles. At Green Bay, he was known as a fumbler. With Philly, he gave up the ball on fumbles only twice last year. He's an impressive 230-pounder with speed and good receiving hands.

DEFENSE

Defensive Ends:

1—Willie Davis, Green Bay, 41 points—For seven seasons, Willie waited patiently for the "ink" he felt was due his talents. He has it now. Gino Marchetti is retired, and Willie is the premier pass rusher in the NFL. On ground plays, the best way to handle him is to run right at him. At 245, he's not the biggest.

2—David Jones, Los Angeles, 28 points—Deacon is 265 pounds but can run with the backs. His background (South Carolina State) was so slim that Jones is still learning the game

after four NFL seasons. He's just starting to recognize keys. Has been so eager he'd over-commit on a lot of plays.

3—Doug Atkins, Chicago, 9 points—At 35 the years are beginning to catch up with the 6-8 Atkins. Ideally suited for end play, where his job is to charge at the passer full-throttle. He's been a brutal, bruising rusher for 12 seasons.

4—Jim Katcavage, New York, 8 points—Kat doesn't overpower blockers. Played most of his career at 230 and gets by on quickness. After nine seasons, he's added ten pounds but still commands respect as a pass rusher. He might miss the steadying influence of Andy Robustelli on the right flank.

5—John Paluck, Washington, 7 points—"Mean" John has just started to come on as a defensive star. Was rated just average workman until a year and a half ago when the rugged Pitt grad began to work on his starts and developed a shoulder-fake technique which confounded many tackles.

6—Tie, Bill Glass, Cleveland, and Jim Marshall, Minnesota, 6 points—Glass is the steadier performer. He has the size (6-5, 255) to contain running attack. He shows great lateral movement when a team tries to go outside. Has completed study for ministry, but shows no pacifistic tendencies on field. Marshall, who once ran wrong way with a fumble, is a flashy performer. He gives away some size, at 235, and plays a very fluid flank. He tends to run around blocks. Some coaches say he's too cute at times instead of coming all out.

Defensive Tackles:

1—Merlin Olsen, Los Angeles, 37 points—Leads a new wave of interior defensive linemen. The ex-Utah Aggie weighs 280 and he's so strong he's impossible to block. And this after only three years in pro ball. One coach says that "only sucker stuff works against him." An intelligent type, Merlin has learned to recognize and ward off traps.

2—Bob Lilly, Dallas, 36 points—"The quickest tackle I've seen in my life," said one coach. "We think about Lilly first, everybody else second when we play Dallas." He's faster, but a shade less strong, than Olsen. Just so-so as a rookie end in 1961 and half of '62, he blossomed when they put him inside. "The freedom ignited him," says Tom Landry. He has more flexibility playing the interior.

3—Roger Brown, Detroit, 28 points—The biggest legs in football, and not the slowest. Very quick 300-pounder who played fullback in high school. Only thing he lacks is a real killer instinct. All-Pro in 1962-63.

4—Henry Jordan, Green Bay, 21 points—One of Paul Brown's biggest mistakes in Cleveland was trading Henry to Packers in '59. An instant hit when turned loose by Vince Lombardi. He's quickest interior defensive lineman in football. But Henry has a tendency to guess a lot and coaches think he misses Hawg Hanner's steady play alongside him.

5—Alex Karras, Detroit, 14 points—The three-time All-Pro had a subpar year in '64 because he was playing with an injury. Missing a year (1963) didn't hurt his talent. He's best inside pass rusher in Western Conference, a smart strategist and a great competitor.

6—Charley Krueger, San Francisco,

10 points—Has the versatility to excel at defensive end, which he's also played during his six seasons with the 49ers. He's a rangy type like Lilly, probably most underrated tackle in league.

Middle Linebackers:

1—Ray Nitschke, Green Bay, 50 points—The reign of Joe Schmidt is over. Nitschke's the new king of the middle men, glamor boys of the defense. He tempered his aggressions with acquired smartness and became the leader of the highly rated Green Bay defense. Winner of SPOR's outstanding player award in the '62 title game.

2—Sam Huff, Washington, 24 points—New respect has accrued to Sam since he left the Giants. He was missed in New York and helped the Skins. He's not the strongest guy in the world. Teams can run at him. But he's a good diagnostician, with wide range and generally on the ball. Never missed a game in first nine seasons.

3—Joe Schmidt, Detroit, 21 points—He's played only half of the last two seasons. His shoulders are scarred from operations. His blond hair, helmet-laden for a dozen pro seasons, is thinner than ever. But nobody's counting Joe Schmidt out. His old coach, Buddy Parker, says Joe's still No. 1 if he's 100 percent. He's like a coach on the field.

4—Dale Meinert, St. Louis, 17 points—The Quiet Man. The hawk-faced Oklahoman has built a reputation for making no mistakes. The past season, his seventh, was his best for the Cardinals. He's lean as a middle man at 220.

5—Myron Pottios, Pittsburgh, 16 points—If he could stop getting hurt, this big Notre Dame graduate could rank on top. He was an All-Pro the one year he stayed healthy (1963). Bigger than most middle men, he's better than most against the run. He's tops plugging the inside holes. Limited on outside pursuit and pass coverage.

6—Rip Hawkins, Minnesota, 14 points—If the Vikings are ever a winner, predicts one coach, Rip'll be an All-Pro. Rip is a vicious, slashing tackler. Some coaches fault his running ability, saying he slides his feet too much.

Corner Linebackers:

1—Wayne Walker, Detroit, 36 points.—Recognition as a corner backer is overdue him. He works the weakside for the Lions and intimidates people. He's meaner, says one coach, than Maxie Baughan, another fine right-side backer. Wayne is a fine, natural athlete who placekicks for Detroit, and he runs with the backs.

2—Joe Fortunato, Chicago, 28 points—A big reason the Bears have been known as a red dogging team. When they play conservatively, he excels, too. The defensive leader, calling the signals. Tough, all-out competitor. When the other team starts a sweep around his left (or strong) side, Joe has instinct to meet blockers quickly.

3—Jim Houston, Cleveland, 23 points—Two years on the job as the strongside linebacker for the Browns, and he's already an All-Pro. He was an All-America end at Ohio State and started as a defensive end for Browns in 1960. After missing '62 because of army service, he was converted to outside backer. He's seldom out of position.

4—Maxie Baughan, Philadelphia, 14 points—Maxie's not one of the hatchet men of the league, but he puts out his

maximum effort—"going every second" is the way one coach describes it. He has been the steady man of a changing Eagle defense for five years. Won a job as a regular on a championship team in 1960.

5—Matt Hazeltine, San Francisco, 13 points—A lot like Baughan in that he's labored for a defense that's never been very well organized. A 49er fixture for 11 seasons, shows a touch of slowing up now.

6—Bill Koman, St. Louis, 8 points—Competent craftsmen with good experience (in tenth NFL season). Studies opponents and anticipates well.

Cornerbacks:

1—Herb Adderley, Green Bay, 38 points—"A real animal" is the way one coach describes him, and it wasn't meant derisively. He's swift and he hits. Drafted in 1961 as a breakaway runner, he soon found his niche as a corner man.

2—Pat Fischer, St. Louis, 26 points—Last year he "did the greatest job since David," said one coach. A 5-10 halfpint's not supposed to be able to handle the big ends of pro ball one-on-one, but Pat is sensational at it. You can outfight him physically, but never beat him mentally. He's not the fastest guy in the world, relies on anticipation. Was second in NFL interceptions with ten in '64. Took two back for scores.

3 and 4—Tie, Benny McRae, Chicago, and Jim Johnson, San Francisco, 18 points each—McRae's so skinny they call him Splinter. Johnson can't see the line of scrimmage without contact lenses. But the Bears' defense became exceptional in the title year of '63 when McRae became a regular. He lets no

one get behind him. The 49ers used Johnson on offense a couple of seasons. Coaches predict he'll be a great defensive back with more experience. Already tops at single coverage.

5—Dick Lynch, New York, 12 points—A dedicated performer and though his job may be in jeopardy, the coaches still respect what he's done over the years. Notre Dame coaches didn't recommend him for pro ball because they didn't think he had speed. They underestimated his ballhawking. Has twice led NFL in interceptions.

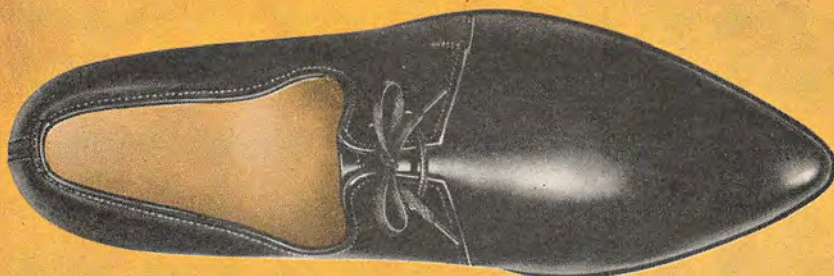
6—Irv Cross, Philadelphia—Noted primarily for his pass receiving in college (Northwestern), but the Eagles liked his speed for defense from moment he joined them in 1961. Survived two skull fractures to become steadiest back in their secondary. He's a sure tackler. Quarterbacks throw away from him.

Safeties:

1—Willie Wood, Green Bay, 37 points—Another guy who wasn't supposed to make pros. He compensates for 5-10 height with great jumping ability. He plays the free safety. Has been All-Pro the last two years.

2—Roosevelt Taylor, Chicago 30 points—A defensive specialist in college, at Grambling. His speed impressed the coaches. It lets him gamble a little. Taylor can make a mistake and still recover and get back into the play.

3—Mel Renfro, Dallas, 29 points—Keep an eye on this boy, say the coaches. He could set the standard for safety play for many years. "You can't confuse him by coaching," says Tom Landry. He comes up and hits and he can cover anybody. And this



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is only his second season in the NFL. 4—Ed Meador, Los Angeles, 17 points —One of Swede Sware's experiments with defense that paid off handsomely last two seasons. Eddie was a fine cornerback for six years. But Rams felt he was a shade short there and

his hard tackling better suited at free safety. 5—Paul Krause, Washington, 15 points —Another rookie who broke in spectacularly. Great ballhawk at free safety, he led the NFL in interceptions with 12. Built perfectly for a defensive

back, at 6-3, 195 pounds. Great speed. 6—Richie Petitbon, Chicago, 10 points —Best of an under-publicized breed, the strongside safety. Has to cope with those bulky tight ends, and big Richie (6-3, 215) can do it.

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THE SPECIALIST IN PRO FOOTBALL: NO. 14— WAYNE WALKER, OUTSIDE LINEBACKER

(Continued from page 59)

4.9 40-yard dash when the Lions were last timed. "I beat Nick Pietrosante and tied two defensive backs, Yale Lary and Gary Lowe (both now retired)." Walker's final qualification is perhaps most important—he is smart. And his mental quickness goes beyond the fact that he was a Dean's list student at the University of Idaho. You realize this when you hear the list of things he must check in the few seconds between an offense's lining up and the snap of the ball.

First, it should be noted that the right linebacker is also known as the weakside backer because the split end lines up there. But Wayne says offenses run strongside left almost half the time now and then he faces the right end. The tight end usually aligns close to the tackle, but the split end sets in and out along the line.

"The first thing you check," Wayne said in training camp, "is where the end lines up so you know what he can do to you. If he's set out four yards or so you know he's getting out for a good release into the secondary. You can't go out there with him (play him head-on to slow his release) because they'd automatic and run off tackle. You're the only man back there.

"If you see the end's split 2½ yards from the tackle, the end can block back (crackback) on you or get a good release. If he's only split one yard, that tells you he's gonna block down (in) on the end or release to the inside for a pass or to block on the other side. So you narrow down what the offense can do from where the end lines up.

"The rest of the team's in a formation and you know what they can run off it, so you narrow it down some more. You know the down and yardage and their frequencies, so you narrow it down again. Then you look around at the guards. You hear about guys tipping off plays, well, they do. A guard has to have his weight up when he's charging, and he has to have his weight back when he's pulling or pass blocking. So you narrow it down some more."

When the end is split wide, the weakside backer usually lines up in the "hip" position, to the outside rear of the defensive end. "My key is a diamond looking between the guard and tackle at the near (running) back. The back's the guy who can hit you." (He can also flare out for a pass and in many coverages the linebacker has to take him.) "On the snap you watch to see how the near back comes at you. If he comes in a little circle he's gonna hook you (turn you in for a slant or sweep). Then you've got to string it out (force the blocker toward the sideline).

"You've got to control that blocker, keep him in front of the ballcarrier." The ballcarrier can't cut until the blocker has moved the linebacker to

one side. The longer the backer can hold the play in there, the more time he gives his secondary to come up and his pursuit to come over.

"Sometimes the back will just try to influence you," Walker said, "set you up for a pulling guard. That's the toughest thing to read. At the last second the back'll veer around you, so you lean out and the guard's got you if you can't recover. Then the best thing you can do is throw yourself in front of the guard. That closes the hole and forces the back outside, where you hope your help'll come. Even though you didn't make the play, you had a part in it because you sealed off your responsibility."

In Detroit's opening exhibition game this year, the Eagle sweeps called for the split end to crackback on Walker and the tackle to pull and hit him. But Wayne was getting good penetration into the plays before the end could get to him and he kept tying up the end and the tackle. Any time you tie up two blockers you're hurting the offense.

When the end is in tight, Walker plays him head-on and chucks him (smacks him a shuddering blow on the shoulders with his open hands). The split ends setting in tight aren't too hard to handle because they are smaller than the linebackers. "Ray Berry does a good job of screening you," Wayne said, "but none of the split ends are overpowering."

The tight ends are something else. "Most of 'em are 6-3, 6-4, 235 to 245 pounds," Walker said. "So position is all important against them because you just aren't gonna physically beat these guys. They're stronger than you. I try to get my hands on 'em right away. The sooner you get your hands on 'em the sooner you know what they're trying to do to you—whether they're trying to release, or block you out or hook you. That's why I line up with my hands up by their shoulders."

In the Eagle game Walker chucked Catfish Smith and when the tight end bounced back off balance to block him, Wayne threw Smith to the ground. But as Walker started to pursue toward the ball on the other side, Smith leg-whipped him, flipping his feet at Walker's shins. Leg-whipping is frowned upon by the pros because it can chew apart your legs. Football players without legs are not in demand and Walker felt the need to impress this point on the supine Smith. Wayne turned and kicked him, then stood there. Smith, duly impressed, got up and walked away without a word.

The No. 1 sin for a corner linebacker is to let the tight end get an inside release. But it's difficult to stop the real quick ones.

The linebacker's ultimate responsibility is the outside, but if the tight end gets an inside release, Walker can stay with him for eight to ten yards. "Then I have to release him and get

into the hook zone and look for stuff coming across there, plus watching for a possible draw play.

"As soon as the end blocks down on the defensive end with the tackle, that tells you they're coming at you with an end run or a power slant between you and the defensive end," Wayne said. "The near back can try to hook you and they can run outside, or the back can kick you out and they can run inside." Again the backer has to string out the play or close down the hole. Walker takes pride in handling the blocker.

He was kidding Bob Whitlow, a Lion center, as they dressed for a practice session before the Colts exhibition game. Joe Schmidt was being held out of the game and backup man Wally Hilgenberg was injured. "I'm working in the middle today," Wayne told Whitlow, "so watch yourself."

"You just be ready," Whitlow said.

"I'll be ready Friday night when I face a good center, (Dick) Szyman-ski," Wayne said, laughing.

"Shee," Bob said, "you let a couple of has-beens hook you in the Eagle game."

"I haven't been hooked in the last five years," Walker said. He smiled but he was no longer kidding.

"Good defense," Wayne said as he tied his shoes, "is being in position to cover your responsibility. Hell, on an end run a lot of times I feel I can beat the end on a blitz to the inside, but we don't take chances. My job is to string it out. The same thing on a screen to the flat. A lot of times I feel I can blow through the gap between the blockers and make the play on the ballcarrier. But my job is to delay the play and turn it inside. If I go through the blockers and just get a hand on the ballcarrier—don't make the play—there's nobody there for 20 yards.

"I hate to see a screen forming when I'm back helping a defensive back (on pass coverage). You've dropped back into the hook zone and you look behind you to see where the split end's going . . . then you turn around and see the screen's already formed. It's a weird feeling: *oh my God!* This is the toughest running play for an outside linebacker—coming up after the play's formed with those blockers coming at you."

Wayne stopped by the training room on the way to practice and passed Schmidt, who was working to strengthen the shoulder he'd had operated on over the winter. Schmidt had a large harness around his neck and was lifting pulled weights attached to it. "It'll never work, Joe," said Wayne. "You'll never get any taller."

Any time Walker's not in a blitz, he's dropping back to help the cornerback and watching the near back for a flare. "On weakside pass coverage, I'm primarily concerned with giving the halfback all the help I can. Because he has the toughest job in football."

Cornerback Dick LeBeau has been working with Walker for six years. LeBeau sat in his room one night with

Jim Gibbons and talked about the linebacker. "He can do one of two things," Dick said, "take away a receiver's short inside routes or his short outside routes. If you get help one way, you can shade the other way. I think Wayne's the best outside linebacker in the game. Why? Because he has more strength and mobility than the others. Some have more strength and some have more mobility. But none of them has the combination of strength and mobility that Wayne has. I've talked to a lot of ends around the league and they all say the same thing."

"That's right," said Gibbons. "Wayne uses his hands real well. He doesn't get blocked easy. He doesn't let you get to his body."

"To block him," LeBeau said, "the end has to get to Walker's body. Wayne keeps him away with his hands."

"As an end," Jim said, "you hit the linebacker and let him make the first move, then you can take him that way and let the ballcarrier cut the other. But Wayne controls you with his hands and waits for you to make the move while he's watching the backfield. If it's an outside run, he'll hold you off and stay outside; if it's an inside run, he'll try to throw you off or push you into the play to jam it up."

"Blocking is all position," Dick said. "It takes a strong guy to stay in there with the big tight ends in this league."

"Some linebackers favor the inside or the outside," Gibbons said. "Wayne likes to stay in the neutral zone (head-on) and doesn't give you either side. When a guy gives you one side, you can turn him. Wayne's big enough and strong enough to hold you off, plus he has real good balance."

"The big thing with him," Dick said, "is he doesn't get knocked off his feet. He stays in there." LeBeau says Walker was knocked down only three times all last season.

Wayne had come into the room to watch the news on television and said, "If you're not knocked down, you're doing a job because you're messing up a play somehow. I tell Ernie Clark and the other young linebackers that as long as they can stay on their feet they're doing a job; if they go down they're playing with ten men."

"Shhh," someone said, "here's the monster story. . . ." The newscaster said, "A seven-foot monster weighing 400 pounds, covered with hair and smelling mouldy, attacked a woman and her daughter in their car" on a road in Monroe, Michigan, that afternoon. Earlier, the announcer said, a 23-year-old man reported the monster was blocking the same road when he approached in his car. The man, a six-footer, said he got out to hit the monster, but when he found the thing was two heads taller than him he decided against it.

"It's a Mars dog," LeBeau said. "You heard those UFO reports last week."

Walker laughed and said, "I think it's an astronaut they left up there too long."

"Seriously," Dick said, "I'll tell you who it is—the Mad Stabber of Benton Harbor who hasn't shaved in weeks." Everyone laughed. "Don't laugh," he said. "Did you read about the ghost that drove those people right out of their home last week? A black fuzzy puff floated into the room and started making funny faces at

everyone, then it flew out the window. But it came back and—"

"Here's the sports," Wayne said. He smiled. "I never paid much attention to them until I got the scoreboard job (he's a television sportscaster on the CBS affiliate in Detroit)."

"This guy sounds like Howard Cosell," someone said, which sent Walker into an imitation: "This is Howard Cosell, speaking of sports. On my left a young man, Sam McDowell; on my right an older man, Solly Hemus."

"This guy's got a bad rug, too," Dick said, referring to the announcer's bald head.

Walker is a leader among the balding-head connoisseurs on the Lions, apparently concerned about his own growing forehead. "Talking about rugs," he said, "did you see Red Mack (the Eagle flanker) Sunday? He's a super-rugger now."

"Did you ever notice," LeBeau said, "how all vice presidents have bad rugs? Did you see Hubert Humphrey on television at the All-Star game?"

Walker went back to his room and talked about the part of his job that's closest to his heart: the blitz, when he and the middlebacker rush the passer (on a Lion red dog all three backers rush). "That's when I have the most fun—and no responsibility," Wayne said. "Just turn it loose. It's especially fun when nobody picks you up." He laughed. "Oh yeah, it happens. They don't keep everyone in all the time (to block). And a lot of times you can come in free when the near back flares and the center, who's supposed to drop back, gets tied up by a tackle or something."

Weakside linebackers blitz more than strongside linebackers because the free safety's back there to take the flaring back. And when the blitz is working, the Lions keep pouring it on. The classic example of team blitzing was that '62 Thanksgiving Day game against Green Bay. "Our timing was perfect," Wayne said, "we were hitting all the gaps right." He estimates Detroit blitzed 70 percent of the time that day.

"My job on the blitz—whether I'm going inside, outside or up the center—is to get the quarterback," he said. "I try to punish the blocker. In fact, I sacrifice my first two or three blitzes just to get a reading on a guy, see how he's gonna block me. I come in hard, nothing cute, and go right over 'em."

In an exhibition against New York a few years ago, halfback Jim Pace was trying to make the Giants. On his first two blitzes, Walker barreled in and Pace threw his body at the linebacker's legs. The next time, Pace again dove and Walker hurdled him, knocking football's most famous rugger, Y.A. Tittle, semi-conscious.

"Wayne's a real good blitzer," said Carl Brettschneider, the Lions' defensive line coach who played the strongside backer up until last season.

THE toughest play Walker has is in covering the flaring halfback all the way on a deep pattern. "You have to try to get a cushion on him because he's faster," Wayne said. "There's not a linebacker in the league who can stay with Tommy Mason or Lenny Moore after 25 yards. But I've never had anybody catch a flare on me for a touchdown."

He has had one problem though—over-aggressiveness. "I get myself in trouble at times with my pursuit,"

Walker admitted. "I'll go in to fill a hole and the play'll bounce out of it and right back around my side." There was the game against the Colts last season in which Lenny Moore carried off the strongside tackle and Alex Karras jammed up the hole. Wayne saw the ball go in there, checked to see there couldn't be any reverse and pursued. LeBeau read the play and came hustling over, too . . . and Moore bounced out and around the weakside for an 11-yard touchdown. The Lions lost, 34-0.

They got even in the second game, beating the Colts, 31-14. "That was the best defensive game I ever called," Walker said. "When you're calling defenses it's a good idea to show 'em everything you have early. The more you show 'em, the more you give 'em to worry about. Of course, the quarterback's doing the same thing to you; it's like two fighters feeling each other out. But I got to show Baltimore everything we had early and we just kept coming."

PRO football is a game of keys. If one side can destroy the other's keys, it's in business. The quarterback is reading Walker just as Walker is reading the offense. The linebacker can do only certain things from the hip position and certain things when he's in the "walk away" position (between the offensive tackle and the wide end). Which is why Walker tries to disguise his coverage. "Instead of lining up in the hip position," he said, "I'll line up out by the split end at times and start coming in on the count. Sometimes you can time it just right on a blitz and keep coming. But the idea is to hide what you're doing, go to your coverage as late as you can without getting caught."

It took Walker some three years to learn how to play outside linebacker, which is reasonable considering what you have to know. He was a middle linebacker and center at Idaho, averaging 56 minutes a game as a sophomore. He was also team captain and made All-America as a senior, along with teammate Jerry Kramer. They were close friends and Jerry introduced Wayne to Arlene, the girl Wayne eventually married. Coincidentally, both were No. 4 draft choices in 1958, Walker with the Lions and Kramer with the Packers, and they became the first players from Idaho to make the pros. Walker played in the All-Star and East-West Shrine games. In the latter he looked like the greatest find since the Dead Sea Scrolls: he made 15 tackles, had two interceptions and blocked a kick.

It wasn't as easy, he instantly found, with the pros. "Rookies were still outcasts on the Lions then," Wayne said. "Bobby Layne was here and you had to observe and pick up things on your own. The coaches helped, but you don't learn unless you ask questions and you were afraid to. You didn't want to look stupid in front of everyone. So we'd be sitting in a meeting and a coach would mention something about EGO and say, 'Any questions?' Then we'd go out on the field and about ten rookies would say, 'Hey, what's EGO?' I don't know. Let's go ask somebody." (EGO: end blocking down, guards pulling out.)

"Bobby Layne was something," Wayne said. "He'd have us get up at two or three in the morning to go out and get him food. It was a little rough finding a pizza place open that late."

Serving him breakfast in bed wasn't too bad because we just had to bring that back from the dining room."

The Layne handbook on the care and raising of rookies has gone out of print, but the Lions still have fun with their newcomers. On the bus from the airport to the hotel for the Eagle game, for example, Walker abruptly called over to Joe Schmidt: "I wonder who they'll photograph by the Liberty Bell this year? What the heck is the name of that guy from the *Inquirer* who always calls?"

"I can't remember his first name," Schmidt said, "but I think his last name's Franklin."

THE veterans kept a straight face as the rookies were set up for the long wait for Franklin by the bell. But then the team got to the hotel and the vets somehow forgot to call the rookies. "It was a shame," Wayne said, "every year we catch a few."

The Lions annually make Thanksgiving Day a big fun time for rookies. "When (safety) Bruce Maher was a rookie," Wayne said, "we wrote on the blackboard after our last practice before the game: 'All members of the Lions can pick up their turkeys at the blank meat market.' Maher walked into the market and said, 'I'm from the Lions, I'd like to have my turkey.' And the guy gave him one!" Walker roared.

"Last year (defensive tackle) Roger LaLonde went and asked for his turkey and the guy wouldn't give him one. So Roger bought a live turkey and brought it back to the locker room. Alex Karras is deathly afraid of most animals, mice, bugs, spiders, everything. LaLonde put the turkey in Alex's locker. Karras walked in, opened his locker and that turkey flew right up in his face. Alex ran out of the room and we almost fell over laughing."

But the Lion veterans readily offer advice to rookies today. In '58 Walker learned by observing. He saw Joe Schmidt watching films on his own time and taking the play book on trips for study when others wouldn't. And Schmidt already had six years in the league then. He followed Schmidt's example. "You pattern yourself after a guy," Wayne said, "and I'd always thought Joe Schmidt was the greatest thing in the world."

Walker was lucky in that he became a regular in his third game as a rookie. Although the Lions were world champions, opponents had been killing them around the ends. His first game was against the Colts. The great Lion secondary led by Jack Christiansen (now the 49er coach), and known as Chris' Crew, was still intact then. And Walker was amazed to find Christiansen calling every play: "Watch the sweep," "Watch the slant." Geez, how can you get that smart? Wayne thought. "I wondered if I ever would," he said. "Well, you can—you've got to."

Walker played fairly well for a rookie. Two years later he really began to know what he was doing on the field. "Don Shula came in as our defensive coach," Wayne said, "and he helped me a lot. I think I would've been a mediocre football player if it hadn't been for him. Before he came in I had bad habits and I didn't realize what the offenses were trying to do. He made me see the offensive theory behind every play. Now I can draw up every man's job in every offensive play we have. You have to know offense before you can

really know defense."

Walker knows his job as well as any man in football now. The knowledge and experience can keep him (he's 29) in the game for five or six more years. He said there always seem to be bigger, faster, stronger linebackers coming out of college, "but they don't benefit from their mistakes. This is one reason there are so many nine-, ten-, 11-year linebackers around the league."

He was talking while grilling steaks at his home in Livonia, Michigan, on an off-day following the Eagle exhibition. After some ten minutes Wayne realized the meat wasn't losing its redness. "This charcoal won't burn!" he yelled. "Brettschneider! His wife stayed with Arlene over the weekend and brought this charcoal. I'll fix him." Walker laughed and turned to a writer. "I know Brettschneider bought the cheapest charcoal he could find," Walker said. The writer scribbled notes and Wayne laughed. "We call one of the guys 'Pliers' because he's tight, but the Badger's cheaper," Walker said, laughing. "Why do we call him Badger? Because he looks like a Badger."

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WORSHIP TOGETHER THIS WEEK

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With Walker, annoyance quickly turns to laughter. Life is too good. In addition to his television broadcasting, Wayne works for Wilding Productions (on the marketing program the Ford Motor Company puts out for its dealers) and as a representative for a sporting goods company with Jerry Kramer. He has a nice home for his wife and children: Steven, 7, Cathy, 5, and Douglas, three months. But football provides his biggest income, well over \$20,000 this season.

AS a rookie he set three goals for himself: 1) to establish himself as a regular, 2) to play with a winner, 3) to earn individual recognition. The recognition came hard because when people thought of linebackers in Detroit, the first name that came to mind was naturally always Joe Schmidt. But Schmidt has been sidelined by injuries for chunks of the last couple

of seasons and he's getting older. Walker is the name that comes to mind now. Wayne began earning recognition in '63 when he was named to the Pro Bowl squad and he repeated in '64. He was also named All-Pro last year.

One thing that helped gain him prominence was that he became Detroit's placekicker in 1962. "I never got to kick in college," Wayne said. "I had to snap the ball. Jerry Kramer was our kicker. So that was the first year I really started kicking. I hit four of my first six field goals that season, then had five of my next six blocked. A couple of them were my fault. You know when you've taken too much time or kicked the ball low." He ended up kicking nine of 22 field-goal attempts, repeating that performance in '63.

Last season Walker hit on 14 of 25 attempts, including a 48-yarder, and he missed only once inside the 35-yard line.

His biggest kick came against Minnesota last season, Detroit trailing 23-20 with 20 seconds to play and the holder kneeling at the 37. The Lions got a tie.

And two of Walker's game balls were awarded mainly for his kicking. When the Lions beat the Bears 11-3 in '63, Wayne kicked three field goals and blocked one. In the '64 opener, Wayne kicked four field goals against the 49ers, as the Lions won, 26-17. Walker earned his first game ball in a '60 win over the Packers in which he got the quarterback five times. He's fondest of that ball. "I'm a linebacker first and a placekicker second," he said. "If they told me I could only do one, I'd play linebacker. I like to play."

He likes everything about football. The only bad memory the game has given him resulted from what he termed his own "misjudgment," when he and four teammates unthinkingly made \$50 bets on the '62 championship game. Walker said then that commissioner Pete Rozelle had been justified in fining each of them \$2000. "They took \$500 out of our first four weekly paychecks in '63," Wayne said. "Then all of us went out and had a last 'dip' party to celebrate no more dipping into our pay."

Actually, Walker has one other unpleasant memory from football. Not surprisingly the incident occurred his rookie season. The Lions were playing in Los Angeles and the team worked out at Hollywood High, which was right across from their hotel. "We'd leave the hotel in shorts and T-shirts," Wayne said, "and walk over to practice. Seven or eight of us got there early one day and the gate was locked. There were a couple of hundred people waiting outside to watch us practice. I was the only rookie there so they told me to climb the spiked fence, which was about ten feet high, and go over to the caretaker's house and have him open the gate."

"I got up the fence, crouched on the top for a second and jumped. But my shorts caught on a spike and I landed in my jock with 200 people standing there and my teammates cheering. I don't think I've ever run faster than I did to that caretaker's house."

Rumors instantly spread that Wayne Walker would get a screen test. Everyone told him it was a typical Hollywood stunt.

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SPORT'S GREATEST TEAMS—LUJACK, LEAHY AND NOTRE DAME

(Continued from page 45)

take football as seriously as the kid just out of high school. "Those veterans were killing other coaches but Leahy never had trouble with them," says one old friend of his. "They'd never think of arguing with this man, any more than they'd think of arguing with the Pope. When you think of Frank Leahy, you think of respect."

He had his contradictions. He disliked cutting players off the team. "He'd work with 60 or 65 guys but the rest could stay on as long as they wanted to come out," recalls one man. He would, of course, let almost everybody dress for the home games—the more the merrier. He'd always wait until the other team was on the field and working out. Then he'd have his players trot out on the field, each man five yards behind the next, the biggest and burliest men first. He wanted to inspire in his opponents a sense of the size and vastness of the Notre Dame team—the troglodytes who would keep coming and coming and coming out of the tunnel until it seemed there'd be no end to them. "And Leahy would be on the field—or he'd have someone on the field—watching how the opposing players reacted," says one of Leahy's students. "Did the quarterback or the punter or maybe the big important halfback stop to watch? Did any of them gulp or show signs of surprise or awe. These things were important to Leahy—he'd know how to use them in the game."

Leahy was a master of such detail

—and of organization, and of fundamentals, and of oratory.

His players accepted his attempts at oratory, sometimes seriously, sometimes with a rich, winy humor. But they never scoffed at his approach to fundamentals. "On that first play, gentlemen, you must physically whip the man across from you," he'd sing-song. "And then on every other play, gentlemen, you must physically whip that man again and again and again all the way down the field. And if you can whip him, and if every man among you at every position up and down the line can whip the man across from you—seven men physically whipping seven other men—then, gentlemen, we can score touchdowns and we can win football games for Notre Dame."

The Leahy drive became legendary; his scrimmages were said to be exhausting and unending. At one point in 1947, the campus was awash because of a cloudburst. The football practice continued unabated and concluded with an extra five laps of the field. "You never know," said Leahy, "what might happen on a Saturday."

At the time of the 1947 season, Leahy had just turned 39 years old. He had already suffered physically: he had to leave the team for three weeks in 1942 because of a very painful attack of spinal arthritis. He had been enormously successful as coach at Boston College (his team won 20 of 22 games) and in his first four years at Notre Dame, where he'd coached the Irish to 32 wins, three losses and

four ties. But the pressure left graven lines on his face.

The material he had to work with in 1947 was rich and deep, experienced and confident. At quarterback he had John Lujack, perhaps the most celebrated quarterback in Notre Dame history. As an 18-year-old in 1943 Lujack became the quarterback in mid-season when Angelo Bertelli entered military service. Bertelli won the Heisman Trophy that year for part-of-a-season's work, but Lujack's work the other part of the season was equally as good. Poised, enormously self-confident, Lujack was an exceptional passer—particularly on the short patterns—and a wonderful leader. He was instrumental in two Notre Dame national championships, in 1943 and 1946, and by 1947 he was so famous that some 300 fan letters a week were being dumped in his room at 115 Sorin Hall. One man sent him a 100-word wire. The wire informed Lujack that the man's newborn son was being named "Lujack."

What was frequently overlooked was that Lujack was an exceptional runner and a very good defender—one of the best tacklers on the team. "John was a stuffed shirt personally and he was commercial as hell," recalls one of his contemporaries, "but he was the best all-around football player I've ever seen."

Lujack was to be the most successful—if little-used—ballcarrier on the 1947 Notre Dame team. He carried the ball only 12 times but he gained 139 yards and he averaged 11.1 yards

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per carry. At the end of the 1947 season Lujack won the Heisman Trophy.

At halfbacks Leahy had Emil "Red" Sitko and Terry Brennan. Sitko, a chunky, excitable man with no visible neck, was most valuable because of his explosive start. On quick-openers he could burst through the line for five, ten, even 15 yards and then angle for the sidelines. For 20 or 30 yards, nobody could beat him. Then the muscles in his legs would tighten and he'd slow down abruptly and either stumble or get tackled. Terry Brennan wasn't a strong runner—but then he wasn't fast either. He ran a kickoff back for 97 yards against Army but that was the result of great team play rather than great speed. Terry was simply a guts ballplayer. He'd go out and get four yards if Notre Dame needed three for a first down, or five yards if Notre Dame needed four. Terry was one of those ballplayers who "couldn't do anything but get the job done."

NEITHER starting halfback was a breakaway runner. On the bench Leahy had Bobby Livingstone, fast, flashy, gifted with a great cross-over, a letter-winner in 1942 and 1946 but having leg trouble in 1947. Bill Gompers, another breakaway runner, also had leg injuries. But the Irish were as deep in the backfield as anywhere else. Late in 1946, Coy McGee moved up from the "B" squad and scored two touchdowns—one on a 77-yard run—against Southern California. He provided breakaway speed in 1947. So did these youngsters from Chicago: Mike Switowicz and Billy Gay from Tilden and Larry Coutre from St. George (Notre Dame had recruited the 1945 all-city backfield from Chicago: Coutre, Gay, Switowicz, and quarterback Roger Brown of Fenwick.)

For all-round halfback work, Leahy could call on Lancaster Smith and Ernie Zaleski. He also had Jim Brennan, Terry's older brother, who, when recruited, was considered by far the better of the brothers. He scored twice in his first seven minutes of play for Notre Dame in 1944, faded somewhat after two years of Navy duty and would carry the ball only four times in 1947, once for a touchdown. (Terry would score 11 touchdowns and led the team in points.) Leahy got a little thin at halfback when he reached down to the sixth or seventh string.

At fullback though, Notre Dame had lost Jim Mello off the 1946 team, all it had left was John Panelli, who'd earned two letters, Corwin Clatt, who'd earned letters in 1942 and 1946, and Floyd Simmons, who'd gained 229 yards in 36 carries in 1946.

Along the line Notre Dame had similar depth. At one end it had Jim Martin, a big, blond, crew-cut man who'd spent 30 months in the Marines and won a presidential citation for going ashore at Tinian to get vital military information before the U.S. invasion of the island. He was the type of guy who—as one rival coach remarked—could play any position in the line and play it creditably.

At the other end was Leon Hart, a 17-year-old freshman playing among the veterans of World War II. Hart, who weighed some 220 pounds and stood 6-5, was memorable for a great many reasons but one of the least-known was his reaction—as a freshman—to finding a sign near the locker room saying that anybody who wanted to make a little wager should

see a certain student in, say, 325 Howard Hall. Hart ripped the sign into tiny pieces and roared—to the utter astonishment of his teammates—that "this has no place in a Notre Dame locker-room!" There wasn't a veteran on the team who cared to discuss the matter with the freshman who was so idealistic, so emotional—and so muscular. Behind the two, Leahy had Bill Wightkin and Doug Waybright.

At tackle Notre Dame had Ziggy Czarowski and George Connor. They were as different in temperament as they were in playing style. Connor was a muscular "Adonis" and was once considered for the role of Tarzan in the movies. He was a natural leader, a "follow-me" type of guy, the man who was selected to captain the 1947 team. Connor matured earlier than most football players; he was able to perceive what should be done and get it done in a way that was as natural as breathing. He also was able to perform as well as to lead. He had exceptional instinct for the play—for the jugular that gave the play life.

CZAROWSKI was not as mobile. He tended to linger sinisterly near the line of scrimmage, waiting for anybody who escaped Connor to venture nearby. He did not penetrate as often or as far as Connor but he guarded the line against any mishap. He was superb at his work and he won as many All-America honors in 1947 as Connor. But his temperament was vastly different from that of Connor. He was a man of humor, of whimsy, of a vast appetite for food and for life. He was the classic extrovert: all season long he lobbied for a date with a movie starlet named Liz Scott and at season's end he got it. He could lecture like an archbishop—one almost felt compelled to kiss his ring—and then break up the audience with a joke at the end. He could be sly and impish in his humor, as offbeat as a Jules Feiffer cartoon. But he could also be serious. He had a tendency to gain weight in huge globs and Coach Leahy warned him that he'd lose his chance if he didn't report in shape. Notre Dame had plenty of good tackles—George Sullivan, a top tackle in 1946, Gus Cifelli, Ralph McGeehee, and Gasper Urban among them. So Ziggy got a construction job during the summer and got up repeatedly at five o'clock in the morning to do roadwork. By September he was down to a suitable weight—and he won the top job.

At guard Leahy had Marty Wendell and Bill Fischer. Wendell was small for a guard—5-10 and 198 pounds—and it was the third position he played at Notre Dame. He played fullback in 1944, center in 1946, and guard in 1947. He won letters at all three spots and became only the second man in Notre Dame history to accomplish that feat. Fischer was big—230 pounds—and young. He had no military service but his football experience was vast: he had been suitably blooded when Notre Dame was crushed by Army, 48-0, in 1945. By temperament a placid man—he had the capacity for sleeping at almost any time, even while sitting straight up—he could be notably emotional while playing football. In the 1947 Navy game, he was to get a crack in the mouth that injured his pride more than his teeth. In the next huddle, he kept urging his teammates: "Everybody pick out one guy and we'll put the blast on them all at one

time." He would go on in 1948 to become an All-America and earn recognition as the finest interior lineman in college football.

At center Notre Dame had George Strohmeier, who was named to two All-America teams in 1946. (His middle name was Ferdinand and he'd be kind enough to hand you your teeth in his hand if you happened to mention it.) Another center was Bill Walsh, who'd already won two letters. He was first-string center as a freshman in 1945.

At spring practice for the 1947 season, Leahy had, in addition to Lujack, an exceptional quarterback named George Ratterman. Ratterman had led the team to 49 percent of its touchdowns in 1946 (everybody knew this because Ratterman had drawn up charts proving it). Lujack called the kind of game that Leahy liked: well-rehearsed, balanced, unspectacular. Ratterman played the kind of game that drove Leahy frantic. "He was the kind of guy who might go into a game walking on his hands—you couldn't tell what he might do," says one of his contemporaries. In one game he dropped back to pass and fell over his own feet. He just wanted to get the huddle moved back a few yards "so you guys can get a load of that girl in the stands." In the 1946 Navy game, the Irish were marching down the field and Navy was dying for a timeout to slow the Irish momentum. Ratterman obliged them. He called a timeout for Notre Dame and gathered the team around him. "Say, I forgot to mention this," he said, "but there's this party tonight and I was wondering if any of you guys wanted to go."

"And that," says one man from those days, "is why Lujack was Leahy's quarterback."

But George had his following. He was an incredible ballhandler; he could fake the football with almost mesmeric skill. He was also a wonderful long passer—better than Lujack. His deft, spectacular talent led some Notre Dame fans to criticize Leahy for not playing him more.

BY the spring of 1947, Leahy had conjured up a way to use both players. He planned to use Ratterman at quarterback and Lujack at left half or at fullback. That would open up the Irish offense considerably. Lujack could be used as both a passer and runner and even as a pass-receiver. The Irish would have an offense that would be strong up the middle, that would be strong to the flanks with Lujack running the pass-run option, and would have—with Ratterman's long-passing skill—explosiveness deep in enemy territory.

But Ratterman played the 1947 season with the Buffalo Bills of the All-America conference, not with Notre Dame.

However, he managed to struggle along with Lujack at quarterback. In the opening game against Pittsburgh, Lujack threw three touchdown passes and Notre Dame won, 40-6, despite six fumbles. In the next game, Purdue put up a stout defense and Leahy was frantic on the sidelines. Notre Dame won, 22-7, but not handsomely. The next opponent was Nebraska. Notre Dame won, 31-0.

That was the first of three straight shutouts by Notre Dame. Iowa lost, 21-0, and Navy lost, 27-0. The three games were important not only for themselves but for how they prepared Notre Dame for the climactic game

of the season—against Army.

In 1944 and 1945, Notre Dame's material was reduced by war to the point where the Irish were merely competitive with other teams. But Army had built up a reserve of future officers and current football players. The result: Army massacred Notre Dame, 59-0, in 1944, massacred Notre Dame again in 1945, 48-0. These were the two worst defeats Notre Dame had ever suffered.

The year of revenge was, from Notre Dame's viewpoint, to be 1946. Army still had a wonderful team, including Arnold Tucker at quarterback, Doc Blanchard at fullback, and Glenn Davis at halfback. At Notre Dame there developed among the student body a group called SPATNC. "I soon deciphered this as the 'Society for the Prevention of Army's Third National Championship,'" Blaik has said. SPATNC showered Blaik with all kinds of goodies, such as homely little notes about his "slackers" and "draft-dodgers." It reminded him that "the men are back at Notre Dame."

The '46 game came and went—a disappointment. The teams played, conservatively, cautiously and the result was a 0-0 tie. For Notre Dame men, the sweet joy of bloodletting, the happy rites of freshly-opened veins would have to wait another year.

Army went into the 1947 season with a team that—by the exalted standards of World War II—was only moderately talented. But Army had Notre Dame's prayers behind it; the Irish wanted the West Pointers' unbeaten string to go to 34—before Notre Dame broke it. Unfortunately, Army first got upset by Columbia, 21-20. Some Notre Dame players—hearing the score announced over the public address system while they were playing Iowa—slammed their helmets on the ground in disappointment. Now their revenge would be tainted. If Columbia could beat Army, *anybody* could.

Frank Leahy, of course, was not so sanguine. On the day before the 1947 game, he met Blaik outside the Notre Dame stadium. "Earl," he said, "Earl, I think your team is going to be very happy after this game." Blaik was not deceived by this reassurance. "I'll tell you one thing," Blaik snapped. "The Cadets will give you a battle."

And they did—though not for long. The first kickoff went out of bounds. The second kickoff was gathered in by Terry Brennan on his three-yard line and behind superb blocking he picked his way down the west sidelines, using his blockers shrewdly, until he broke into the clear at midfield and raced for a touchdown. Army punted after gaining a first down and Notre Dame marched 80 yards for another touchdown. Faint hopes of a 49-0 win—or even a 60-0 win—were blossoming at South Bend when suddenly the Army defense stiffened. Notre Dame scored again in the third quarter and, after yielding a touchdown to Army, smashed for 80 yards in 11 plays—thanks to Larry Coutre and Mike Switowicz—for the final score. Notre Dame won, 27-7, but Blaik was able to observe accurately that "they had beaten us only 13-7 in the last 51 minutes."

Notre Dame began thinking ahead—and that was its trouble. On a lowering November day burdened with rain and mist and mud, the Irish went to Evanston, Illinois, to play Northwestern. They escaped with a

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26-19 win. Notre Dame won decisively in the statistics—284 yards rushing to 49 for Northwestern. It also rolled to a two-touchdown lead midway through the first quarter. But then Northwestern started picking off Notre Dame passes, turned two of them into touchdowns and drove for a third touchdown. The game ended with an exchange of fumbles on the NU one-yard line. Coach Bob Voigts of Northwestern didn't mention it but Northwestern had beaten Notre Dame, 19-14, in the last 51 minutes of play.

What Notre Dame was thinking ahead to was the end of the season—and its stature in college football. For it was one of three teams scrambling for the top in the wire-service polls. The other two were Southern California and Michigan. Both were undefeated, though Southern Cal had been tied, 7-7, by Rice. Michigan, led by single-wing tailback Bob Chapuis, was capturing the national imagination. The suggestions that perhaps Michigan was Notre Dame's superior nettled Frank Leahy.

The foe he was now most concerned about was Southern California. He went to the West Coast to scout the Trojans while Moose Krause led the Irish against Tulane. Krause gave a hint of what might happen if Leahy ever took the wraps off: Notre Dame scored five touchdowns in the first quarter and led, 32-0. The slaughter continued with third and fourth and even fifth stringers. The year before, Tulane had lost to Notre Dame, 41-0. This time it lost, 49-6. It was no wonder that Coach Frkna did not want to shake hands with Krause.

That same afternoon, Michigan defeated Ohio State, 21-0, and Southern Cal edged UCLA, 6-0. Now it was clear that Michigan would meet Southern Cal in the Rose Bowl and the issue of supremacy would be decided between them. Whatever Notre Dame hoped to do had to be done against Southern Cal—and then let Michigan try to top it. It turned out to be a classic Notre Dame victory, not only in the size of the margin but in the style of play. For Notre Dame simply wore Southern Cal into submission punishing it with its persistence, its enormous depth, its inexhaustible talent. Southern Cal put up a battle as long as it had the strength.

Connor recovered a fumble on the first play of the game but all that Notre Dame could get out of the opportunity was a field goal. Then Notre Dame ground out an 87-yard march that made the score 10-0. Southern Cal fought back, scored one touchdown and just missed another when a pass receiver dropped a ball in the open. At halftime, Notre Dame held a 10-7 lead. That's when strength and depth began to pay off. Notre Dame struck for two touchdowns, stymied a Southern Cal drive and broke the game wide open. Bobby Livingstone made his 92-yard touchdown run. Emil Sitko—with all his muscle problems—made a 76-yard run. The Southern Cal players were so weary they couldn't even bring down tackle Al Zmijewski as he rambled 30 yards into the end zone with an intercepted lateral in the final 20 seconds of the game. The final score was 38-7...

And surprisingly, Michigan topped it. The Wolverines crushed Southern California, 49-0, in the Rose Bowl game. It offered greater glory for them without diminishing the glory of Notre Dame, for the Fighting Irish were already national champions.

It was not the end for Notre Dame. Some of the players—Connor, Lujack, Czarowski—could have stretched out their academic work and played for another year. They didn't.

Without them, Notre Dame merely went unbeaten for 21 more games. Bill Fischer played for another year and won the Outland Trophy as college football's best lineman. Leon Hart played two more years; he won the Heisman Trophy in 1949. Marty Wendell played for one more year and was an All-America guard. Frank Tripucka, Lujack's understudy at quarterback, went on to his own glory in 1948: his record of completing 56.7 percent of all his passes in three seasons of play still stands as a record for the post-Rockne era. Emil Sitko and Jim Martin were still there, still earning All-America honors in 1949. Coutre and Gay and Switowicz were still there. Other men would remain too, some until 1950. But never again would a Notre Dame team—or any team—be as strong as the 1947 Fighting Irish, the greatest college football team ever.

BEHIND BASEBALL'S FIGHTS AND FINES

(Continued from page 52)

days," suggests Gene Mauch, the thinking-man of the Phils. "There aren't any more fights, or any more curfew-breaking than there used to be. It's just that the newspaper men of today dig it up and pay more attention to it. The writers used to be more like members of the family, and covered up such things."

WELL, bully for the modern newsman if Mauch's theory is correct, and I believe it is, but only to an extent. The modern newsman has a sort of ethical code governing such things:

He writes: What breaches of discipline the front-office announces. What he sees of fights on the field, in the clubhouse, in transit.

He does not write: What occurs off the field while he socializes with the ballplayers unless a disturbance reaches such proportions that it becomes a matter of police record.

That is why the Yankees got into the papers twice this year, both big. First, there was the rugged battle of Ft. Lauderdale, wherein a male model got mugged up by, he says, some Yankees named Cleto Boyer and Roger Maris. He has sued both, and as this is written, neither case has come up. To show that, in the great American game, both sides deserve a time at bat, Roger Maris has instituted a counter-suit, charging said male model with false-arrest, slander, defamation, and failure to buy him a drink.

The battle of Ft. Lauderdale occurred, naturally, in and around a bar. It was touched off, naturally, by the presence of a girl, the male model's girl.

As a general thing, the ballplayer doesn't go looking for trouble. He realizes that he is a celebrity, and if something flares up and it makes the papers, he's wrong even if he's right. A ballplayer, in a bar or out of one, will look at a girl because who doesn't? But mostly it is the girl who looks at the ballplayer, and if the girl happens to be with another fellow, which is most of the time, then you have the makings of trouble, because the other guy doesn't like it that his girl is looking at the ballplayer. The other fellow has to show her that he is every bit as good as the ballplayer is, maybe better.

So, there are words and sometimes there are more than words. It can start so weirdly, so unexpectedly.

I was in on one of those a few years ago. It was in Frisco, and the Dodgers and Giants were playing off for the National League pennant, and some of the Dodgers were having a few brews at a perfectly respectable hour. It was a nice little place, and orderly, but that's something you never can be quite sure about. Kooks hang out in nice little places, too. There just aren't as many.

We were at the bar, and Johnny Podres got up to go to the bathroom, and when he got back he found this guy sitting there and Johnny said, politely, "Pardon me, but you have my seat."

The guy looked over his shoulder at Podres and then looked back at his drink as if he had seen nobody.

"Look, mister," said Podres, not quite as politely, "that's my change in front of you, and that's my seat."

The guy looked again, still silent,

then turned back to his drink. He picked up the glass, leaned forward over the bar and ever so methodically, ever so slowly, poured the contents into the sink in back. Then, he tapped the empty glass on the bar cracking it, and lifted it, lip forward, and was about to smash the glass into Podres' face when the bartender, realizing what was going on, grabbed the kook's arm. Podres stood there, incredulous.

But not Podres' two teammates. They grabbed the guy, and one threw him back off the stool onto a carpeted stairway nearby, and clamped an armlock around the guy's neck, and was squeezing and screaming: "You dirty unprintable! You tried to smash that glass into my buddy's face!"

A girl screamed, and she squealed, "Don't! Don't! You'll kill him! He has a bad heart!"

Well, somebody called the cops, and somebody else hustled the ballplayers out of there, and it's a good thing, too, because you'd have really seen some headlines.

The point is nobody ever heard of that incident because the newsmen who saw it felt obliged to treat it with confidence for two reasons; they were out socially with the ballplayers, and the ballplayers were not the instigators.

NOT so lucky was a Dodger of more recent vintage, Al Ferrara. He was one of 1965's many disciplinees. He got into trouble in Los Angeles, which is the Dodgers' home base, and it is rare that a ballplayer is hung up at home in such matters because there is no curfew, as such, at home. There a player is strictly on his honor, and that covers a pretty wide area. About the only way a ballplayer can get into trouble at home is if somebody yells cop.

Ferrara found a surer way. He almost ran down a cop. At least that's what the police report said when Al was booked on drunken driving. The Dodgers bailed out Ferrara for \$276, forfeited the bond, and shortly shipped him to Spokane.

"A one-seventy-nine hitter," said Dodger vice-president Buzzie Bavasi, "just can't get away with something like that."

There's a lot of philosophy wrapped up in Bavasi's statement. The star ballplayer has something extra going for him in the matter of personal comportment. Frank Thomas discovered this when he became involved with teammate Richie Allen. Allen popped Thomas, and Thomas swung at Allen with the bat he just happened to have in his hands, and when the smoke cleared, Thomas was up for waiver grabs. Nobody in the front office bothered to find out who was right or wrong. Nothing could have mattered less. What mattered was that Richie Allen was leading the league in batting at the time and Frank Thomas was batting 100 points less and was 14 years older. Allen had a great career ahead of him and Thomas had a great career behind him. The choice was as simple as that.

There were racial undertones, real or imagined, to the Thomas-Allen fracas. Allen was giggling Thomas, and Thomas said something about Allen having a mouth like Cassius Clay, and that triggered something unpleasant in Richie's mind.

Baseball is not isolated from the

social upheaval and ultra-sensitivity which has swept our time. For all its self-praise in the matter of racial relations, for all the credit it takes for having broken the color line (long after other sports had done it), baseball has not founded an interracial Utopia, no more than has any other segment of Americana. Much of the squabbling, many of the flareups on the field, have racial sparks at their origin.

Shortly after the Thomas-Allen affair came the Courtney-Maye affair. Clint Courtney is the Houston coach, from Louisiana. Lee Maye is the Houston outfielder, sent there in mid-season by Milwaukee. Lee Maye sings rock 'n' roll, and likes to kid. He kidded, this day, by skipping a few baseballs at Courtney's legs, while Clint was hitting pre-game fungoes. One of the balls banged against Courtney's shin, and it hurt.

Courtney snapped at Maye. One of the things he blurted was "you black unprintable."

The key word was not the unprintable one; the key word is black. Ballplayers call each other unprintable things as often as they are called out. Black unprintable is something else again, especially when said with a drawl.

According to witnesses of the Houston affair, Maye got in a few good licks before Walt Bond, a Negro, pulled him off. Ron Brand, white, pulled back Courtney, who had a slight laceration of the forehead and a redness under one eye.

No official action was taken by the club; at least none that was made public. Courtney and Maye are believed to have shaken hands, but they do not go to movies together.

Oddly enough, the most sensitive relations in baseball exist between the American Negro and the Latin Negro. The Latin Negro gives the American Negro the impression of a superior attitude, and the American Negro does not like that. The Latin Negroes, more often than not, jabber in Spanish around the batting cage, and on the buses and on the planes, and they laugh while they jabber, and the American Negro does not like that. He wants to know what is going on. He suspects, at times, the laughter is about him. He does not like that.

A few seasons back, Willie Mays, American Negro, and Elio Chacon, Venezuelan Negro, went at it pretty good. Now, it is happening more often. Johnny Roseboro, American, had two skirmishes. He took a shot at Roberto Pena early in the season. Late in the season there was the Roseboro-Marichal battle. The bat became a weapon. Marichal, at the plate at the time, laid open a cut on Roseboro's head with a swing of the bat, and everybody joined in. This brawl was timed at 14 minutes, with no rest period between rounds.

ONE such racial fight of the past, which only recently came to light, involved Charley Neal and Chico Fernandez, when both were with the Mets. They were filling out their All-Star ballots in the Polo Grounds clubhouse. The discussion became heated, allegedly about the relative merits of the Latin ballplayer, when suddenly they ran out of words.

"Neal decked him pretty good," Casey Stengel now relates.

The undisciplined conduct so rampant this year has left not even the umpires inviolate. The umpire's blue,

like the policeman's blue, has long been considered above contamination by human hands. Perhaps it is significant that there has been a simultaneous breakdown in the respect for both. Mobs throw rocks at police now as if it were a leading American sport. And even a highly civilized person like Sam Mele threw a punch at an umpire.

Mele got off easy. Joe Cronin suspended him for five days. It could have been five months.

"I was there," said Cronin, "and I'm not sure I saw Sam hit him. There were an awful lot of arms, even when you look at the picture."

The picture in the newspapers the next day showed Mele, his left arm extended full length, his right hand cocked. The left fist, half closed, was being picked off by umpire Bill Valentine, with an open palm in front of his jaw. Had Valentine not been so adroit, it is quite possible that Joe Cronin, president of the AL, would have seen Sam hit him.

Perhaps it was the pressure of the pennant race that was beginning to build within Sam Mele when, at mid-season, it became apparent that his Minnesota Twins had a crack at first place. Perhaps it was also a breakdown in the moral discipline of this era. There have been tighter pennant races, and managers just as exasperated at umpires, and if every manager who became infuriated at an umpire's call decided to put the slug on said umpire, there would be little time for the playing of the game.

Managers, themselves so susceptible to human foibles, set the behavior patterns for their players, and this may seem funny, but there is no other way. A manager must be able, as the saying goes in baseball, "to take some of their money." That is the strongest deterrent at the disposal of a manager, although basically it all boils down to the individual. The player who plays will play, and will pay the fiddler if caught. Grudgingly, perhaps, but he will pay, and chances are he will play again.

There really is no great need to break curfew on the sneak because most managers will permit an occasional night out, if the player asks permission, and if he does not take advantage of the privilege.

Tony Conigliaro, bright young star of the Red Sox, received such permission from Billy Herman this past season. Tony had a party to go to, and Herman said fine, but don't be too late.

It is not known how late Tony stayed out that night, but whatever he did, his system rebelled at it. On the ride to the ballpark in the players' bus the next day, Tony Conigliaro upchucked. This proved to Billy Herman that Tony was hardly in condition to star that day, and Tony Conigliaro was fined \$1000, which is a pretty steep fine.

"All I ask," said Billy Herman, "is that when I give a player permission to stay out, he be in shape to play ball the next day."

Every so often, a manager feels he is being taken advantage of. He pulls a bed-check, which is simply what it says. After the curfew hour, he or his appointed aide makes the rounds of the hotel rooms to check on whether the boys are in bed. Sometimes only known chronic offenders are checked, sometimes the entire team.

This season, one manager pulled a sweeping check. He expected to find

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HARMON KILLEBREW: HOW A STAR SACRIFICED HIMSELF FOR HIS TEAM

(Continued from page 39)

the switch and assured him that first base would be his position all season. No shifting around and none of the accompanying pressures that come to a man who must adjust to the demands of a different position every day. Killebrew would play first base and get into a comfortable routine there. That was the agreement they made.

Mele stuck to the agreement. Killebrew broke it. "I know you would like to get Don Mincher's bat into the lineup on certain occasions," Killebrew told Mele one day. "I'll play another position so Mincher can play first base if it will help."

A WEEK later Killebrew was moved to third base. By mid-season Harmon was playing third base against all righthanded pitchers and first base against lefthanders. The shifting in the field doubtlessly cut into his concentration at bat, but Killebrew never complained.

The fans reacted to Killebrew's sacrifices. "We used to get a stack of letters every day a foot high," Twins' President Calvin Griffith said during the season. "They called him 'Harmless Harmon.'"

The letters stopped coming in 1965. The boos and jeers from the stands pretty much stopped, too. "I know they have called me 'harmless,'" Harmon recently said. "Some still do. I never let it bother me. That's part of baseball. The fans like to tag a player. As long as they don't get personal, I don't care."

"I remember one time last year when I was playing left field, a man in the bleachers was really on my back. He called me everything. Finally I turned around and looked right at him."

When Killebrew turned, the man stood up and shouted, "Killebrew, you Jew buzzard!" Only he mispronounced buzzard.

Killebrew, though Scotch-Irish, got the message. All those people unhappy with Killebrew's strikeouts (an American League record 141 in 1963) and slowness afoot abused him in their own way. This particular man chose Adolf Hitler's way.

In '65 the fans began to appreciate Harmon's competitive drive, hidden for years behind his calm face and his knack for understatement and non-statement. The Twin players have always appreciated it. "We've known all along," says Bob Allison, "how much Harmon has meant to the club."

The players knew that Killebrew had played much of the 1964 season with an injured throwing arm. He had been heavily criticized for his weak throws from the outfield, but he had never protested. He had not wanted the other teams to know he was hurt.

In 1964, Killebrew hit the most home runs of his career (49) and drove in 111 runs. His salary was boosted from more than \$45,000 a year to more than \$50,000. But the Twins finished in sixth place and Mele suggested to Killebrew that the club might finish higher in '65 if Harmon made some personal changes.

"From the conversations I had last summer and last winter, I knew the club wanted me to cut down on my strikeouts," Harmon says. "I struck

out 136 times last year. Of course, I've tried to cut down on them before. Never could do it. But I set out this year with the purpose of hitting the ball more often."

During spring training, Mele asked if Harmon felt he could become a consistent .300 hitter.

"I don't think so," said Harmon, "because I can't run well enough to run out any infield hits. I could cut down on my swing. But would I be helping the club?"

"You can cut down on your strikeouts," said Mele, "by hitting the ball more often. And if you hit the ball more often, you will get your home runs anyway."

Killebrew agreed to try to hit the ball more often. He also agreed to move from left field to first base to get Mincher in the lineup.

Killebrew had come up to the majors as a third-baseman, had switched to first base in 1960 and to left field in 1962. Now, he was going back to first. "I was just beginning to feel I knew how to play left field," Harmon told Mele. "It's not easy to move. But if I can make the change from the beginning of spring training and stay at first base, I can do it."

Mele then said he was considering naming Killebrew as official team captain. Killebrew had been captain in 1961, but no one had held the title since. "I don't think you need a field leader," said Killebrew. "If everyone goes out there and does a job, that's all he can do. If everyone does his job, we will be all right. If a player isn't doing his job, that's up to the manager."

KILLEBREW led the team during the season, though. He led by example. "Harmon's volunteering to move from first base was an inspiration to every player," Mele said toward the end of the season. Said Killebrew: "I'm just doing my best to help the club win. Changing positions is part of that, if they need me to do it. I will say this. It would have been easier for me to stay at first base. It would have been better for myself. I would have had less to think about. I could concentrate more on my hitting. But we've been winning, and that's the thing that counts."

The subject shifted to hitting and Killebrew was asked if he had considered what might happen if the Twins failed to win the pennant? Would he still get a \$50,000 salary if he slipped to less than 40 home runs and the Twins finished second or third?

"I never really thought about it—at least until I got hurt," he said. "Calvin and I have never had any trouble."

Later, the question was put to Griffith: "If the Twins were to win the pennant, Harmon wouldn't have any trouble getting his raise after this kind of season, would he?"

"That's right," said Calvin. "He's meant a great deal to this club."

"How about if the Twins finish second or third?"

Griffith thought a moment. "How much a man gets paid depends on a lot of things," he said. "How much the club draws, how much he helps the club."

In 1964, when the Twins finished sixth, every player who hit 20 or more

home runs received a raise. Pitchers and other players had to fight cuts or battle for raises. Griffith said at that time:

"When a man hits 49 home runs and drives in 111 runs (as Killebrew did), you have to give him a raise." Whether he thought about it or not, Killebrew in 1965 evidently was risking something.

But he was delivering in the clutch more than ever before. At the time of his injury Killebrew had a .278 batting average. His batting average for the times he had come up with runners on second or third base was .373.

He'd driven home the winning runs in the final innings five times. Five other times in the final innings he had tied games the Twins eventually won. Only the year before, in contrast, his batting average with runners in scoring position had been .235. By hitting the ball more often, instead of waiting for the home-run pitch, he was leading the charge for the 1965 pennant.

When the home-run pitch happened to come in, of course, Killebrew still walloped it. Early in July, with the Twins trying to hold their league lead and the Yankees trying to get back into the pennant race, the teams met in Minnesota. The Twins kicked the game away three times with errors and went into the bottom of the ninth inning trailing, 5-4.

With a man on base and two out, Harmon got an inside pitch. And he hit it. "Our only worry was that it might not be high enough to get over the fence," Mele said afterward. "It was a line drive all the way, and it was still going up when it went into the bleachers."

The home run won the game, 6-5, and sent the Twins into the All-Star Game break with a five-game pennant lead.

In the locker room, Rich Rollins, who had made an error at third base to give the Yankees their 5-4 lead, came up to Harmon. "Thanks," Rollins said. "You saved me from being the goat."

Rollins is one of the many Killebrew admirers. "In Kansas City, when Harmon realized he would be playing at third base often, he came to me," Rollins recently said. "He told me that when he volunteered to move, he didn't realize he would be moving into my job regularly. He told me there would be plenty of time for me to play and help win this pennant. It was a big help to me. And he didn't have to do it."

ANOTHER of Killebrew's admirers is catcher Earl Battey. "This team, without Killebrew," Battey said, "is like a man dressed up for a formal affair with white tie and tails and wearing muddy shoes. Harmon puts us all in bigger shoes and adds that sparkle of polish. We feel like we are the best with him in the lineup, because one of the best is one of us."

Battey said that in 1963 when, with Killebrew injured, the Twins went into a slump.

In 1965, with Killebrew injured and watching games from the dugout, the Twins continued on top. "It helps," said Rich Rollins, "just to have him in the clubhouse."

DONNY ANDERSON'S FRIENDS AND FOES

(Continued from page 65)

that Tech's football history will reach a critical point this season, its sixth in the SWC. "This is the first time we've had any depth. We've got a lot of good, big players everywhere. Before, if a guy was hurt he had to suck it up and stay in there because there was nobody to take his place.

"Now there's just one thing we needed, and that's a feeling of being a team. That's what carried Arkansas to an 11-0 record. I don't know how you get it for sure, but six players going and five not going, that won't get it. I think it's a case of thinking first about the team, instead of thinking about individuals. We don't have anybody this year, I don't believe, who is envious of anyone else or jealous. We have in the past. Some guys that would block harder for one back than they would the next."

Anderson this season promised to turn over a new Monday-to-Friday leaf on the practice field. "I'm going to keep doing my darnedest to put out," he said. "I've got some added responsibility this year as captain. I can understand that if some of the other guys see me loafing around they'll feel what's good enough for Donny is good enough for them. I don't know how it's going to work out, though. I've always dedicated myself to going all-out from the first whistle until the final gun on Saturdays. I give it everything that's in me. At the end of a game I'm tired enough to drop right there. It'd kill me to try going that hard every day in practice, even though I know the coaches must want to run me off.

"Besides, putting on that red game jersey and those striped pants puts a charge in me. Staring down at those all-white practice pants with mud all over them, I can't get the idea of it."

You get the apt description of the kind of Saturday charge that fills Anderson when you talk to his SWC opponents. TCU defensive back Frank Horak warns: "You can't relax for a minute when he has the ball. I moved up to help when he ran off tackle against us, and it looked like we had

him cold. Automatically, I sort of checked myself and let up. Then he was spinning off around end. He just turned the corner and was gone—90 yards for a touchdown."

Anderson's first love was baseball (he had pro bonus offers before he went to Tech). Through his sophomore year in college he maintained that he would make his mark in the pro world as a .300 hitter. Then teammate Dave Parks signed what was reported as a \$99,000, three-year contract with the 49ers. "When Parks showed up with a new Riviera," says Texas Tech baseball coach Bert Huffman, "Donny got motivated about football."

Anderson has a typically forthright explanation for his sudden switch in allegiance. "I realized," he said, "that my name had been built in football. For my future good, after my playing days are over, I decided to stick with it. That's how people around here know me." (But Donny played baseball for Tech this spring even though he decided against making a career of it.)

Anderson's football ability dictates that there will be a real donnybrook for his services this winter. "I'm lucky in the clubs that drafted me," he said, "because one of them is a Texas team." Green Bay is already aware of what a job it is to get a Texas boy out of Texas. The Packers were stung on another No. 1 draft choice, flankerback Larry Elkins of Baylor, last winter. At the 11th hour, Green Bay gave the Dallas Cowboys its rights to Elkins, but he had signed with the Houston Oilers at 10:59. This is why Dallas will perk up its ears at any quote from Anderson that he wants to play in the Southwest. He has already admitted that he leans toward the Packers because of the stature of the NFL.

But National League observers shudder when they think of Packer coach Vince Lombardi reacting to Donny Anderson's "game pants" philosophy. There is already enough violence in the world.

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NATE THURMOND: THE WORLD AT HIS FINGERTIPS

(Continued from page 75)

charity parade. I'm trying to get my brother to get a school job here. He's a bachelor, too, and we could swing together. I miss my folks, but otherwise there's nothing for me in Akron. I have to stay where I'm making my name. Mr. Mieuli is getting me a job with the Schenley Whiskey people. Do I drink it? If the whiskey people are listening, yes. If any kids or coaches are listening, no."

Nate regularly takes good-looking girls to the North Beach twist joints. He eats in good restaurants. He dresses sharply. He is obviously getting a kick out of his new role as a celebrity. "I'm known as a playboy and I dig it," he says, grinning. "I love the ladies and I love to dance and go to parties and clubs. I'm a confirmed bachelor, for now. I've been going with one gal about seven months and she's special, but we have a good understanding. She knows I'm too young to specialize. There's too many good-looking girls and I want to play

the field a while. I prefer to go out with good-looking girls because one good-looking girl sees you with another one and she figures you must have something special and she seeks you out. Which is why my phone number is in the book. I want them to be able to reach me. Most of the guys are married and have unlisted phone numbers because they don't want to get the crank calls, but I figure I can always hang up on the cranks.

"Some gals dig basketball players. And some gals just dig athletes. Which is all right, 'cause I'm both. I hear 'em all out. I can always weed out the ones that don't have it or aren't on my side. I don't disqualify the short ones. My girl is 5-8, but I also date a girl who's 5-3. We must make some kind of sight, man. Impressive! Mainly, I don't like quiet girls. I like girls who like to have fun and dance and stuff. Jazz is OK, but I prefer rock 'n' roll and I dig all those wild dances. I must look like

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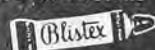
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something else doing the frug or the watusi! My favorite hangout is The Playpen on Divisadero, which is owned by friends, but I go to a lot of joints. I don't want you to think I keep bad hours or anything. I don't.

"Right now basketball comes first. Sometimes it's a close call, but basketball is still coming in first."

Says Hannum: "When we traded Wilt, I sat down and had a long talk with Nate. I pointed out how much pressure he was going to face. I pointed out how much was expected of him. I said I thought he was on the verge of greatness, but that greatness is a 24-hours-a-day, 52-weeks-a-year job and he was going to have to dedicate himself.

HE has made a good impression on San Franciscans. Warrior publicity director Bob Dean says, "Wilt's contributions to the team began and ended with the games. Nate will give 24 hours a day to the team if you ask it of him. He has been hung up with interviews and on publicity things for hours without complaint. San Francisco *Examiner* sports editor Curley Grieve says, "Wilt was withdrawn, from everyone and everything. Nate is outgoing. Where Wilt made enemies by accident, Nate makes friends on purpose. In some ways, he may help the franchise more than Wilt ever would."

Thurmond's rivals are awed by him. "I sure wish we had gotten him," says Laker coach Fred Schaus. "Nate is a complete ballplayer. He's quicker and more agile and has longer arms than most men his size. Very few natural centers his size could have made the switch to a corner the way he did, particularly with a Chamberlain dominating the game at center, but Nate is unselfish and complemented Wilt very well. He didn't take bad shots—he didn't have to shoot much with Wilt on the team, of course. He got more than his share of rebounds. And he overpowered normal-sized forwards on defense. If his back holds up, I'm sure he can develop into an outstanding center because of his all-around ability. He has all the tools, he only needs experience. He can be great."

A good forward trying to become a great center, Thurmond is borrowing tricks from others, but is also playing out of his own bag: "I'm trying to develop a better variety of shots. I'd like to be able to back in on my hook shot the way Bellamy does. The other centers all grab the ball off the offensive board, then go up for a shot. These days, they tell you not to tip. But, I like to tip. You ever notice how fellows like Wilt crouch down and gather themselves for one big jump? I've found that if I can't outjump 'em on the first jump, I can on the second. No matter how I land, I can always go right back up and just as high, so I figure tipping is my best bet. I'm no Wilt, but I'm not as good a foul-shooter as people think I am. I have to improve.

"Off the defensive board, I've always tried to get rid of the ball quick the way Russell does. I can't dribble fast, but I get a quick start and I run fast with long strides, so I like to be the third man down on the fast break so I can take a pass and feed off or shoot or go to the boards for a tip.

"I try to beat my defender down-court. On defense, I like to block a

shot or two early. The shooter is frustrated the rest of the game and altering his style then. And I not only want to block the ball, but to take it away from the man the way Russell does. Then you really got something."

He is not unaware of statistics. "I figure if I can get to average 24 points and 24 rebounds and play a good all-around game, I'll be OK," he says.

But, underneath it all, there are nagging doubts about his back. "It started to ache after I stepped on Reggie Harding's heel and wrenched myself in mid-season," Nate said in the summer. "The doctors at first figured it was a sprain or something, but now they've decided that the tissues of the cartilage on the left side of my hip are dried out, that the accident only brought it to the surface, and that I may feel it from now on. I felt if I could rest for a couple of weeks I'd have been all right last season, but the team needed me. I rested this summer. The games in Europe were so easy I didn't have to extend myself. In one of the games, we almost pitched a shutout. Don Ohl said the first guy to give up a bucket would have to buy sodas . . . or something. Guess who gave up the first bucket? That's right, Nate Thurmond, the defensive star." He laughed.

HE grew serious again and shook his head. "The other day I tried it out in a pick-up game with some other pros. It hurt like blazes. I feel bad about it. I'm afraid I'm just going to have to learn to live with it. It hurts worst when I make that quick, long leap to block a shot. I've tried corsets and elastic bandages, but they restrict me too much. The doctors say the only thing I can do for it is to take exercises to strengthen it. I'm lifting weights and it seems to be helping. Also, it's helping my appetite. I'm eating better than usual and putting on a little solid weight, which I need badly. I'd like to be able to play 48 minutes every game this season. I can learn to pace myself. Anyway, when I get tired, it only affects my shooting touch, not my rebounding or defense. When I sit on the bench, I cool off. Now that I'm in there," he smiled, "I don't want to sit out."

"This," Hannum said a while later, "is where Nate and I will have some disagreement. I want him to play 35 to 40 minutes a game. I don't want my players pacing themselves. When they get tired, I'll put in a fresh sub. It's not crowded, rough play which tires a man out, but hustling all the way. This business of saying you cool off is nonsense. Once you get back in, you warm up quick enough. I'm sure Nate will do whatever I ask of him.

"Nate did a wonderful job at forward, but in all honesty, having Wilt at center helped him. The opposition had to concentrate on Wilt, which gave Nate a lot of freedom. He has a lot to learn at center, but it should be his best position. His defense and rebounding are already outstanding and are only going to get better. His offense has to pick up, but he's a good shooter.

"Did Nate say 24 points and 24 rebounds? I don't believe in statistics. I believe in all-around performance and there are many subtle things which don't show in statistics. My idea of a great all-around center has always been John Kerr. John could shoot and pass off and set up screens and rebound and defend; he quarter-

backed the team. Nate is a complete player, who has all the skills John has had, but is naturally more talented and so can become a much better player. He has to learn some of the cute maneuvers the great centers have. He has to get meaner out there. He's too nice a guy and doesn't want to make anyone mad at him. I don't believe you have to go to war and injure someone, but it's a rough game and you have to be rough to protect yourself sometimes. Nate has the guts, I know. He played in such pain at times last season it was pathetic. He has the intelligence. If he dedicates himself to the job and his back holds up, I think he can become the finest all-around center ever."

The tall, gaunt, balding coach sighed wistfully. "The most fabulous, the most fantastic thing the Warriors could do this season would be to play .500 ball. After the season we had last year, this would be tremendous. To do it, we're going to have to get the sort of season from Nate that he can give us if he is healthy. I know we've put a monkey on his back. We can't help it. You have to build a team around your center and Nate is our center. He's replacing someone so far beyond the normal as not to be believed. I know he's apprehensive. Anyone in his shoes would be scared to death. But I think he can meet the challenge. We have," he admitted, "gambled a lot on it."

Later, Nate Thurmond wrapped his huge hands around a steaming mug of coffee and said, "Shortly after the trade, I was driving home from a losing game and I heard a radio announcer say you have to expect a team to lose when they trade away a man like Chamberlain and try to replace him with a boy like Thurmond. He just clean forgot that we were losing just as much when we still had Wilt. I was so mad I wanted to turn right around and drive to the studio and throw a rock through the window. I was so burned up, for days afterwards I wanted to write that man a letter . . ."

THE big fellow shrugged and smiled and said, "I've gotten over it. I see now that most people here are hoping for me to make it, not looking for me to fail. I have no bad feelings toward Wilt.

"I was friendly with him. I admire him. He had every right to be bitter, but when he left he said I could become the best center in the league. He didn't have to say that and I appreciated it. I can't say I was unhappy when he was traded. For one thing, I was being paid as a forward and now I'll be paid as a center, which is the most." He laughed. "One place I will try to copy Wilt is in the front office. That man is some kind of businessman. I'll ask for not less than \$30,000 this season."

Nate looked down at his big hands. "Let's face it," he said, "I'm no Wilt and I'm no Russell, but I am Nate Thurmond and maybe I can make that enough for anybody. You know, something? I've led my teams in scoring only one or two years ever since I was in high school. I've never been all-anything that was important. I've always been behind someone. I'd like to be No. 1 for a change. I'd like for my team to be No. 1 for a change. I guess," he said, "I've got my work cut out for me."

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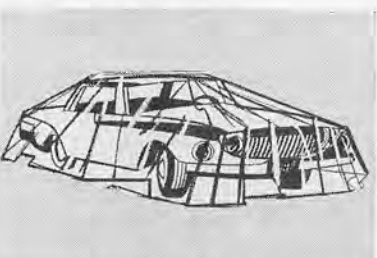
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THE MAN WHO TOOK OVER HUTCH'S TEAM

(Continued from page 61)

him because I know he's a sincere man. All of us wanted to see him get the job as manager of the Reds. We told him so before we parted at the end of the 1964 season.

"I don't have to tell you that there have been times during the past couple of years when I seriously thought about quitting baseball. (Jay is in the oil business in West Virginia and his 30-odd wells reportedly are prospering.) The fact that Sisler was named manager of the Reds was one big reason why I decided during the winter to remain in baseball, give it my undivided attention during the playing season. Sisler has a way of making everyone feel wanted. It's just unfortunate that my elbow trouble prevented me from doing a better job for him."

TOMMY Harper was another Red who received special attention from Sisler. In 1962 Harper batted .333, with 26 homers and 84 RBI, for San Diego and was picked by Pacific Coast League managers as the league's most outstanding major-league prospect. But in 1963 and 1964, with the Reds, he batted only .260 and .243. "You've become a defensive hitter," Sisler told Harper after the '64 season. "Don't worry about striking out, just swing the bat the way I know you can. Take a bat home with you. Practice swinging it in front of a mirror. Let it rip. You've got to get away from the habit of 'feeling for a pitch.' And, when you get to spring training next year don't go to the plate looking over your shoulder. I'm not going to take you out the first time you go hitless."

By the end of August, 1965, Harper was batting about 40 points higher than he had in 1964 and he already had more home runs than he had ever hit in a major-league season.

Sisler, talked, too, with O'Toole and Cardenas. "I wanted to make sure," Sisler says, "that no grudges would be carried over from the 1964 season. Each of them had all winter to think over the incident. Each knew he had been wrong. Each realized the seriousness of the incident. Since my talk with them, I think you'll agree that each has cooperated with me and each other."

Midway through the 1965 season, Sisler called O'Toole into his office. Sisler had read a story in which O'Toole was quoted as saying, "The brass tells me I've lost confidence in myself, but it looks to me as if they have lost confidence in me."

Sisler told O'Toole the accusation was unfair. He pointed out that only Sammy Ellis and Jim Maloney had had more starting assignments than O'Toole. "I wouldn't say that shows a lack of confidence," Sisler told O'Toole. At the time O'Toole's record was 1-7.

Sisler had been equally direct with Pete Rose during the 1964 season. Rose, the Red's second-baseman, had been benched then because of careless fielding and had balked at working out at third base during practice.

"I had a private chat with Pete in Los Angeles," says Sisler, "and if you'll remember he was volunteering to catch batting practice the next day."

Rose was picked as the league's All-Star second-baseman in 1965.

"Sisler," says Frank Robinson, "has given the club a communication that

never existed in the past. It has brought harmony, made us a closer family. You never have to read his mind. If he has a gripe with you, you learn of it from him, not from someone else. He doesn't have someone else administer his spankings. And, on the other hand, if you've got a problem, you know he'll listen to you."

"All players know how far they can push a manager. And they know if they push too far, they'll have to suffer the consequences. Some of the regulars on this club, have a tendency to hang around the clubhouse until it's time to hit, sometimes a little longer. Sisler warned us, not just one or two, but the whole team."

"A few of us have suffered the consequences," Robinson goes on.

"With Gordy Coleman," Robinson says, "all Sisler did was let him know he was going to play. He let Coleman know he was going to play even if he took the collar a few games in a row. That was all Gordy needed, a show of confidence."

With Cardenas? "Ever since I've known Leo," says Robinson, "he has had a tendency to flare-up when things didn't go right for him. (A few years ago Cardenas took off his uniform, changed into street clothes and threatened to go home when he found that he wasn't in the starting lineup.) "Leo has been an entirely different person ever since Sisler talked to him in the spring. Not once has he shown his personality of other years. I think of Leo as a time-bomb. You know, I keep waiting for him to explode. But he hasn't. Not one time."

"Sisler knows everyone can make a mistake. When Leo makes one, Sisler doesn't call him a dumb so-and-so. It makes a difference to a guy."

"During the O'Toole-Cardenas incident, Sisler jumped in and stopped it right then and there. He didn't put the blame on one person or the other. He said it was just one of those unfortunate incidents which can occur during a tense pennant struggle, something that should be forgotten as soon as it ended; something that shouldn't interfere with the job at hand—winning the pennant."

SETTLING problems and running the Reds, Sisler is his own man. He hasn't patterned himself after any other manager, but he says that Hutchinson and Birdie Tebbetts have had some influence on his thinking.

In 1956, at 36 and after playing 15 seasons of professional baseball, eight of them in the major leagues, Sisler went to the winter baseball meetings, looking for a job as a manager. He had had a good career, highlighted by the tenth-inning home run he hit on the last day of the 1950 season to give the Phillies their first pennant in 35 years. He had been a smart ballplayer, too, and so, at the 1956 winter meetings, he was offered five managing jobs. He accepted the one from Nashville of the Southern Association. He was there three seasons, then went to Seattle and in 1961 became a Cincinnati coach.

During those 1956 winter meetings Sisler visited Tebbetts, who was then manager of the Reds. They discussed pitching rotation and other facets of managing and "Birdie," Sisler says, "helped me tremendously. I remember how he impressed upon me the

importance of knowing the rules. 'Never get caught up on the rules during an argument with an umpire,' he warned me. I went home after the meetings and studied the rules the rest of the winter.

"Hutch," continues Sisler, "used to tell his pitchers: 'The first five innings are yours, the last four mine. He was sometimes criticized for it, but he always gave a starter every chance to get his feet on the ground."

"His theory, too, was that you should never permit a starter to take a loss if he has gone a long way. Say, for instance, the game is in the ninth inning and you're leading, 6-3. If the first two batters get on base, Hutch would gamble with only one more hitter before replacing his starter. That way the worse the starter could wind up with was a tie, no decision."

THERE were times during the 1965 season when Sisler was criticized for sticking too long with a starter. "A few of the times," Sisler says, "perhaps the criticism was justified. However, I'd rather take it on the chin than remove a tired good pitcher and bring in a poor relief pitcher. I can't see why a manager should make a change unless he has confidence in the man he brings in as a replacement."

Sisler says, too, that many of his managing methods include the use of psychology. "I remember," says Sisler, "when I was playing for Johnny Keane at Columbus, Ohio, I was batting .350 when I injured my thumb. It was considerably swollen. I thought I would be hurting the club if I played and told Keane that. He told me he wanted me to play, he said that even with one hand I could hit better than the player who would take my place. I stayed in the lineup. When a manager tells you something like that, it gives you drive. You want to go to hell and back for him."

"When players are riding the bench I try to pump them up every once in a while. I know how they feel because I've ridden a few benches, too."

"I don't believe in going around cracking a whip. I believe that if you show players they'll get a fair shake, you'll have their respect."

"Take Robinson and Vada Pinson. I know they're going to play about every day during the regular season; unless, of course, they're injured. So, last spring there were a lot of times I only played them five or six innings in an exhibition game."

"Sometimes I would play one and give the other one the day off. Always, though, one or the other was in the lineup because they're two of our top stars and I have an obligation to the fans."

"I think both of them appreciated the fact that I wasn't going to wear them out in spring training. I think they knew at the start they were going to get a fair shake from me. It meant something to them."

"If Robby or Pinson happened to be late reporting, I've found that they come to me to offer an explanation. I don't have to go to them. It wasn't always that way."

"Of course there are always times when one player or another will try to take advantage of you. Then, you've got to bear down, let them know you enforce your rules."

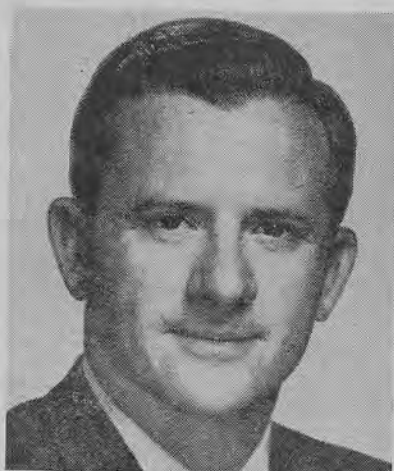
Dick Sisler enforces his rules. That's part of the style of the man who took over Hutch's team.

THE SPORT BONUS REPORT

COACH'S CORNER

By **FRANK BROYLES**

Head Coach, Arkansas University



How do you set up your punt and kick-off return offenses? What special strategy do you use?

The punt return is one of the most exciting plays in football. In recent years our Arkansas fans have come to expect something spectacular to happen almost every time the other team lines up in punt formation. Our players have taken great pride in executing this most difficult play.

There is a lot of hidden yardage in the kicking game that does not show up in the statistics. In the past six years we have averaged 16 yards per punt return. We get to return about four punts a game (we obviously can't return an out-of-bounds punt or one we fair-catch) and we get an average of roughly 60 yards—enough yards for six first downs.

We have been fortunate to have had the leading punt returners in the nation four out of the last five years (Lance Alworth twice and Ken Hatfield twice) and since there is so much hidden yardage in the kicking game, we

devote an unusual amount of time to it in practice, both for punts and kick-offs.

Here are four DON'TS our players live by and live with regarding the kicking game:

1. *Don't Be Offside:* A penalty on fourth down often gives your opponent a first down and allows it to keep possession of the ball.
2. *Don't Rough The Kicker:* About 90 percent of the time a roughing-the-kicker penalty will give your opponent a first down. It is important that the players be taught to rush for a spot in front of the punter rather than the spot where he actually receives the ball from the center.
3. *Don't Let The Punt Hit The Ground And Roll:* The safety man should try to catch every punt. Many times games are lost because of a short punt that travels about 25 yards in the air, hits the ground, rolls another 25 yards and, usually, backs you deep into your own territory.
4. *Thou Shalt Not Clip:* One of the most demoralizing things to your team happens when you return a punt for a touchdown, but you have a clipping penalty back where the return started. You not only lose the six points, but are a long way from that goal line.

When teams started punting from the spread formation it discouraged attempting punt returns for many teams. We feel we have overcome this in two ways:

1. You must delay the lineman at the line of scrimmage by the use of your hands. Extra effort here will delay these linemen from covering the kick by two or three steps.
2. After our linemen have delayed the opponents, they must sprint back about 40 yards to form the wall of blockers close to the boundary. This extra effort on the 40-yard sprint will pay huge dividends and we have been able to convince our squads of just that.

Every week we study the opponents as they punt the ball in games, giving close attention to each detail, running and re-running the film. Usually two or three of their team will give this extra effort covering the punt. These are the players we try to delay at the line of scrimmage.

TALK TO THE STARS

Have you wanted to ask questions of your favorite ballplayers and been unable to do so? This new feature, part of SPORT's special bonus section, lets you find out behind-the-scenes facts

ELSTON HOWARD: *Do you feel that playing second string behind Yogi Berra for many years hurt your major-league career or that it helped you become as good a player as you are today?*

—Steven Weinberg, Des Plaines, Illinois

HOWARD: When I answer the question as to whether playing behind Yogi Berra hurt my career, I have to think of it two ways. If you merely consider my career as a catcher, then certainly playing behind Berra didn't help. It took me quite a while to move in as the number one catcher, but there are many other considerations. While I was waiting for Berra to give up the number one job, I was fortunate that I didn't have to waste my time sitting on the bench or working in the bullpen. Since I wasn't catching, I fortunately spent a lot of time playing the outfield along with a little action at first base. As a result, I played a lot more than a number two catcher behind a star like Berra would normally play. Since I could play three positions, as well as pinch-hit, I never spent too much time on the bench. As a result, I became more valuable to the ballclub and this meant that my salary went up faster than it would as merely a second-stringer. If I hadn't played the outfield, I wouldn't have won the Babe Ruth award as most valuable player in the 1958 World Series. There's another thing, too. While

I was waiting to take over the regular catching job, I had a lot of time to observe and learn. If I had to give a yes or no answer, I would have to say that being behind Berra as a catcher hasn't hurt my career at all. In fact, I feel that in the long run it actually helped me.

LEON WAGNER: *Have you ever considered writing a book on your major-league experiences? What would you put in such a book?*

—Carl Holliday, Danville, Virginia

WAGNER: Yes, I have considered it. One big point in the book would be to tell people not to give up. As you know, I was let go by the Cardinals and the Giants and through perseverance and hard work I made good with the Angels, which gave me my shot with Cleveland.

RED AUERBACH: *Many college coaches claim that a home-court advantage is worth from six to ten points to a basketball team. Is there a home-court advantage in the NBA? If so, what do you think it is worth?*

—Matt Himlin, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

AUERBACH: I'd say it's about the same thing as in college, up to ten points. And it's for the same reasons. You've got the home-town crowd going for you and you can feel that home-town reaction. You're with your own fans. It's the

same in any sport: football, baseball, hockey. Also there's just something about not being on the road. You're sleeping in your own bed and you've got the psychological reaction that you've been on the road and now you're home. Any player would rather be at home than playing on the road.

ALBIE PEARSON: *How can a little man get power in his swing?*

—John Archer, Carolina, Rhode Island

PEARSON: For a little man to develop power as a hitter is extremely difficult and requires a great deal of work and effort. It takes hours of work to practice hitting in order to develop timing to a fine point. It is timing more than anything else that gives a hitter power. It also helps to develop the wrist and forearm muscles since the combination of timing and powerful

wrists and forearms is required to develop power. One method I have used to do this is to take a piece of wood and hang a weight on it with a piece of string. With arms outstretched, twist the wood to wrap the string around it and bring the weight up, then unwind it to let it drop down. Keep doing that and you develop your wrists and forearms. A little man trying to make it to the majors must also be fast, be able to out-think the bigger men and never stop hustling. Don't forget, a little man has to be really good to make it.

WHITEY FORD: *What is the most important game you ever pitched?*

—Joseph Dwek, Brooklyn, New York

FORD: Every game I pitch is the most important. I pitch just as hard every time I go out to the mound.



This feature is designed to let you talk to the stars. If you have a question you'd like anyone in sports to answer, send it to us. Tell us who you would like to answer the question. We will select the best questions, have them answered by the stars and print the questions, answers and names of the persons submitting the questions in the magazine. You can ask them by submitting them to "Talk To The Stars," SPORT Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

A Beginner's Guide To Bowling

By Bill Libby



BOWLING IS a simple game, so simple it can drive you mad. You take a 10- to 16-pound ball and roll it down an approximately 3½-foot wide, 60-foot long lane of polished pine and maple wood at ten 15-inch high, stationary and defenseless wood or plastic pins. Presumably, once you get the right groove and hit the right spot each time, you should knock down all the pins each time. Presumably. Do it with each of 12 balls and you have a perfect game of 300. However, in the beginning it may be handy to also know that alongside each lane there are nine-inch gutters which keep your misdirected throws from the next person's lane.

To start in bowling, wear loose, comfortable clothes; no rubber soled shoes unless you like broken legs. The house manager will instruct you in the basic procedures, tell you how to score, rent you bowling shoes and provide free "house balls."

Some beginners take the heaviest balls they can find and hurl them as hard as they can. They are flashy, but seldom effective. Rolling a ball with good "stuff" and placing it accurately is likely to bring better results. You will probably wind up with a 16-pound ball, but at first, find a ball that does not feel too heavy and has its three finger-holes spaced so that your thumb, middle and fourth fingers reach them and fit in them comfortably. If the fit is too loose, you will lose the ball; too snug, you will lose your fingers.

Find your own bowling style. Begin by noting a spot that permits you to approach the point of release by taking four comfortable strides—right, left, right, left—and leaves you perhaps a foot behind the foul line, over which you may not cross. If you're a lefty, you'll have to reverse these tips. Stand erect, but relaxed, in the center, cradling the ball in your left hand, holding it in front of you, with your right hand. As you move forward, let the

ball swing back then forward in a pendulum-like motion of your right arm. As you lean out to release the ball on your final step, bend your left leg and let your right leg swing across behind it.

Begin with a "straight" ball, holding your palm under the ball as you swing and release it. Later, go to a "hook," holding your hand in a "handshake position" all the way. Do not give the ball any extra twist. The thumb leaves the ball first and the following fingers impart spin naturally. If your hand follows the ball out and then up in a proper "follow-through," you will have your natural hook.

There are black "arrows" and different-colored slats of wood on the lanes. Sight down two "marks" that will carry your ball on a straight line. Once you have established your particular hook, you will know where you must stand so the natural swing of your arm will release the ball along the line you have chosen for that particular roll.

On the first ball, "the strike ball," you will want it to hook into the 1-3 "pocket," directly between the first and third pins. If your ball carries too far to the left, it will hit the "Brooklyn" side, between the first and second pins, where it is less likely to "mix" the pins into a strike. If it hits the head-pin directly, it will probably cause a bad "split," in which widely-separated pins remain.

On the second, the "spare" ball, you will want to roll the ball down a path that will knock down as many of the remaining pins as possible.

Concentrate. Know where you want to throw the ball before you begin forward. And observe the rules of courtesy. If the person in the next lane has gotten "up" first, let him proceed before you move forward. And don't carry on in such a way as to distract him. Remember, he has a 10- to 16-pound ball in his hands. You probably would not want to be struck by it.

TEENAGE ATHLETE OF THE MONTH PEACHES

THE MATCH FOR the U.S. girls' tennis championship was almost over and Julia Anthony was tired. As she was changing sides of the court between games, Julia sat down for a moment. While she sat, her opponent, Peaches Bartkowicz, hit practice serves.

"I got a big kick out of that," Jean Hoxie, Peaches' coach and the developer of many top players, said later. "Peaches was thinking about the match all the time. She's a tennis-playing machine."

At 16, this tennis-playing machine from Hamtramck, Michigan, is the best girl player in the country. In winning the National Girls' 18 and Under title in Philadelphia this summer she took six straight matches without losing a set. And last year she became the youngest champion in the history of England's Wimbledon tournament, winning the junior girls' title by beating four top 18-year-olds.

Now, Peaches has stepped up to the women's competition, playing in the senior ranks at Wimbledon and at the U.S. championships at Forest Hills, New York, this year. Moving in this kind of company has its rewards, even if it does mean Peaches is being beaten a little more regularly. This year she won sets from Australia's Margaret Smith, perhaps the best of the women players, and from Karen Hantze Susman, a top American.

Peaches lost the name her parents gave her, Jane, when Mrs. Hoxie first saw her swinging a racket not much smaller than she was at the age of seven. "Why, you're just a little, tiny peach," she said, and that was the end of Jane Bartkowicz.

"I like to give all my players nicknames," Mrs. Hoxie says. "It gives you color, but only when you win. Nobody remembers a nickname when you lose. I never think of her as Jane. Nobody does."

Peaches started playing in national tournaments when she was eight ("She doesn't like to talk about it now," says Mrs. Hoxie, "but she slept in a crib on her first trip."). She started winning them when she was 11. Long past the crib stage, Peaches now stands 5-8, weighs 140 pounds and plays a powerful, extremely accurate game of tennis, aiming for, and usually hitting, the corners of the court. Quiet, even shy off the court, Peaches seems to save all her aggressions for her opponents. Her two-hand backhand, a holdover from the little, tiny peach days when she needed both hands, and her volleying are the strongest parts of her game.

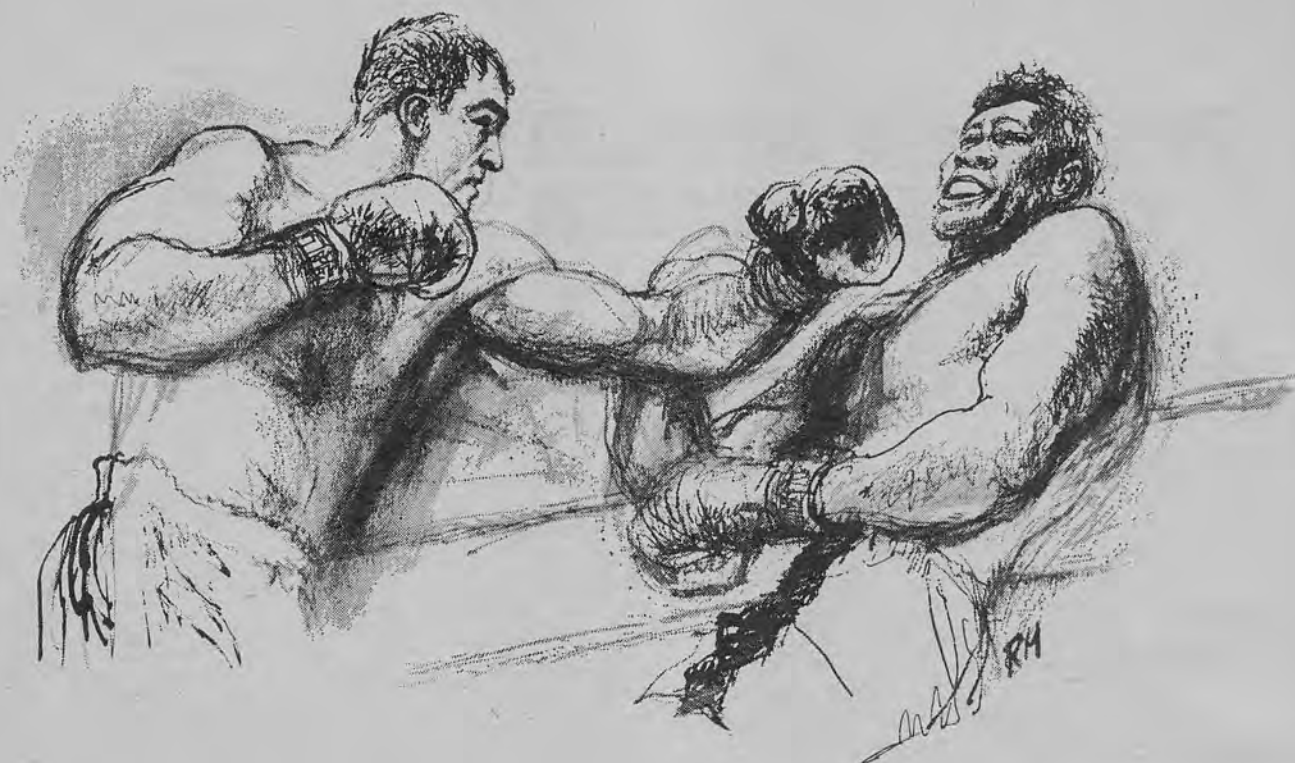
An honor-roll student at Hamtramck High School, Peaches says she wants to go to college and then teach when her tennis-playing days are over. She has an 11-year-old sister at home who has started winning a few trophies of her own. Naturally, her name is Plums.

After wearing a bouffant hairdo last year, Peaches now lets her hair hang down about shoulder length because the bubble-style, she says, was "too hard to take care of."

"Listen," says Mrs. Hoxie. "It's nice to be attractive, but you're more attractive when you hit the corners and win."



RON RAPOPORT



HOW TO PUNCH WITH POWER

By **ROCKY MARCIANO**

IT WAS THE BIGGEST night of my life—September 23, 1952. I was fighting Jersey Joe Walcott for his world heavyweight title. Through the first 12 rounds Jersey Joe had piled up a lead and as I sat in my corner, my handlers made clear what I'd have to do to win. "You got to knock him out!" they yelled.

I went out for the 13th thinking about the KO and looking for it, but when it came, it came so quickly that everything was automatic. Walcott started to throw a left hook and my right hand was on the inside of it. Instinct took over. I threw a straight right that caught him on the side of the chin. He crumbled and that was it. The knockout punch didn't travel more than ten inches and it didn't have to. It was the hardest punch I ever threw in a fight. I got all my weight behind it and I had so much leverage in the punch that I actually felt the impact in the sole of my foot.

People in Walcott's camp called it a lucky punch, which I resented. I worked long and hard to master the secrets of punching with power and it wasn't until I learned these lessons that I earned the right to fight for the heavyweight championship. I had to learn, most of all, that a man doesn't punch with maximum power merely by rearing back and swinging wildly. I learned, too, that the bigger guy isn't always the one with the most power. Anyone can increase his punching power, regardless of size.

A lot of people think strength alone makes for a power-puncher. They couldn't be more wrong. You can have the strength of Samson and it still will go to waste unless you have good balance, too. I call it "balance in power." To get the full use of your strength in boxing, your entire body has to be in position, and if it is, you'll be ready to swing with everything you've got.

Another popular misconception is that power comes from the arms and shoulders. Absolutely false. The arms and shoulders are strictly muscle control and don't come into play until the lower part of your body has done its work. A power blow begins in the ball of the foot. Prepare yourself for this springing action by getting into a semi-crouch. Like a weightlifter, come up from the haunch. The ball of your foot has given you the spring, and now the knee provides the snap. Suddenly, everything is like a chain reaction. The knee snaps the thigh upward, which in turn releases the waist and torso for a twisting thrust that is followed by a pivoting shoulder. The elbow, arm and fist should follow through naturally with whatever type of punch you're throwing.

If the punch is thrown properly, you will find all your weight shifted to the side from which you threw. It's almost as though you ended up on one foot. If you swing like I did, you'll be swinging from the rear end each time. I found that even when I missed a guy with my glove, the momentum of my elbow or shoulder could still hurt him.

Here are three tips I consider vital when it comes to landing the actual blow: 1) I discovered that you get more power when you tilt the wrist at a downward, inward angle. Cassius Clay used this technique when he knocked out Sonny Liston in their second fight. Clay called it a karate punch, but it's not that at all. It's simply a damaging blow that is perfectly legal.

2) At the point of impact, tighten your fist like you're squeezing a handful of putty. This forms a punching surface. But more than that, it tightens your elbow, which, in turn, snaps your shoulder forward to provide greater momentum. I'm always surprised at how many professional fighters punch with an open hand, never learning to tighten up.

3) For the maximum effect of the punch, continue to drive your fist into the guy. It should be almost as though you're trying to push your fist through the other side and beyond.

One nice thing about being a power-puncher is that you can usually get away with a few weaknesses. If you're to believe some of my critics, I got away with a few myself. But the one thing you can't afford to be is a onehanded fighter. Take Tony Galento. He had more power in his left hook than I ever heard of, but he had nothing in his right and that's why he was just an average fighter.

There's no question in my mind that a left hook or left uppercut is most effective for a righthanded fighter. Why? Because of the shorter distance to the opponent. Also, a guy can ride with a righthanded punch. But when he gets hit with a left, there's no riding. I have seen more damage with a left than with most of the righthanded punches you care to show me.

There are a lot of exercises you can do to build up your technique and strength, and you don't need a

fancy gym or expensive equipment. My first punching bag was a sack filled with sawdust which I hung in the basement. There's nothing that will give a power-puncher more all-round benefit than an extra-heavy bag. When I first turned pro a friend of mine gave me the biggest, heaviest bag I ever saw—180 pounds. The normal bag weighs 40 or 50. I'd had trouble with my hands, so I punched the bag with my bare fists to harden them up. Later on in my career I switched to a 120-pound bag; I hit it for three minutes at the start of my 1½-hour training program and nine minutes at the end. When you hit the big bag, give it all you've got—as though you were in a batting cage trying to hit home runs.

Your legs have to be solid pins and some of the best exercises are standard ones: deep knee bends, squat jumps and lots of running. I used the Trampoline, too. Nothing fancy, just jumping up and down and pushing off as I bounced up. I especially used the Trampoline while working on my uppercuts.

To build up the wrists and forearms, I suggest lifting ten-pound weights, squeezing rubber balls and swinging a baseball bat. And you might practice throwing punches under water as I did; the resistance is an excellent strength developer. I also built myself up by chopping trees, digging ditches, working a jackhammer. I enjoyed swinging a bat best because I had hoped to be a major-league ballplayer. Between the ages of 14 and 17 I must have swung a bat three hours a day.

A power-puncher is a fellow who goes for broke and this means that he is opening himself up to several risks. Like a home-run hitter, he has to expect to strike out a lot. And missing a big punch is going to use up more strength and stamina than missing one or two lesser shots. He also is sacrificing quantity for what he hopes will be quality; this will work as long as he manages to land the one or two big blows. But until he does, the other guy might be getting the points.

The biggest gamble the power-puncher takes is on defense. If he misses, he is likely to be off-balance and wide open. I tried to overcome this by bowing my head so my chin was tucked in after I missed a big punch. That way a vulnerable spot was protected. And I kept my eyes wide open, trying to keep from blinking, and had excellent vision for all punches.

Despite the disadvantages, a good power-puncher can usually overcome them if he makes full use of his one big asset. My theory was to hurt a guy as soon as possible and keep hurting him. The heck with trying to set him up for the kill. When you try to set up, you're not punching with power. I threw all my hard punches early in the fight and a lot of guys gave up sooner than they might have in an ordinary battle. If I had to let up, then I would box a little. But if you're well-conditioned you can punch with power all night. And if you punch with enough power, you'll more than earn your opponent's respect, win or lose.

Illustrated by Ray Houlihan

Fan Club Spotlight

THESE PEOPLE report they have fan clubs for the following: Buddy Kurzweil, 541 North Forest Dr., Teaneck, N.J.; **Ron Swoboda**, Pat Bones, 4295 Main St., Le Sueur, Minn. 56058: **Johnny Callison**, Pati Slater, 3489 Beniteau, Detroit 14, Mich.; **Bobby Hull**, Mike Zuckerman, 541 N. Laurel Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048: **Billy "The Hill" McGill**, Gil LeBreton, 552 Brooklyn Ave., New Orleans, La. 70121: **Rusty Staub**, Joe Wrobel, 6430 N. Kilbourne, Lincolnwood, Ill. 60016: **Danny Cater** and **Ron Hansen**, Robert Gordon, 113 Water St., Warren, Rhode Island: **Carl Yastrzemski**.

Louis Kracoff, 24 Marcy Place, Bronx 52, N.Y.; **Willis Reed**, Kirk Rieger, 3072 Killian Rd., Uniontown, O. 44685: **The Minnesota Vikings** and **The Washington Redskins**, Tom Kuharski, 177 Bristol St., Thomaston, Conn. 06787: **Joe Sparma**, Bob Sheedy, 35 Elizabeth St., Springfield, Mass. 01109: **Ron Hunt**, Steven Zelkowitz, 65-61 Saunders St., Rego Park, N.Y. 11374: **Trevor Fahey**, Frank Benson, 4355 N. 3rd St., Harrisburg, Pa.: **Al Downing**, Lynn Terry, 400 Main St., East Hartford, Conn. 06108: **Charlie O'Connell** and **Anna Jensen**.

Inside Facts *By Allan Roth*

LAST YEAR, as in previous years, scoring was higher in the American Football League (46.5 points per game for both teams combined) than in the National Football League (44.1 points per game). . . . AFL ballcarriers averaged 3.96 yards per rush, compared to 4.00 for NFL runners. . . . The pass completion percentage in the AFL was .490; in the NFL, it was .514.

The Dallas Cowboys started the 1965 season with the two top lifetime receivers (among active NFL players with 100 or more receptions) based on yards gained per reception. . . . Buddy Dial had an average of 21.3 yards per catch and his teammate Frank Clarke had an average of 19.9 yards per catch. . . . Lance Alworth of the San Diego Chargers, with an average of 20.2 yards per reception, led the AFL receivers in that department.

Going into the '65 season, Len Dawson of the Kansas City Chiefs had thrown 1016 passes, 85 for touchdowns, in his three AFL seasons, an average of one TD for every 11.95 passes. . . . In his five NFL seasons, prior to moving to the AFL, Dawson threw a total of only 45 passes, two for touchdowns. . . . Sonny Jurgensen of the Washington Redskins started the current season with the best life-

time TD-rate of any active NFL quarterback, having thrown 1492 passes, 100 for touchdowns, an average of one touchdown for every 14.9 passing attempts. . . . Frank Ryan stood in second place, having thrown 75 TD passes in 1157 attempts (25 in his first five pro years, 25 each in 1963 and 1964), an average of one touchdown for every 15.4 passes. . . . Johnny Unitas was third with 187 touchdowns in 3031 passes, a 16.2 average.

Four NFL clubs—Cleveland, Green Bay, Dallas and Pittsburgh—have had their running attacks dominated by one ballcarrier in recent seasons. . . . Jim Brown has led the Browns in rushing yardage for eight consecutive seasons, Jim Taylor has led the Packers for five years in a row, Don Perkins and John Henry Johnson each have four-year streaks as the rushing leaders of the Cowboys and Steelers, respectively.

Only four active NFL players have ever scored at least six touchdowns on running plays and six on pass receptions in the same season, with Lenny Moore of the Colts having done it twice, in 1958 and 1961. . . . Bobby Mitchell had a 6-6 season for Cleveland in 1960, Tim Brown had a 7-6 TD year for Philadelphia in 1962 and Bill Brown had a 7-9 year for Minnesota in 1964.

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**“Neither rain, nor sleet, nor sand,
nor squashed peanut butter sandwiches
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**David Ommanney,
the Winchester man from Africa,
had one complaint about his
Alaskan goose shoot. His
pockets got so soaked, he had
trouble separating the Mark 5's
from the soggy sandwiches.**

You can blame the bum weather we ran into in Alaska for the things that happened to our shells that day.

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